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**FIVE MONTHS IN THE ARGENTINE
FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW**

FIVE MONTHS IN THE ARGENTINE

FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

1918 to 1919

BY

KATHERINE S. DREIER



NEW YORK

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1920

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TO MY TWO FRIENDS WHO STOOD BY
ME IN MY TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA

SEPTEMBER, 1918

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM P. DILLINGHAM

SENATOR OF VERMONT

AND

EDMUND L. MOONEY, ESQUIRE

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED IN APPRECIATION
OF THEIR MANY COURTESIES AND KINDNESSES

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE LANDING AT VALPARAISO AND THE TRIP ACROSS THE ANDES	3
ARRIVAL AT BUENOS AIRES AND WHAT I THOUGHT OF IT .	13
THE DESERTED AND NEGLECTED CHILD AND HOW I CAME TO MEET THE LEADING PROFESSIONAL WOMEN OF THE ARGEN- TINE	18
THE PROVINCIAL QUALITY OF BUENOS AIRES	27
THE WOMEN OF BUENOS AIRES	38
BUSINESS IN THE ARGENTINE	58
THE ESTANCIA	72
ARGENTINE MUSIC	93
THE MUSEUM AT LA PLATA	102
THE WORK OF SEÑOR ONELLI AND THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS	116
THE PROFESSIONAL TRAINING OF WOMEN	123
CHARITIES IN BUENOS AIRES	127
RAISING THE STANDARD	159
THE GENERAL STRIKE OF JANUARY 1919	171
TRADE UNION MEETINGS AND FURTHER STRIKES	189
ELECTION AND THE ELECTION LAWS	214
HOW THE ARGENTINE LOOKED UPON WOMAN SUFFRAGE . .	235
CONCLUSION	259

FIVE MONTHS IN THE ARGENTINE
FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

THE LANDING AT VALPARAISO AND THE TRIP ACROSS THE ANDES

WE were arriving! There it lay; this wonderful country of the future, younger than her North American sister in finding herself as a free Republic, older in clinging to the traditions of the past. It was on the west coast of South America that our ship was casting anchor. Valparaiso lay in the distance on that beautiful October morning. The rugged outlines of the Andes had followed us down the coast, every now and then losing themselves in the mist, every now and then rising to untold heights covered with snow, uniting themselves with the clouds. A soft haze had wrapped the coast making the mountains elusive. One had tried to grasp them with a clearer vision only to have them fade away, making one feel more and more as though they were of the imagination rather than reality. It emphasized the land of romance, emphasized the feeling that it could only have been settled by Spaniards. The barrenness of the Andes and the richness of their color brought back to the mind the hills and mountains of Spain. It seemed as if only the Spaniards could have conquered the physical difficulties that South America presented.

How well named this country seemed to be on that October morning! Constantly the passengers were making the stale pun when referring to the weather — but it was too apropos for one not to be caught. It was Chile!

4 *The Landing and the Trip Across the Andes*

We represented many countries on the steamer, as she plied her path coastwise, stopping at the various ports, but the Argentines were loudest in praise of theirs, saying that the rest of South America was "way behind." I must confess to a certain doubt, even then arising in my mind, for the Chileans on board seemed to possess more hardihood and patriotism; patriotism of the kind we call patriotism up north. I attributed this hardihood to the austere mountains we were leaving behind, as we entered the harbor of Valparaiso and the coast became more gentle. However I did not expect to be put to any personal test. In this I was mistaken.

We had arrived! We had cast anchor out in the harbor and though I had seen many pictures of this very harbor, I had never noticed, because of that curious blindness which comes through habit of mind, that there were no docks — that the boats simply cast anchor but did not dock in the proper up-to-date manner to which Europeans and North Americans are accustomed. What a sensation to stand there alone, with thousands of small row boats bobbing and dancing on the waves in the brilliant spring sunshine. For October is April in this "Land-of-Up-Side-Down" and possesses all her vagaries.

I had traveled in many lands; I had traveled much alone; I had arrived alone at four A.M. in London and Paris; but never in my life had I felt so alone as I did that October morning when we cast anchor at Valparaiso. Women do not travel alone in South America. In vain I searched on my journey for the well-to-do spinster who travels alone. She was not to be found, and South America has not seen her, for I constantly received the

impression that I was the first woman who had come to see for herself what South America was like, — as an observer, not as a lecturer or business woman. The passengers had been distant. They could not place me and, therefore, avoided me. It was the first, far-off rumble of warning that South America does not believe in women traveling alone, unless it is to join their husbands. As I had no such excuse, but only that of an inquisitive ant investigating another ant-hill, I ran against a deep-rooted prejudice which I had unconsciously set out to conquer. It is doubtful, had I known all the difficulties that were to beset my path, whether I would have been quite so venturesome. It was well I did not, for otherwise I would have missed a most interesting five months in the Argentine. But this rumble was enough to cause that intense loneliness which overcame me for a moment as I heard the hundreds of shrieking and yelling boatmen bidding their boats for transportation to the land.

It seemed perilous enough to go into those little dancing boats oneself, but to have one's precious belongings of trunks and hand bags lowered by ropes from the big ocean liner seemed almost overwhelming, for, as we had unloaded at the different ports at which we had stopped on our way down, the liner had become lighter and lighter and had risen higher and higher out of the water, until now the small row boats seemed like mere specks on the waves below.

One might have thought that the other landings would have prepared one, but I had looked upon those little towns nestled in bowls formed by the mountains with condescension. Valparaiso would be different. For was

6 *The Landing and the Trip Across the Andes*

not Valparaiso our destination and the biggest port on the western coast? Of course there would be docks at which to land! Now I realized that we were all in the same boat, so to speak, though in port. It all seemed overpowering. So overwhelming that I decided to withdraw into a corner and let Fate take care of me, for life had taught me that Fate was very kind and generally came to one's rescue, if one did not interfere. And so it proved again.

A kind, elderly Italian, a man of about sixty-five, a typical Venetian boatman, came up to me and presented me with a card from the hotel at which I was to stop. Everybody feared being robbed and so with this uppermost in mind, I told him in my best Spanish that if he would be content to have the hotel settle with him I would be very glad to have him conduct me there. To this he agreed and I soon found myself in the boat surrounded by my luggage on my way to shore. Even there no docks were to be seen, but a broad flight of marble steps leading to the water where hundreds of people crowded to watch the arrival of so important a steamer. All the porters were there that we needed, and each taking a piece of luggage, we soon threaded our way to the custom-house, a walk of about four minutes. After the customary inspection we were permitted to proceed. The luggage was piled into a two-wheeled cart drawn by a sturdy little Chilean horse, and the boatman and I proceeded on foot to the hotel. I was very much amused to find how kind Fate had been to me, for I was among the first to reach the hotel, and in consequence, secured a very good room.

It is one of those strange quirks of the average human

mind, especially of the North American, to fear being taken in by a foreigner, and so many persons lose valuable time in wrangling to save, what often does not amount to more than ten cents.

Valparaiso pleased me enormously. The charming quaint town clambering up the hillside with its funicular for the lazy or busy people. The wonderful sure-footed little Chilean horses, reminded one of those in Mexico. One saw them climbing up the hillside heavily loaded, even turned into moving vans, the furniture tied on their backs. There was something exceptionally picturesque about it all, much more picturesque than anything I was to see for months to come in the Argentine.

The afternoon was spent in a short excursion to Mar del Vino, the beautiful residential suburb of Valparaiso with its fine race course set in the park. I had heard so much of the race course and the beautiful houses of Buenos Aires. Whether it was the idiosyncrasy of my mind which made me admire Mar del Vino more than the residential section of Buenos Aires, called Palermo, with the race course beyond, I do not know, but often unconsciously the personally discovered place has a charm which the much heralded one has lost.

The night train saw me on my way to the Argentine. Our first stop was Los Andes which was reached at about eleven o'clock in the evening. Here everyone had to spend the night and here everyone piled out of the train, walking across the station to the hotel beyond. It was the same tremendous confusion as when we cast anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso, only emphasized by the darkness which reigned everywhere. This time Fate was

8 *The Landing and the Trip Across the Andes*

less gentle, although she did not desert me. When at last I reached the hotel, it was impossible to press forward through the large crowd of men who were surrounding the desk asking for their accommodations. As no one made room for me I had to wait until all the men were served first. When my turn came I was calmly informed that no room was left. I told them that this was impossible as I had been informed that a room would be waiting for me and that they would have to supply me with a room. Being very determined they at last decided to send me with the porter to a room to which a lady had already been assigned. After tremendous pounding which ought to have awakened the entire hotel, we at last aroused her from sound slumbers. We were informed that she would not unlock the door, for which I did not blame her, for by this time it was long past midnight. Upon returning to the office they blandly told me that I would have to stay in the hall or the parlor until five o'clock when breakfast would be served. This would not have been objectionable if I had not noticed that the night porter was tipsy and I had no intention of spending the rest of the evening in the presence of a man in that condition. I objected, and they, thinking that what I wanted was a bed, yielded at last to my persistency, placing a bed in the center of the parlor, a room 30 by 50 feet, with four doors and four windows, none of which could be locked. I bethought myself a moment and then decided to borrow a dear little youngster of nine, who had taken a great fancy to me on the steamer. I knocked at the door of these acquaintances and explained my position, saying that I should be very glad to sit up all night,

but that I did not care to be all alone considering the condition of the night porter. Would they not let Billy sleep in my bed? The father of the little boy then came to my rescue saying that he would share the parlor with Billy while I should share their room with his wife. This was a great relief to me and the rest of the night was passed comfortably.

The next morning I could not help being cynically amused at the mental attitude of a wealthy young Argentine who asked me how I had spent the night. I told him that I thought that in any other country some man would have stepped forward to give me his room, so that I would not have been forced to have spent the night in company with a tipsy porter, had I not made an endless fuss. His answer was that everybody camps out at Los Andes. I had not noticed this, as I had been the only one, besides, the young Argentine in question was one who on the steamer had not only had his valet, but specially cooked food at every meal. And this during war time!

Everybody was called at five o'clock, and at six the train started for the trip across the Andes. It is a narrow gauge road and the smokers and non-smokers are mixed, as in Europe, though the cars are divided into only two large compartments. There is an aisle down the center with the seats facing each other on each side, which means that those who have the misfortune to have a backward seat have to ride that way for a stretch of twelve hours. I had the sensation of being in a luxurious street car, which would be luxurious for a short distance, but hardly comfortable for a twelve-hour railroad journey.

However, I was most fortunate in having a courteous Swedish gentleman next to me, who had taken the trip often and was willing to change places whenever the beauty of the scenery demanded it. The marvellous beauty of the barren mountains, so brilliant in their coloring of orange, purple, yellow and browns, with their deep blue shadows, could not but impress all who saw them. The majesty of the outlines and the perpendicular structure of many of the rocks, only added to the grandeur and appearance of height. As the train wound in and out, here and there the hamlet of a settler and the vineyards at the bottom of the mountains were to be seen. One was struck with the courage of the settlers, so far from what once had constituted their home. One wondered what those homes had represented that made them seek this tremendous isolation. A road which must have formerly been traversed by a stage coach followed the railroad the greater part of the way, losing itself now and then as a cut or tunnel hid it from view. It seemed an excellent road and I was sorry that at least part of the journey could not have been taken by stage coach. It was such a glorious day and one lost so much of the detail from the train. The delicate flowers which were in such contrast to the massive rocks; the goats as they scrambled up the mountain sides; the ravines and crevices which were so formidable as they sank down into unknown depths. The famous natural bridge, the Pueta del Inca, a structure of nature never to be forgotten. So firm is this stratified rock which unites the two sides that a road passes over it from which one can see eighty feet down into the rushing torrent below. There is a

similar rock formation, another natural bridge, less long but more wonderful to the artist, as the crevice it spans sinks down to hundreds of feet. But this, the guide books do not mention, and the train rushes on leaving one in ignorance as to its name or whether it possesses one.

Considering that it was April, though October, I was struck with the lack of snow as compared with what one sees all the year round in Switzerland. According to scientists, this is caused by the blanketing of one mountain by another, which prevents the moisture-laden winds from reaching them and making them fertile or covering them with much snow, in spite of their heights. This makes for a barrenness on the western side of the Andes up towards Peru, and on the eastern side as you cross into the Argentine.

The serenity of the journey was broken when we reached the greatest height, as a fellow passenger suddenly lost consciousness. For a moment his heart stopped and we were all much concerned, as there was no physician to be found on the train. We did the best we could, putting a blanket in the aisle on which we laid him, loosening his clothes, and working his arms and legs as one does in a case of drowning. Someone held some strong smelling salts under his nostrils and when his heart began to beat again some whiskey was given him. How correct this treatment was from the view of "The First Aid," I do not know, but I do know that we were successful. He, poor man, was very much overcome at having caused all this commotion, especially as it was due to his unfortunately having eaten his luncheon during the ascent of 10,500 feet, for the "diner" is not opened until the train is well on the downward grade.

12 *The Landing and the Trip Across the Andes*

At Mendoza we changed into a comfortable European International Sleeper. I was much interested to see that ears of corn were fed into the engine on the great plains between Mendoza and Buenos Aires. What an up-side-down world we live in! Here is food served to the engine while millions are starving in other parts of the world. I asked an engineer about the utility of corn as fuel, and he said that it was not good for the engine to be heated by corn, as the extracts of oil clogged the wheels and made it necessary for the engine to be constantly overhauled and given a thorough cleaning. Furthermore, the smoke contained such fine dust that it entered the lungs of the engineers, causing tuberculosis to develop. But as wood is very scarce in that section of South America and as the mountains have not yet been mined for coal, although they say that there are rich coal fields everywhere, the easiest method is adhered to.

The next evening saw us in Buenos Aires.

We belonged to the fortunate ones whose train not only arrived on time but whose baggage car did not catch fire. This last has happened so frequently within the past year that robbery is suspected of being at the bottom of it. Trains also have a habit of arriving anywhere within four to six hours of scheduled time.

*ARRIVAL AT BUENOS AIRES AND WHAT
I THOUGHT ABOUT IT*

BEFORE leaving for Buenos Aires everybody in New York told me that the Plaza Hotel was the only hotel in Buenos Aires, and that of course I would make it my headquarters during my sojourn there. But my information had been given me by men, and neither they nor I expected to find that the Plaza did not take women unaccompanied by their husbands or supposed husbands. Not even sisters accompanied by their brothers, or wives whose husbands have to travel, or widows, are made welcome. Much less respectable maiden ladies! The Majestic, a very good hotel on the Avenida de Mayo, decided to try me. They did not feel comfortable, and therefore I did not, for unconsciously we are influenced by the attitude of the people about us. They could not place me, and though they were very courteous, I was depressed by the atmosphere of suspicion that surrounded me. The following day, therefore, I started in search of a hotel which would have someone in charge, who was accustomed to European or North American women as well as to the modern point of view towards women. I found it at the Palace Hotel, and later discovered that it was a hotel which prided itself on making the sojourn of any woman safe in Buenos Aires. Before the Plaza was built and the fickleness of human nature turned to the newest and largest, the Palace Hotel was the best in

14 *Buenos Aires and What I Thought About It*

Buenos Aires, and, in my estimation it still ranks as such, for it has a dignity about it which the others seem to lack. Here the men of the best Argentine families leave their wives while they attend to business in the interior and, in consequence, there is a spirit of refinement and courtesy that one misses elsewhere. There were very few Americans and very few English, mostly Spanish, Italian and French Argentines, which gave it an air of foreignness which added to the pleasure of the stay. For it has always seemed to me that when one travels one wants to meet other people and other customs and not only mingle with one's own.

It is too bad how many Americans look with condescension on the people of the Latin races. If we want to really have a League of Nations we must first of all conquer our horrible condescension. Conquer what would be amusing if not pathetic, the attitude which one American represented, who had lived a number of years in Brazil, and who told me as a great piece of news, that Portuguese and Spanish were really quite noble languages. It seems to me that if we want to make South America feel that we of the North are friends, and that America for the Americans does not mean, as it does to the average South American mind, — South America for the North Americans — then we must change this mental attitude of ours toward the Latin races and recognize the great contribution to civilization which they have made in the past and are making to this day.

It was not an easy matter to find oneself a woman alone in the Argentine. The Spanish influence has left a firm mark on South America; the Spanish attitude so deeply

influenced by the old Moorish idea of woman, which came from their religion that woman was born without a soul and hence was the possession of man to be counted in the same category with his horses and dogs. Today this idea has remained as a prejudice. The South American does not know just why he wants to guard his women so jealously. South Americans, and especially Argentines, do not like to see women on the street or at meetings or even at the theatre, except apart in boxes. They think it is a remnant of chivalry and are satisfied in that thought. But it is not chivalry. For if it were chivalry, the women of the poor in the Argentine would not be paid starvation wages. Starvation wages have nothing to do with chivalry — but they have much to do with the idea that woman is the slave of man. You will find many women in the Argentine absolutely content with that point of view, for one of the fallacies of many minds is that they think men and women think differently on this subject. There is much more kinship of thought in the developed souls, whether found in man or woman, than there is between an undeveloped soul and a developed soul. Man and woman think differently. This process of thought is different and will always remain so, for it is the great attraction of the two sexes, one for the other. But that difference is harmony, not discord; while the difference between the undeveloped and the developed soul makes for discord.

The great problem in the Argentine is to unite the forces of good, before the disintegrating forces of avarice combined with indolence, conquer this new world. It seems as if South America today possesses in general the

ugly side of both Europe and the United States. I was very conscious as I grew to know the Argentines better, how much this ugly side had to do with the difference which existed in the settling of the two continents, South and North America, and what an important part the climate of both played.

In the first place our climate is invigorating and stimulating, the physical difficulties are surmountable and bring rich returns in a comparatively short time. Living was not impossible and, therefore, many of our early settlers came with their whole families to settle in a new country, bringing with them their ideals of greater political freedom and liberty of thought, speech and worship. I had never quite grasped what a wonderful heritage those early settlers had brought to us. I had assigned many of our fine qualities to the isolation of the early settlers rather than to their moral and spiritual make-up. It was, therefore, a great shock to me that intense selfishness was more developed in South America than here. We all know that we have a large group of intensely selfish money-seeking people up north here, but we also have that other group which has done so much to make the United States what it is, one of the leading nations of the world — the people who recognize that they have a responsibility toward their fellow men — and we find that spirit throughout the entire country, forcing the spirit of greed to hide itself, even when it only crawls under a mantle of sham generosity. But it does not stalk quite as unabashed as it does in Argentine, and for this we must be grateful to the moral fibre of our early settlers. We find this spirit in the groups of individual

thinkers who are doing their utmost to preserve the spiritual heritage of their forefathers, and to continue in this complicated age of today, to preserve the same freedom of thought and speech which formed the ideals upon which this country was founded.

I do not want to leave the impression that the Argentine has not great men and great women, but they are so isolated and they are so surrounded by jealousy and greed, that their lot seems very much harder than the lot of their kindred spirits in the United States or Europe. This jealousy seems founded to a large extent on the desire of all to be leaders. Everybody wants to be the president of a society. The spirit of team-work and the feeling that your contribution is sometimes greater when you are not the leader than when you are, is little known. This desire of leadership seems due to a great extent to the gambling spirit by which so much of the wealth of the Argentine has been made, not through hard labor as with us, but through speculation. Great fortunes have been amassed in a few years especially through land speculation. This became so serious a menace to the country that the State had to step in and control it by law, and rents have steadily dropped since 1910. The very fact that so much of the wealth was made through speculation instead of through labor, developed a moral softness which, combined with the climate, makes a very serious hindrance to the real development of the Argentine.

*THE DESERTED AND NEGLECTED CHILD,
AND HOW I CAME TO MEET THE
LEADING PROFESSIONAL WOMEN
OF ARGENTINE*

SOUTH AMERICA was settled by the Spaniards, but they did not come bringing their families with them; they did not come seeking spiritual freedom; they came to bring material glory to their mother country, they came in a spirit of adventure, as conquerors. In consequence, the family life was left behind and not developed in this country. The illegal wives of these men who came over for a few years, to return when their spirit of romance and adventure had been satisfied, have left a mark which, with the general attitude towards women as already mentioned, will be very hard to eradicate. This is made even more difficult by the labor conditions which bring thousands of workmen over every year for the harvest alone. Hundreds of men from all over the world come to seek their material fortunes for a few years only, leaving their wives and families behind, but forming new ties for the time being in this land of so little moral restraint to the average man. They say that the birth rate of illegitimate children is larger in the Argentine than in any other country in the world. And the tragedy is that these men, when satisfied with material results, return to their respective countries and respective homes, deserting the women who have been their companions during the past

years, abandoning the children whom they begot, leaving them in misery and often degradation.

There is no greater tragedy that I have ever witnessed than the tragedy of these deserted children in the Argentine. They are so numerous that they have not sufficient institutions to house them, and in consequence these poor, unfortunate ones are put out in families by the Children's Court. Though they have a Children's Court, which places these unfortunate deserted children, no further supervision is given to them. As all judges but one appear indifferent to their responsibility, the child is practically abandoned to the care of the family in whose charge it is placed.

There exists on the statute books of the Laws of the Argentine, a law which makes education compulsory, but unhappily, in the case of these children it is a dead letter law. You will see little girls of seven and nine scrubbing floors and washing streets as late as eight o'clock at night; I have known of children of thirteen or fourteen who were practically the little slaveys in the home, the maids of all work, getting up at five o'clock in the morning and rarely getting to bed until eleven or twelve. Poor, wan children! Up to fifteen years ago these children slept on the door mats in front of their master's bedroom. They were treated like dogs and the average child vanished between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. They became tubercular. They became pregnant. They died or disappeared — no one knew where — no one cared.

One of the most curious and unpleasant sights, is the custom of having these little slaveys accompany their mistresses when they go out for a walk. For in the

20 *The Leading Professional Women of Argentine*

Argentine no decent woman is supposed to go out alone. She has to be accompanied by somebody; if it isn't possible for her sister, mother, cousin or aunt to accompany her she takes one of these little slaveys to trot along beside her. At first I mistook them for the children of these women, for the average Argentine woman is stout and looks as though she had a dozen children. But I soon discovered that this was not the case; the child wearing a hat was the daughter; the child without was the slavey — the protector of these great big stalwart Amazons.

What is sometimes a real little tragedy in the lives of the ambitious children, is that they must escort the children of their mistresses to school, but may not enter. Their lot is to return to do the housework. Though the law of compulsory education stands on the law books of Argentine it is not enforced and these poor little ones with longing eyes look in the doors of the splendid public schools of Buenos Aires which are not for such as they. At present (1919) a new law is being asked for by the Asociación Nacional Argentina, Contra la Trata Blancas, to give them the power to visit these children in the homes in which they have been placed, in order to place them elsewhere if the children are not educated or are ill-treated. Dr. Petrona Eyle, the president of this society, is one of the finest and most able women physicians in Buenos Aires. After finding that the judges of the Children's Court would not coöperate with her society, the society demanded the passing of a special law giving them the authority to visit each child. This stand was taken only after they knew of a young girl who had

been placed by the judge in a home, where already three other children had committed suicide by throwing themselves from the roof, because of the terrible conditions under which they were forced to live. It was at this juncture that Dr. Eyle decided that the time had come when the State would have to be forced to take greater responsibility than the mere placing of these children.

In telling of these tragic little lives in the Argentine I was often asked, "But why should the mothers desert these children as well as the fathers, it seems so unnatural!" In answer I would say that one of the most interesting things in going down to the Argentine was seeing the world from a new angle. South America is so far away. Besides it is a country which produces very little for itself, which forces it to be almost absolutely dependent upon the products of other countries. In consequence one gets a bird's-eye view of the industrial conditions as they exist all over the world. The result of these conditions as they are washed up on the shores of the Argentine show one that there is something totally wrong with the industrial and economic system; something totally wrong with the industrial distribution as well as with the food distribution of the world. Here is a country of fourteen million inhabitants living in a land which economists say can easily feed a hundred million, living under such conditions of overwhelming poverty that mothers cannot support their children. In picking up the papers, one often reads notices of suicides of mothers unable to support themselves as well as their offspring.

All this knowledge did not come at once. I was be-

22 *The Leading Professional Women of Argentine*

wildered at first with the conditions I found, especially the position of woman. As already mentioned, I had difficulty in finding the proper hotel in which to live and retain the same independence combined with the respect that I have enjoyed all my life. I felt that if I gave up one inch of my independence, my going to South America would be of little service to the women of South America, and I had great hopes that through my stay there I might be able to help those who wanted to secure greater independence of action. In other countries I have always taken an apartment after a week or two, enabling me to get an insight into the life such as no hotel can give. I could have accomplished this at the end of six months, when I was known, for one of the curious things of Buenos Aires is the contradiction of its bigness and littleness.

I had a curious missionary spirit towards the women in this journey which gave me the patience to overcome the deep-rooted indifference which exists in the Argentine in showing strangers their institutions and for which the climate seems largely responsible. This missionary spirit was brought about by a little incident which happened to me New Year's Eve, 1902. I was spending Christmas in Rome that year when a friend and I decided to attend vespers New Year's Eve, in a little church whose name I have even forgotten. A church of the people, where strangers rarely go. It was customary at this service to give to all who came a card representing a saint. This card was blessed and the saint thus received became the guardian saint of the year. All went up to kneel at the altar, where they received the individual blessing of

the priest, as well as the picture of the saint. It was one of those rare, peaceful moments in life; the women all in black, with shawls over their heads; all kneeling throughout the service on the bare stone floor, the earnestness of the priest, the sweetness of faith which pervaded the atmosphere, all lent themselves to perfect the esthetic enjoyment of the moment. My sister, friend, and I were the only strangers present and the only women wearing hats. My saint given me that day was Santa Rosa of Lima, the only saint which the Americas have produced. She extended Christianity throughout South America, and, through this card, left a strange influence on my life. I never wanted to go to South America; there were so many countries calling me from the artist's or philosopher's point of view, countries which had so much to give to me, that I had no intention of ever going to South America. But I had to go. Throughout the years Santa Rosa would not be forgotten. Every now and then when I thought that I had successfully lost her, I would come across her picture which had been given to me, and find it in the most unexpected places. I had no understanding of what she wanted me to do. However, it all seemed planned when the time came and I had only to follow. This was emphasized by the fact that the first step I took ashore was at the Port of Callao — her port — and Lima was the first town I entered. The steamer often lands at Colon before going through the Canal, but the Canal being ready to receive us, we did not stop. I could not but be impressed with this incident and on arriving at Lima took a carriage to drive out to her church which stands in the oldest sec-

24 *The Leading Professional Women of Argentine*

tion of the town. It was locked, but there, over the portals, was the fine large heroic figure of her in color, holding out her arms in welcome, while two little children were clinging to her skirt. I wanted to buy a medallion of her, but they had no silver ones and I no money for the gold ones. But this all fell in with her plan and scheme, for medallions and churches were external things, while the service she wanted of me was not a personal homage but to help the free women to establish greater personal freedom. To free them from the prejudice of the old Moorish idea of women and to extend instead, Christ's special attitude, as she had extended Christ's general teaching. The time was now ripe for this step and an outside influence was needed to help cement the influences that were already at work to bring about this great change. In consequence all my letters of introduction, which were to the mighty and to the rich, and which were to have followed me, never reached me. As I look back now they would have been a hindrance to my work, for the professional woman and the wealthy woman do not as yet mingle in South America as they do up north, and I was to meet and work, first with the professional woman and then with her wealthy sister. If it had not been for the friendship of Santa Rosa I would never have succeeded in meeting these splendid women in the Argentine, but if it had not been for her persistency I never would have gotten down there in the first place.

The first woman I met and who opened up to me the position of women in the Argentine was a singer by profession. But the terrible epidemic of influenza which swept the world, shortly after my arrival in Buenos Aires,

had closed all theatres and concert halls there, which caused her to decide to give Spanish lessons instead for the time being. She told me much that was valuable, which she was able to do, as it had been her cousin who had assisted M. Huret when he wrote his two books on the Argentine. However the meeting of the woman through whom I met all the active, alert women of Buenos Aires was unusual to the point of being fantastic. I had become tired of waiting for my letters of introduction and armed with my letter from Mr. Lansing, which I had received through the courtesy of Senator Dillingham, but which I simply wanted to keep as a testimony to prove that I was not an adventuress, I set out for a bookshop which I had discovered, where the men in charge seemed alive and up-to-date. I had previously found some books on the Argentine there and they had told me some interesting bits of local history. I, therefore, turned to them for the name of an Argentine woman physician who spoke either English, French or German as my Spanish was still limited. I wanted to know someone who was in touch with the social conditions of Buenos Aires. They gave me the name of Dr. Eyle, the president of the Asociación Nacional de Argentina, Contra la Trata Blancas. I made my appointment and a little later was admitted to her office. A small woman with a fine intellectual head confronted me. She looked a bit amazed at seeing such a healthy specimen of humanity, whereupon I laughed and said that I had not come to consult her about my body but to have her tell about the social conditions of Buenos Aires. She was so amused at this incident that she accepted me forthwith, and, finding that we had much

26 *The Leading Professional Women of Argentine*

in common, a charming friendship developed. She, being a leader, I soon met all the other leading women of Buenos Aires and was able to do what Santa Rosa had evidently wanted me to do. Stimulate these women through the enthusiasm which comes of success, for we had the year previous won the great suffrage victory in New York State.

It was interesting that it was through the influence of Santa Rosa, a saint of the Catholic Church, that I should have been sent, not to the Catholic women of the Argentine, but to the Free Thinkers and Atheists.

THE PROVINCIAL QUALITY OF BUENOS AIRES

IN this city of a million and a half inhabitants there exists a spirit of provincialism which causes news to spread rapidly. As for instance: I do not think it would be possible in any city of this size in North America to arrange meetings within twenty-four hours, which would be a success. And yet all the important meetings I attended, whether political, social or trade union, were announced in the papers only twenty-four hours in advance. Not only announced in the papers only twenty-four hours in advance, but when I would ask the leaders, "Where, and when, are you going to have your meeting?" They would answer, "Oh, you will see it in the papers, we do not yet know." I attended the first meeting with great skepticism. It was a suffrage meeting and Dr. Paulina Luisi had come all the way from Montevideo to speak. As I had interested some wealthy families in this suffrage movement, I wanted to take them to this meeting. The meeting I heard was to be on a Friday. When I met Dr. Luisi on Tuesday and asked her where and when the meeting was to be held, she told me she did not know. I called up Dr. Alicia Moreau, the president of the Suffrage Association, who also said, "You will see it in the papers." But when I arrived at the actual meeting without my guests, whom I could not reach in time, I was confronted with a large audience

which filled the hall, practically every seat being taken. The same condition existed in the meetings of the trade unionists where thousands of people attended, or with the socialists who calmly at the height of their campaign changed their biggest meeting from Thursday to Friday. Did the meeting suffer from this postponement? Not at all. All fire laws were broken by the number of people who attended. Speaking of this last meeting, one of the incidents which amused me was the way the police separated the different political parties. Our Socialist friends were not permitted to walk on the Avenida de Mayo, where the Radicals had a meeting. That is, not immediately. They had to walk on the Calle Victoria, where their meeting was held. Leaving this meeting many of us thought we would like to go and hear what the Radicals had to say, but we were forced to make such a detour to reach them that our enthusiasm to attend had diminished. I mention this incident solely to show how different Buenos Aires is from any other city like New York, London, or Munich where I lived through elections and attended the political campaigns. This I think is caused by a spirit of intolerance which exists in the Argentine and which immediately resorts to arms.

Another incident that brings out the provincial attitude was at the time of the armistice, when all the English and pro-English Argentines were very keen about the song, "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," singing it morning, noon and night. I remember going to a restaurant for a late dinner where a group of them demanded that the orchestra continue to play this one tune all evening. The manager objected, whereupon some young

men got up to take the instruments from the musicians. There was a great question for a moment as to who would win out. It was one of the most popular restaurants in Buenos Aires and some of these young men were from very prominent families, therefore, the manager found himself in a very awkward situation, because, if he went against the wishes of the sons of these families he might eventually be forced to shut down. However, he took his stand and won out with great diplomacy and courtesy, but it demanded a quality of tact which only a provincial town could have developed.

An interesting discussion might arise, on whether the experiences many people have in taking an apartment in Buenos Aires when they are not known is due to provincialism or to the isolation existing in a country which lies at such vast distances from other civilized countries. For we must remember the physical distance between the great cities of Peru, Chile, the Argentine and Brazil. In any case the experience is rather disconcerting. I was told of several people who, not being known in Buenos Aires, took an apartment, engaged servants, and started housekeeping. After a few weeks, the servants having noticed that they were unknown, and that people rarely came to visit there, used this opportunity to remove all the furniture and themselves some afternoon when the lady or the gentleman owning the apartment were both out. When they returned, they returned to empty rooms. And as any recourse to justice involves many complications, the chances of redress were small. It hardly seems credible and, in consequence, I will mention an incident which happened a few years

previously to a friend of Mr. J. A. Hammerton, who mentions it in his delightful book, "The Real Argentine."

It is too long a story to copy in full, but I will give the outlines of it. "An English acquaintance of Mr. Hammerton's, whose sense of justice was abnormally developed, hailed a carriage one morning and asked to be driven to an appointment, a drive of some ten minutes. After having attended to his business he returned to find that the carriage had not waited for him, as requested. He thought little of the matter and returned to the hotel. In the evening the driver appeared demanding him to pay a bill of fifteen pesos on the ground that he had waited several hours for his return. The Englishman refused but offered him two pesos, exactly double the amount which he had legally incurred. This the man indignantly refused. The Englishman, by the way, had only a smattering of the language. Next morning while walking along the Calle Florida he was accosted by a policeman, whom the driver was accompanying and was taken to the *comiseria*. At the police station some hours passed before the magistrate could or would look into the case. In vain did the prisoner claim permission to communicate with the British minister. When at length he was brought before the judge it was clear that the gentleman had already made up his mind on the story as previously told him by the coachman. The request for an interpreter was at first refused, but at last conceded. The interpreter advised the Englishman to pay up and get out of the court at once. This he refused to do. At last the interpreter told the Englishman's story. This made no impression on the enlight-

ened administrator of the law, who had stated that the simple fact remained that the coachman had been engaged and had not been discharged. After this the Englishman in his most emphatic way had the interpreter insist on having the case adjourned until the British minister could be communicated with. His request was again dismissed. Then, suddenly recollecting that at the moment of his arrest he was on the way to visit a very influential Argentine who took a prominent part in local politics, he suggested that he be permitted to communicate with this gentleman. When the judge heard the name of this gentleman pronounced and realized that he might be a friend of the accused the complexion of the case instantly changed, and, instead of passing judgment for the payment of the coachman's claim as he had originally shown a readiness to do, he calmly asked the accused why he had not mentioned before that he was a friend of Señor Fulano de Tel and the matter would have been arranged immediately. Moreover, he would not even allow that the coachman was entitled to more than one peso, his minimum fare.

"So dumfounded was the plaintiff at this sudden change of front that he burst into a volley of oaths against the Gringo (the Argentine name for stranger) and insulted the judge, who forthwith clapped him into jail to cool him off for the next three days.

"Our friend, not a little satisfied with the turn of events, was thereupon liberated, with no worse loss than that of four or five hours' time, and the expenditure of a certain amount of nervous anxiety. But that was not the end of the matter. The *cochero*, having spent a few pesos

by way of bribes anticipatory, had ample time in the next three days to nurse his wrath to the scalding point, and the Englishman was advised, in view of this, to be very careful of his movements after these three days had passed, as it was a matter that might be settled in the approved manner of the Italian — at the point of the stiletto.

“It so happened that five days after the court scene the Englishman was due to sail for England, and during the days following the prisoner’s release he practically never left the hotel, even taking the precaution of having his luggage conveyed to the boat by another traveler, to throw the coachman off the scent, if, perchance he was lurking about, seeking vengeance. Then when ready to leave, a friend engaged a taxicab and drove up in it to the kitchen entrance of the hotel, the Englishman jumping in instantly. Thus he succeeded in eluding the ruffian, but he actually saw him arrive at the quayside just when the visitors were being turned off the vessel.” All these stories are not very encouraging to strangers and make it advisable to take the safest measures when traveling alone for, of course, the position of a woman is much more precarious than that of a man.

I also made inquiries as to boarding houses, but this would have been even more complicated than an apartment, as I discovered that most boarding housekeepers combined matrimonial agencies with their other profession, so that no respectable woman could well stay any length of time in an Argentine boarding house. One can readily see how difficult the life of an unprotected woman is.

A very lovely French Swiss teacher who had come to Argentine with one of the best families, told me a little of her experiences after the children had grown up, and she had decided to remain in the Argentine giving private lessons. The boarding house question, she said, was absolutely impossible. There are a number of institutions where a woman can stay, however, like the Young Women's Christian Association, the Liga de Proteccion a las Jovenes (the Catholic International Association) on the Pelligrini, which has boarding houses all over the world. There are also the convents. But one can readily see that no woman of independent spirit would care to stay in places like these. This delightful Swiss lady also told me that the prices for unfurnished rooms for women are about one third more than they are for men. She, personally, had solved her problem by taking an apartment with some married friends. But when one thinks of the many women living alone in London, Paris, Munich, Berlin and New York, who are perfectly able to take care of themselves and who love a free and independent life, not a life of an institution, besides having a home of their own, even if they are not married, it is amazing to think that this is not possible in a new country like the Argentine. If one comes across these difficulties in Spain, Italy or Austria, one realizes it is a remnant of the past and we all know that old countries have to overcome prejudices which are the natural outgrowth of long years of tradition. But to find this blocking of the independent spirit in an absolutely new country, was unexpected and revolting.

There are a few women who live alone and have their

own apartments. These are the professional women, doctors, dentists, chemists and lawyers. Among these also is a French artist who has established an art school for young women and who, through her tremendously strong personality and character, has conquered Buenos Aires and was living in the most charming apartment I saw while there, as it brought back a bit of old Paris. One felt as one entered it that one had left Buenos Aires behind and was entering the free mental spirit that pervades the real studio life of the Latin Quarter, not the unreal life of the moving picture world, but the normal one.

The point to emphasize is that the provincial spirit of the Argentine permits individual women of strong vitality and strong moral character to lead their own lives and keep the respect of the community. But even this is recent — a thing of the last fifteen years — so that it had not penetrated sufficiently into the life of the city to permit the average woman to follow in the footsteps of her stronger sisters. The average woman, especially the teacher, like my Swiss friend, cannot live alone. She would have difficulty, in spite of her splendid recommendations, to obtain pupils, especially if she belongs to the type which is sweet and gentle, though of strong moral vitality, a factor which would enable her to live elsewhere as she desired.

No woman can go out on the streets of Buenos Aires without being accosted and it is hard for the modern woman to realize that there still exists a large group of Argentine women who like this form of attention and

feel it to be a compliment. It is this attitude of the Argentine woman toward this point of view that makes it so difficult to eradicate it. However, things have improved. Five years ago a law was passed enabling any woman to have any man arrested who was annoying her and turn him over to the police without being a witness. The man was then hauled into court and fined fifty pesos, or imprisonment, or both. Before this law was enforced they said it was impossible for any woman to go out alone, for she was not only spoken to, but jostled and bumped up against. The English claim that it was their influence that had the law passed, and what was infinitely more important, enforced. At first everybody laughed at it and said that it could never be put into practice, but when, through the influence of the English, a large group of fine Argentines joined forces with them, and stationed themselves for a week or ten days at street corners to see that the police would carry out the law; when some of the scions of the so-called best families were hauled up to court and jeered at in the papers, it soon had a wholesome effect and, as I said before, today one can walk alone if one minds one's own business and walks rapidly. A walk of two hours between three and five, on the best streets of Buenos Aires during normal times, in streets so crowded that it was with difficulty that one threaded one's way amongst the people, I encountered not more than thirty women, all classes included, only one other being of my social position.

Women in the Argentine take little exercise. A few ride horseback, but this is not general. Through the influence of the English, tennis also has become popular

with them; but all these forms of exercise belong rather to the Argentine woman of foreign parentage than to the women as a whole. In fact any exercise is almost prohibited by the shoe which was popular last winter. So high is the little French heel which supports their walking slippers, that they literally walk on their toes. And, as the average Argentine woman has a fat, round little foot, which bulges over the slipper into which it is forced, the sight is not esthetic. I was made to realize the vanity to which the average Argentine is prone, by an amusing little incident which happened to me. I wished to give a present at Christmas time to a young Argentine woman who had shown me many courtesies, and, as she was not a woman of means, I consulted her most intimate friend as to the gift which would give her the most pleasure. Imagine my surprise on being told that a pair of ballroom slippers would bring her the greatest happiness as she was going to a very smart ball and only had last year's slippers, which though perfectly good, were not in fashion, as this year's heel had an inward curve! Perhaps one appreciates more fully the incident, when one realizes the cost of a slipper today.

One of the things which was to be noted and which showed the provincialism of Buenos Aires clearly, was that I was not as much spoken to at the end of my stay as at the beginning. They had realized that I did not consider it a compliment and so they left me alone. But even today walking on the street is not agreeable as one has to walk fast and, in the heat this is most uncomfortable. I, personally, have always felt that it was the coward who would speak to women, and my theory was

proven during the Great Strike of January 1919, when one walked about only at the risk of one's life. It was then that I could walk with leisure and pleasure on the streets of Buenos Aires and have no one speak to me.

THE WOMEN OF BUENOS AIRES

I WISH that I might really impress upon the reader who does not know South America, how few women walk in the streets of Buenos Aires except in the hours between five and seven in the evening, when they do their shopping or when they parade Calle Florida, their Fifth Avenue. This is a street so narrow that during these hours of congestion no vehicles are permitted to pass and it is entirely left to pedestrians. It is then that the young women meet their men friends and have the opportunity to bow to each other. For one must remember that no young girl has a chance of speaking to a man alone unless she is engaged to him. She may bow to him in the street and I presume that they have a language of the eyes, for I do not understand how else they manage to come to the point of being engaged, for they are never permitted to speak to each other except in the presence of a third person.

This attitude, that it is absolutely important that a woman be married, is almost incomprehensible. I recall an afternoon at the home of an acquaintance whose daughter wished to come to North America. She belonged to a very fine family which had lost money and, being unmarried, had to support herself. She felt very much restricted in the work that she was permitted to do to earn her livelihood, for this had to be done so delicately that the average person did not know that she was

placed in the position of earning her living. It began to tell on her nerves and she wished to go to a country where nobody knew her and where she could earn her living in freedom. Her mother was terribly upset at this whim and felt that it would absolutely interfere with any chances of marriage. I tried to explain that her daughter belonged to the modern unmarried woman, who generally does not wish to marry. Being extremely pretty I felt sure that she was of the type who if she came to the United States would have many opportunities. I did not think, however, that she would accept any of them. "After all," I said, "it is not so very dreadful — surely you must have had women in your family, or in your husband's family, or relatives, who were maiden ladies." No! Nobody in her family had ever remained single; nobody ever connected with them had ever remained single; and it was a terrible calamity that such whims should enter her daughter's mind! I told her it must be hard for her. Fortunately for me I belonged to a family which, as far back as we could go, was used to such eccentricities, besides, these maiden ladies had been very contented with life. But that was not in South America. In South America a girl is absolutely brought up to marry. It is revolting to the modern woman to have little girls of seven and eight thinking of beaux, and I have seen a little girl of ten during Carnival, have supper at midnight with her father and a little boy of eleven and his father in a fashionable restaurant. She had all the self-possession and mannerisms of a woman of the world, prinking and powdering herself, twisting her little arms so that the light should the better play on her bracelet

and rings, and her father was enchanted. I recall the despair of a very fine woman who gave private lessons, at the attitude of the mother of one of her pupils who was very ambitious. This mother was horrified at her daughter's desire for knowledge. She hated to see her read anything that was serious, though she permitted the child to read all the French novels that found their way to South America, and they belong to the worst rather than to the best. Whenever she caught the child reading anything serious, which she had somehow smuggled into the house, her mother would cry, "My dear, put away that horrible book immediately, you will get old and wrinkled before your time and no one will want to marry you!" For the average woman in the Argentine has only two subjects — love and maternity.

From all I could learn, the education of the average wealthy Argentine girl was to know as little as possible of fundamentals, but to make a brilliant appearance in society. Many of them write quite charming verse, others sing with almost the professional air of an operatic soprano. A girl must be accomplished — but not educated.

This form of education makes a chaperon essential. I have seen the chaperon much concerned when her protégée withdrew the fraction of a second to whisper something to her young man, and a sister sit deliberately between a young girl and the man who had discovered her at the movies and had secured a seat in the same row. This separation of the sexes in turn, makes it almost customary for many a young man to become engaged without any intention however of marrying,

simply to give him a home to go to in the evenings. This attitude exists especially among the many single men floating on the commercial tide of Buenos Aires, for it is quite impossible to have entrée into the family life unless engaged. Then, when weary, he simply does not return one evening, and after a week the family wakes up to the fact that the so-called engagement is off. It seems a bit hard on the girl, except when she plays the same game. But when one recollects that the average young Argentine girl is brought up with the single idea of marriage — that marriage, not happiness, is the important thing — one can readily feel the hardship that it works.

When, however, the engagement is taken seriously, it is taken very seriously indeed. A very sad little incident occurred while I was there, in the circle I knew. A young man, out of a spirit of mischief, stole from a friend's room the picture of his friend's sister. As it is absolutely against the etiquette of Argentine for a young man to possess the picture of a young girl without being engaged, this action placed the young woman, whom he did not know, in a precarious position. It was all done in a spirit of mischief, which had its climax when he showed it to a group of young men, telling them it was the picture of his fiancée. He did not know, however, that the young woman was already engaged, and, unfortunately Fate had it, that her real fiancé was present when the picture was shown. One can readily imagine the consternation in the breast of an Argentine to have another man produce the picture of his bride-to-be as the fiancée of his rival. So enraged was the real fiancé that months went by be-

fore he could sufficiently control his ardent southern temperament to even go near the house to make inquiries as to the truth of the matter. The poor young woman, unconscious of the cause of being dropped so suddenly, fell ill, and it was not until then that her father seeking the young man, in order to ascertain the reason of his coldness, discovered what had happened. At first he could get nothing from the aggrieved lover, but little by little, he won his confidence and the story was told. It is needless to say that the pair were happily united, but it was all the friends could do to prevent a duel.

It really was an outrageous joke to play in a country where conventions hold such sway: where a man would never speak to a woman acquaintance on the street, because it would jeopardize her position, while otherwise he might know her intimately enough, through childhood, to call her by her first name. Both Huret and Hammerton speak of this and the Argentines whom I questioned said it still existed. For the protection of the woman, a man would never speak to her, for should he do so she would be either taken for his wife or his mistress. As everyone knows everyone else, if a man speaks to a woman when he is married and she is not his wife the public concludes she must be his mistress, and if he is not married they come to the same decision. I recall with what amazement I saw an Argentine acquaintance dash down a side street when he saw me coming. He had promised me some books, which promise had slipped his mind and, knowing I wanted them very much and fearing the consequence to his reputation as well as mine, if he were seen to speak to me, his only refuge was

to vanish. I always felt that it was not only for the protection of the woman, but for self-protection, which made a man act this way. For it certainly gets on one's nerves to have the question of sex so uppermost in the minds of everyone.

Therefore, it was a relief to me to find one young Argentine who was married to a European, who was so above suspicion that he was able to escort me on the journey from Buenos Aires to his *estancia*, a night's trip, taking both dinner and breakfast on the train with me. When I asked him how he dared fly to this extent in the face of convention he laughed and said he did it always — people had to be educated — a beginning had to be made — besides everyone knew him. It made me realize how free we are after all, when we lead a life above suspicion. Here was one man who could outrage convention and no one thought ill of him — and there was another who could not even be courteous on a public highway, because of — well, because of suspicion.

This attitude of men toward women on the streets is to be found in all public places. One of the things that strikes a foreigner most, is the lack of women in the general audiences. No woman of the better class ever sits in any seat except in a box, except at the Colon, the Odeon, and one other theatre. At the Colon a whole section is set aside for women only, so that those women who are unable to go with their husbands and fathers and who would yet like to hear an opera or concert or attend a fête may still go. The prices for a box to the better class of movie was 20 pesos, about \$8.00. It seemed outrageous to spend so much for so little. The

prices of good plays were appalling. Seats in the orchestra at the Odeon when Brule's Company was playing, were ten pesos; the cheapest box sixty. Such is the price of an evening's entertainment. These prices are not only as regards theatres but affect books also, and make them a matter of luxury, which is most discouraging to all people of modest income and refined taste. As women have much leisure in Buenos Aires it is especially to be deplored that there are no free libraries or even circulating libraries that are worth while which one can join. There are splendid Reference Libraries, especially the medical one connected with the Escual Practica de Medicina and a law library in the Capitol, which formerly was only accessible to members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, but through the Socialists, it is now open to all. However, as to libraries pertaining to general literature, there are none as we have them here. A few bookshops have libraries consisting mostly of trashy novels. "The Prensa" also has a small library open to the public, consisting of standard works chiefly on art, science and philosophy. But as they have not found it necessary to republish the catalogue since 1916, one can readily see that anyone wishing to keep abreast with the times, is presented with a serious difficulty, the high price of books, unless they are people of means. As in all other branches of trade, the profit on books struck me as enormous. When I said that this seemed to me a mistaken policy I was told it was essential as the sales were so few and far between compared to the sales in other countries. This brings one into a vicious circle, for the book-loving public

cannot buy because of the exorbitant prices and the booksellers cannot sell at lower prices because of the few customers.

The theatrical season is short, so short that practically for eight months of the year the only recreation the people have is the movies. One is driven, therefore, to the movies as the only form of entertainment or to a few third or fourth rate companies and vaudevilles to which no decent woman can go. The evening sections of the movies begin at nine or nine-thirty, and consist of three parts, which one can attend separately if one wishes. It always amused me to see the rows upon rows of handsome automobiles standing in front of a moving picture house. There was something absurd about all this grandeur and luxury in front of something so plebeian. As I had determined to do my share in civilizing these good people in their attitude toward women, I always tried to sit in the orchestra seats. However, I could not always carry out my desire in all the moving picture theatres to which I went, as the habit of the Argentines to make love to every woman they see, made it impossible. Once when I tried, where a famous dancer was on at the end of each moving picture section, I had to change my seat three times in all. One can easily see that if one did not have the spirit of the missionary in one's heart, one could soon lose interest in going to these places. Mr. Hammerton speaks of this also. He could not induce his wife to go, as she felt so uncomfortable being surrounded by so many men and so few women. The first time I went I counted the number of women in the orchestra and found that in the whole of it, the average size of the small theatres

(one sees in New York, there were eleven women beside myself.

Even during the five months that I was there, people began to remark on the change, that one saw more women in the orchestra than formerly. These were more the better class of working women. But one can easily grasp the difficulty of changing this attitude when one realizes that even at great public Trade Union meetings the women would only sit in boxes and not in the orchestra; when one realizes that at the regular Trade Union meetings the women all sat in front while the men sat or stood in back; one then begins to understand a little how strongly bound all classes are by this convention of the segregation of the sexes.

One Russian woman whom I met at a Trade Union meeting and who had been many years in New York, told me that I had no conception of how bound by convention even the working women were; that she had a most difficult time persuading her friends that it was perfectly proper for them to attend Trade Union meetings. They could not understand that this was true. They kept saying, over and over again, "But, only bad women want to go to men's meetings." Yet in this very matter the Argentine workman appears ahead of ours, for he seems to have grasped the fact that only by uniting all workers together, whether men or women, will he be able to better the standards of living for himself. They, therefore, belong to the same unions, the women paying smaller dues because they receive smaller wages for the same work.

It is very difficult to give a true picture of the position

of women in the Argentine to those who do not know Spain. It is almost impossible for one to transport oneself back to a period of convention, which one has never personally experienced, and which contains so much of the remnant of the belief of the Mussulman, to whom a woman was a possession to be kept apart from other men. And Argentine out-does Spain in being Spanish.

It is a land of tremendous contrasts. The contrast which exists between the few fine professional women — women who could hold their own with any of the great women of the world, — and the average young woman whose only interest seems to be to get married, and to make the most of herself towards this end, is so much greater than in other countries.

The fine Argentine woman, representing the old Argentine families, the family of several generations, is a charming, sweet-voiced gentle being, with, however, too little initiative and energy to meet the ever growing demands of the modern woman. She is beautiful to look upon with her large dark, languid eyes and gentle manners.

The *nouveau riche* in contrast is aggressive, ordinary, common. Wealth has been made so rapidly in the Argentine, with of course some exceptions, by people of low standards and lack of all the finer qualities which, after all, in general go to make up the aristocracy of the older countries, that mingling with the well-to-do has little pleasure. Not only are the bodies of these men and women gross and vulgar, so that at times a repulsion stirs within one at being surrounded by only this class, when one goes to restaurants and theatres; but many little traits which are detestable are laughed at, as being

amusing. As, for instance, the children stealing the tip which is meant for the waiter.

The philosophers of India believe in a theory that the astral body, or the body which is the "vehicle of emotions," is coarsened by the eating of meat. So that persons wishing to live on a spiritual plane will refrain from all such food as makes "the astral body or vehicle of emotions" gross, for it follows that "the man whose astral body is of the grosser type will be chiefly amenable to the grosser varieties of passion and emotion. . . ." This may explain why the Argentines in general, who are such heavy meat eaters, lack all the finer qualities which make the life of the spirit dominant. For the menu of the average Argentine is as follows: a European breakfast of coffee and rolls; lunch between half past eleven and twelve, consisting of cold meat and salad, soup, an egg dish or macaroni, hot meat with one vegetable, dessert, fruit and coffee; dinner, which is generally taken at eight or nine, consists of hors d'oeuvres, soup, fish, entrée, joint, bird, vegetables, dessert, fruit and coffee. We all know the terrible conditions which existed a few years ago around the Chicago Stockyards, which were only changed when Upton Sinclair through his vivid book "The Jungle" so aroused the public that, as Mary McDowell said, he was able to accomplish in six months what she had not been able to do in twenty years of work in that district. "The feelings of nervousness and profound depression which are so common there are largely due," writes C. W. Leadbeater, "to that awful influence which spreads like a plague-cloud over the city. I do not know how many thousands of creatures are killed every day,

but the number is very large. Remember that every one of these creatures is a definite entity. . . . Remember that every one of these remains to pour out his feeling of indignation and horror at all the injustice and torment which has been inflicted upon him. . . . They react most of all upon those who are least able to resist them — upon the children and those who are sensitive. That city is a horrible place in which to bring up children, a place where the whole atmosphere both physical and psychic is charged with the fumes of blood and with all that that means." There will be many people who will scoff at these theories. Though familiar with them for years they made no impression on me until I came to live in Buenos Aires. I had visited in Chicago, and spent a night at Miss McDowell's Settlement in the Stockyards, but it takes more than a few days' visit to become conscious of this psychic atmosphere. One cannot prove certain theories easily and yet they may solve a question for one. Why should the atmosphere of Buenos Aires be so heavy? Why should women especially, who are more delicately constituted, be oppressed with a depression whose only outlet is tears? So many foreign women, married to Argentines, and happily married, have told me how they would want to weep for no cause whatsoever. They put it down to the climate, which may be correct, but this theory of the Indian philosophers appears to me to explain more correctly the cause of the depressing atmosphere which makes it hard for all but the strongest to rise above a very low standard of morals and manners. And why should the average European sink to the level of the standards he finds in the

Argentine instead of keeping to his own? I found that the men, with of course some exceptions, who had come to make their fortunes and who, being sensitive, had tried to retain their standards, had become morose and old way beyond their years. It was a curious effect South America had on them.

As I have already mentioned, the important thing in a woman's life in the Argentine is to seek marriage, not happiness. So strongly is this maxim implanted in a woman's mind that women will put up with almost anything in their married life, rather than face the ostracism of a divorce or the disgrace of remaining single. It is an open secret that many men, almost the majority one might say, keep several establishments. Yet, when a few years ago a group of progressive citizens tried to collect signatures to have a divorce law passed, granting absolute divorce, the very women whose husbands were most notoriously flagrant and whose marriage represented nothing but a hollow mockery, refused to sign for fear of being ostracised. It is most pathetic, this fear of isolation by one's own group. One can more readily understand it, however, when one realizes how little life offers to the average Argentine woman outside of her house. As one European woman, married to an Argentine, said to me: "The contrast of the richness of the life in Europe to that in the Argentine is one that, even after five years, I can barely get accustomed to. In Europe the intellectual life is so vivid that it falls like manna from heaven, but there is no manna here to gather, it all has to come from within. The circle is so small, the interests so commercial, that unless one has mentally a strong, vivid nature, one be-

comes as superficial as everyone else. One cannot altogether blame the people; the climate is so relaxing that it is all one can do to just keep up with the social routine, and that is deadly to the spirit. Outside of the social life, life is so barren, except for the professional woman, and what Argentine woman of means is brought up so that, should her marriage prove a failure, she has a mind sufficiently trained to stand the strain?" To most of these women marriage simply means a beautiful house, a pearl necklace, and many children. As one American gentleman asked me, who had lived many years down in the Argentine, "What more does a woman want?" My answer was that some women would prefer a faithful husband and higher ideals for their children. Whereupon he remarked, "It is so strange how one gets used to things — I suppose one would get used to hell and miss it if one were taken from there." It is that extraordinary power in the human race that enables us all to get used to "hell," for, when one realizes how many other nations have come to mingle in with the Spaniards, it is strange how the average man of all nations will sink back naturally to that convenient attitude that woman is the slave of man. Sink back to it, for the average woman is contented with that position, and we must remember that South America is largely settled by men who come over to make their fortunes, leaving their families behind; or by young unmarried men, who marry Argentine women with this comfortable man's point of view towards them and life.

John Fisher Fraser, in his book "The Amazing Argentine," speaks of the Argentine women as being "amongst

the best mothers in the world." If indulgence in place of education represents being a good mother, then the Argentine may claim that position. But it seemed to me that the Argentine woman had a very confused idea as to what constituted a good mother. She struck me as over-emphazing the physical care, though even here she permits her children to constantly over-eat, as well as to eat at all hours of the day, which is one of the causes of the low vitality of the little children in the Argentine, and the high death rate — for 62% of the children die. It is very pathetic to see how the Argentine mother will forsake all personal pleasure and devote her entire time and energy to her child, simply to spoil him — not to educate him. Children are taught no self-control whatsoever, and are not even reprimanded when they deliberately throw glasses from the table in a restaurant for their own special amusement. Argentine women cannot at present expect men to exercise self-control in sex matters, when mothers will deliberately keep pretty maids in their homes for their sons' physical pleasure, or fathers sustain all the expenses for keeping a mistress for them. How can they learn self-control when parents live beyond their means and permit their sons to accompany them when they go to raise money in advance on their crops, to meet their past debts? The so-called wealth in the Argentine seemed very unstable. Members of big art or jewelry firms told me that they had standing on their books, bills for thousands upon thousands of dollars against some of the so-called wealthiest families, which they questioned whether they could ever collect. And in spite of the moneyed aristocracy being so pro-

Ally I was told over and over again that any family would be glad to have their daughters married into the German-Argentine families, as they would then be assured that their daughters would be able to continue to live in the style to which they had been accustomed. What this meant I realized when I went through the boarding house kept by the Salvation Army, and met an Argentine gentlewoman who had sunk to this state with her daughter, through no fault of her own, except the lack of her education, and the gambling instincts of her husband which he had never learned to control. Gambling I presume is the greatest vice in the Argentine. It is fostered rather than checked by the official lottery, which takes place every week, and where twice a year you can win half a million pesos. All this tends to show the lack of self-control in the life of the average young Argentine, and my contention was that until the women of the Argentine changed their point of view, there would be no change for the better. One cannot indulge a child and then through a miracle expect it to become virtuous. For the basis of virtue is self-control.

Katherine Fullerton Gerould, in an article entitled "The New Simplicity," which appeared last winter in "Harper's Magazine," speaks of the attitude towards labor in new countries. Among other things she says: "But another force has always been at work. Except in that part of the country which imported slaves early and kept them as long as it could, more or less pioneer standards prevailed. We were a new country; we dispensed perforce (as in other colonies) with many of the inherited comforts. Our love of personal (I do not mean

political) independence was a kind of protective coloring. The enforced simplicity of the pioneer scene bred in us a distaste for being waited on too importunately. Because we had to do certain things for ourselves, we developed a preference for doing them, a distaste for the constant interposition of another human being among the more private processes of existence." I quote this because she speaks of "other colonies." This was also my idea prior to going to South America. I had thought that there existed a stronger link of resemblance between all colonies, a link brought about by the isolation of the pioneer. But in South America I found that the Spaniard had brought with him the feeling of the East, which the Moors had left with such deep impress on the Spanish civilization. His favorite wife must be waited upon by others. I was, therefore, very much interested in asking an Argentine woman, who had lived both in camp and in Buenos Aires, about those little maid servants one saw so often in semi-smart houses, who would attend at soirées which would not begin until half past nine when they should have been tucked in bed. She blushed as she answered: "Oh, you know, we are very archaic here. They are generally the illegitimate children of the master, for they found that they made the most loyal and best servants, especially out in camp." It all goes back to the original idea which I have already mentioned, the tradition of the slave attitude, the favorite wife must be waited on. Even today there are Argentine women, though not all, who would not object to having the "constant interposition of another human being," but accept it even to having a half sister of their children serve them.

These demand service at any price and they get it. Imagine the point of view that finds no moral objection in having the husbands or fathers raise up servants to wait on one and increase one's physical comforts. And, naturally, because of this, there exists a jealousy of one woman towards another, the extent of which, I have never met in other countries.

It was amazing to me to find how the average servant was treated. Cooks, for instance, were requested to sleep in cupboards built across half the kitchen, which appeared to have been built for store-rooms. They were dark, unventilated cupboards, large closets I might say, built across one end of the kitchen, the kitchen being, as all rooms in South America, about fifteen feet high. Against the door of this cupboard a ladder leaned, up which the cook would have to scramble, and inside was a cot. No ventilation, the heat of the kitchen rising to the top making it a suffocating place. Here she was expected to rest, on a cot without a mattress and only a camp blanket, not even sheets. I found many homes where sheets were not supplied by the mistresses, where they felt that it was an unnecessary luxury for a maid. Yet, in this "Land of Up-Side-Down" in more ways than one, there exists a trade union to which all the houseworkers belong. I found that wages in Buenos Aires were far less than in New York, though prior to the war it was the other way about. The cause of this change I cannot explain. The superficial answer given was—the war. But why we, in North America, should be suffering from lack of personal service, while in South America they should have a preponderance during the last four

years, was one of the questions to which I could not find an answer.

Convention, not morality, at present is the motive power of the average woman in the Argentine. When this attitude is widespread it becomes a danger to the development of a country. Many feel that it is the influence of the Catholic Church, which has brought about the generality of this attitude. Even ardent Catholics from other countries are shocked at the condition of the Church as it exists there today. It appears that the Church, being the State Church, works for harm to both the best interests of the State as well as of the Church; for it seems that Rome cannot interfere with the appointment of prelates when the Church is a State Church. I, who have always admired the fine qualities of the Catholic Church, was very much shocked to find that in the Argentine so many of the conditions exist which turn the average Protestant against it. For the acceptance of immorality among the priests is appalling. I knew of many ardent Catholic women who never dared to go to confession because of what was told them, and of others who had become atheists because of their first experience at the confessional when children. The cynical remarks that were passed in general about the nearness of monasteries and nunneries, that where you found one you found the other, was shocking and made one realize how low the Church had sunk that fine people should remark on this. It recalled what a great shock it was to me when in Rome, a priest who wished to convert me to Catholicism told me, when I objected to the breaking of the vow of chastity among priests, that no priest took the vow of

chastity, but only that of celibacy. Such distinctions, which can only lead to disintegration and immorality, are to be found in the Argentine.

I told an ardent North American Catholic who had spent seven years throughout South America, of the conditions I had found, and asked how it was that the Pope permitted these conditions to remain. He told me that Rome could not interfere where the Church was a State Church. He emphasized the tragedy which this attitude of the State toward Rome created, as most of the culture of South America had been brought there by the Jesuits. Many South American States now forbid the Mother-House to send over new men. As the type of South American who enters the priesthood is rarely of the best, because able men generally go into business and the States refuse to allow this new blood and new culture to enter, it will mean the gradual disappearance of culture from districts which are too sparsely populated to have cultured people settle in them. The isolation and distances are such that it would never attract people of culture who were not missionaries as well. This means that commercialism will have further sway unless the unexpected happens and the spirit of commercialism receives a check as well.

South American Trade in her book, "The South American Tour," speaks of what we all know to be a fact, of how one can buy homemade goods cheaper in foreign markets, and she mentions a popular sewing machine which a short time ago sold in Arequipa at one fourth the price it brought in Boston; while white paper made in the United States is cheaper in Chili than Chicago. "The arbitrary prices which agents put on their wares are shown by the fact that boots sold at Mollenda were \$5.00 a pair, while at La Paz they were \$14.00." I, personally, saw icechests for sale at Harrod's which in New York bring seven or eight dollars, which Harrod's priced at 90 pesos, a peso, paper money, being forty cents. Ivory soap, which costs seven cents, sold for seventy centavos thirty cents and Colgate's toothpaste which one can purchase in New York for twenty cents brought fifty cents, or one peso thirty. Eyeglasses selling in New York at \$2.50 cost twelve and a half pesos in Buenos Aires, while Bayer's Aspirin cost one peso seventy for twenty tablets while in New York they are only thirty-four cents. Fords were sold for nine hundred American dollars. The tremendous profits which importers ask on their imports makes one feel that some day their house of cards must tumble about their ears.

Before going to South America I had a most interesting conversation with a prominent New York lawyer on the difficulties of the trade-mark, and how the different foreign powers stole each other's trade-marks and how there was no redress. It was, therefore, interesting to find that a curious law existed in the Argentine permitting anybody to claim any trade-mark there, regardless

of their right to it. As an example: an agent feeling that the Oliver typewriter was very popular down in South America registered it and the law granted him the sole title under the trade-mark, as he was the first person to apply for it. For the law does not ask for any evidence whatsoever that he is registering his own property. This agent, therefore, put on the market typewriters marked Oliver, which were not the Oliver make, forcing the Oliver Company when they sent their agent down to the Argentine, to sell the real Oliver as the Revilo, the word Oliver spelt backwards.

Another thing to be noticed is that many of the best English firms bottle their whiskey and hair tonics in bottles, the neck of which is so constructed that the contents can only be emptied and not added to. This guarantees that their article cannot be adulterated, which from all one hears, is constantly being done.

I was very much struck by a clever innovation of Cath y Chaves, who are the big department stores throughout the southern continent. Instead of having one enormous building in the center of the town, they have their buildings scattered throughout the city, some quite close to each other, others farther apart. All the men's apparel is in one shop, all the women's in another. All groceries in a third, and so forth. Different departments which are large and prosperous have shops to themselves. It increases the trade as it enables many of the departments to be on the ground floor. These shops can rank with any shops in the world. Harrod's of London also has its shop in Buenos Aires. Being an English establishment I naturally expected to

find many of the salesmen speaking English. But this was not the case. It is a great mistake to think that one can find one's way around Latin America solely with English. Next to Spanish, French is the only language that is spoken by most of the people.

If we want South American trade it seems to me that what we will have to do is to demand higher standards of commercial honesty from our agents who go down to South America. The sharp practice of some of the salesmen is greatly to our disadvantage. To quote an incident from Miss Peck's book: "A man who sold a snow plow to someone on the coast lands of Peru on the plea that the climate would change after the completion of the canal, no doubt prides himself on his smartness." But such experiences turn the South American from trading with the North American, especially if these incidents are repeated often. I was constantly told of orders which were not filled according to the order given. Latin Americans have become distrustful and suspicious of our integrity. The so-called North American dozen is ten — which is a popular joke. When we continue to deliver photographic paper 8 x 10 when 10 x 12 has been ordered and paid for; or when we send four-wheeled carts when two-wheeled carts have been ordered, and four-wheeled carts are useless because of the rough roads and the ever-recurring floods; when things are constantly packed so badly that they arrive broken, yet paid for, how can we expect to win their trade and their confidence?

One is amazed at the stories one hears of the ignorance of the people of North America when shipping south, as, for instance, sending lawn mowers to Iquiqui where

every drop of water has to be carried for miles and miles and even the garden soil is an imported luxury; or rubber boots to Lima which is a dry climate; or dumping old-fashioned chandeliers on three foot stems where electricity only is employed and the ceilings are fifteen feet high. It is amazing the lack of geographical knowledge in connection with our South American trade. Cases will be shipped in 500 and 1000 pound boxes when they have to be carried on the backs of llamas whose limit is 100 pounds. Or when they ship goods to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, which lies 825 miles north of Buenos Aires, via Punta Arenas, lying 1,350 nautical miles south of Buenos Aires, and then are surprised when the receiver objects to the long delay.

When I objected to the moral standards many of our commercial houses took in regard to the people of South America, I would sneeringly be asked, "What difference does it make? Their standard of honesty does not amount to anything." I am afraid that if we all set our standards of conduct to the standards of conduct of the lowest people in a community, we would not get very far. Why not set it up to the best? For the best is the same the world over, whether in South America or Europe, China or Japan. How would we enjoy it if Europe treated us commercially according to the standards of our lowest morality? And North America need not be surprised if Latin America does not like it, especially when one considers that the honest exporter appears to be the exceptional person to meet. Another attitude which seems appalling, and which I have already mentioned, is our condescension and our feeling that we are superior beings.

After all, combined with all the weaknesses which I have mentioned, as pertaining to the Argentine people, I want to again and again emphasize that one finds a kinship among the finest people all over the world, and that one will always find a group of the finest wherever one goes if one seeks them. Therefore, I resent doubly our mental attitude, because if we are a great nation we ought to keep high our standards wherever we go; ought to be a help to other fine people, and not, by our acts, cause them to live in greater isolation.

The tremendous harvest the middleman reaps, made me turn with deeper interest to some of the theories which Arthur J. Penty mentions in his "Old Worlds for New," when he draws attention to the over production of all large enterprises which makes them so top-heavy that they must seek "foreign markets" at any cost. This has brought about a state of existence which makes it true

"when the capitalist affirms that it is his enterprise that keeps things going. Herein lies the condemnation of the large industry. So rotten have things become that industry today has no life springing from its own roots, but has to depend entirely upon an external and artificial stimulus to galvanize it into activity from above. Remove this artificial stimulus, due to the desire for profits, and stagnation would speedily result; for the greater part of our industrial activities have no validity apart from the desire for profits.

". . . Large organizations are not more efficient for the making of things either useful or beautiful,

but they are more efficient for the purpose of making profits, because it is easier for them to make a corner in the market and to speed up the workers, and the simplest proof I can bring in support of this contention is the historical argument that the growth of large organizations in industry has coincided with the substitution of production for use by production for profit. . . . Great as are the evils of large organizations already enumerated, there is yet a greater than all these. It is this: they tend to destroy liberty, and their growth is a peril to personal independence. . . . So long as we worship success, bigness, and cheapness, as ends in themselves, we shall continue to be enslaved by them. . . . Evil would never come into existence if it did not confer some immediate benefit. It is necessary to resist temptations. . . . It begins by cheapening goods; it ends by cheapening men. . . . In the Middle Ages there was an eight-hour day, and there were sixty saints' days on which the people had a holiday, and yet they had sufficient leisure to build our cathedrals and to decorate the most utilitarian objects. . . . Machinery must be the slave of man, and not his master. To use machinery as a slave is impossible for people who treat it as a divinity. . . . Large-scale machine production, by creating impersonal relationships, has destroyed our sense of responsibility. Commercialism does not look upon the rising generation as something for which we are responsible, but as material for exploitation.

It is impossible to separate the problem of boy labor from those of the division of labor and unregulated machine production. . . . Finally I would suggest the wisdom of not accepting scientists at their own valuation. We have fallen into a fatal habit of assuming that a thing which is new is in some mysterious way beneficial to society. A new device has only to call itself scientific and it is assumed, without further question, that it is superior in every way to the thing which it seeks to supplant. Such, however, is rarely the case. What scientific men invariably do, is to seek the remedy for one evil by creating another, and generally speaking, a worse. Our memories are very short, or we would be very skeptical about the predictions of scientific men. Their promises are rarely fulfilled, and most of them show no signs of ever being fulfilled. They prophesied that the application of machinery to industry would give the people leisure by reducing the amount of drudgery to be done in the world. Are there any signs of it? Has not precisely the opposite state of things come about? (Through the division of labor where it takes twenty men to make a pin. — Adam Smith.) They told us that money-making would make the many rich. Are there any signs of it? Has not again precisely the opposite come about, and have not the masses been precipitated into the most abject poverty the world has ever seen?"

It recalled also with so much more force Henry George's prediction in his "Progress and Poverty," where he writes:

"He would have been a rash man who, when Augustus was changing the Rome of brick to the Rome of marble, when wealth was augmenting and magnificence increasing, when victorious legions were extending the frontier, when manners were becoming more refined, language more polished, and literature rising to higher splendors — he would have been a rash man who then would have said that Rome was entering her decline. Yet such was the case.

"And whoever will look may see that though our civilization is apparently advancing with greater rapidity than ever, the same cause which turned Roman progress into retrogression is operating now.

"What has destroyed every previous civilization has been the tendency to the unequal distribution of wealth and power. This same tendency operating with increasing force, is observable in our civilization today, showing itself in every progressive community, and with greater intensity the more progressive the community. Wages and interest tend constantly to fall, rent to rise, the rich to become richer, and the poor to become more helpless and hopeless, and the middle-class to be swept away. . . . "

And when Penty says that the "liberty of the individual depends in the last resort upon his ability to set up in business on his own account . . ." it is again emphasized by Henry George when he writes:

"But now the development of manufactures and exchange acting in a social organization in which land is made private property, threatens to compel every worker to seek a master, as the insecurity which followed the final breakup of the Roman Empire compelled every freeman to seek a lord. Nothing seems exempt from this tendency. Industry tends everywhere to assume a form where one is master and many serve."

"Civilization is coöperation. Union and liberty are its factors."

We, as a nation seem not to have the power to win readily the confidence of other nations, because we take the easy attitude of letting our ignorance pass into contempt and dislike. It seems especially easy for us Americans to consider any difference in manners, customs, etc., as a proof of inferiority and to take the attitude of the hymn:

"I'd rather be a Baptist and wear a shiny face
Than to be a Methodist and always fall from grace."

Unfortunately I have learned that it fits most of us in some form or other, and has developed a distrust towards us that one feels very strongly in the Argentine. It was brought about by our own ignorance which was emphasized over and over again in many ways. Take for

example the serious doubt which existed at the time of the lock-out in the Port Strike. The pro Ally Argentine said that it was German capital and the others said that it was American capital. Wilson had promised our farmers so much for their wheat per bushel, Argentine was offering it to Europe for less. Therefore, only by blocking up all the shipping in the Argentine could the prices rise again. I simply mention this to show the suspicion that is in the commercial world today. The hatred and jealousy which make it such an unwholesome atmosphere to live in. How can we expect high ideals from our young clerks if they only breathe this air of suspicion and, as the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland" says, "Off with their heads"! to all their commercial rivals?

It is very hard for many of us to realize with what suspicion Latin America looks upon us. F. Garcia Calderon, in his book "Latin America, Its Rise and Progress," has a chapter devoted to the "North American Peril" and begins it with this sentence:

"To save themselves from Yankee imperialism the South American democracies would almost accept a German alliance, or the aid of Japanese arms; everywhere the Americans of the North are feared. . . .

"The art of oratory is lavish with a fraternal idealism, but strong wills enforce their imperialistic ambitions. . . . Against the policy of respect for Latin liberties are ranged the instincts of a triumphant plutocracy. The center of North American life is passing from Boston to Chicago; the

citadel of the ideal gives way to the material progress of the great porcine metropolis. . . . It is a struggle between idealism and plutocracy, between the tradition of the Pilgrim Fathers and the morality of Wall Street. . . .

In speaking of the Monroe Doctrine I quote him as follows:

“The Monroe Doctrine has undergone an essential transformation; it has passed successively from the defensive to intervention and thence to the offensive. . . . The defence of the South should consist in avoiding the establishment of privileges or monopolies, whether in favor of North Americans or Europeans. . . . In their origin as in their race, we find fundamental antagonism; the evolution of the North is slow and obedient to the lessons of time, to the influences of custom; the history of the southern peoples is full of revolutions, rich with the dreams of an unattainable perfection. . . . In its friendship for them (the Latin Americas) there will always be disdain; in their progress, a conquest; in their policy a desire of hegemony. It is the fatality of blood, stronger than political affinities or geographical alliances.”

I have quoted to this extent to show us how others see us. It is not pleasant at times, but very wholesome, and if we realize a little more with what eyes Latin America regards us, we might take a little more care to send a

better class of man to carry on business with them. Nothing made one more conscious of the commercial war that is being waged than to stay in South America. The disdain Garcia Calderon speaks of is very true and will simply react back on us, for it reflects our ignorance, not our intelligence.

THE ESTANCIA

IT is the ambition of everybody who goes to the Argentine to have the privilege of visiting an *estancia*, the Spanish word for ranch. For it is there that one sees the pure Argentine life in its real aspect.

Naturally I was very much pleased when an invitation came to visit one of the largest *estancias* belonging to a "Sociedad Anonima" which owns in all three *estancias*, representing over one hundred thousand hectares. The one it was my privilege to visit represented 55,000 hectares, and was in charge of the son of the chief shareholder, one of the finest young Argentines it was my privilege to meet. He belongs to the group who are not exploiting the soil but improving it. Where, heretofore, it took one and a half hectares to fatten a head of cattle, he has succeeded in fattening fifteen on three. After traveling all night I arrived at the small town of Gualeguay in Entre Rios near which the *estancia* is situated. It is a typical town lying between the two rivers of the Gualeguay and the Parana, as well as being one of the earliest settled towns, having been accessible by navigation up these rivers and founded about 1783. It has, roughly speaking, about fifteen thousand inhabitants. Though only situated about 120 miles northwest of Buenos Aires, it took us fourteen hours to reach it. When I compared it in my mind to the distance between New York and New London and the short time it takes

to go there, I scoffingly jeered at the length of time it took us to get to Gualeguay. My host responded that I had better be careful as it was American capital which had built this railroad. Here the great floods make transportation difficult and the railroad had to make a detour of about twenty-five miles between Gualeguay and the neighbouring town, as it was impossible to find bottom for their trellis bridges. It is these physical difficulties which the early settlers had to contend with in South America, that impressed me over and over again. Through trains run only twice a week and I regret to say that on other nights the service is far from comfortable as they have no proper waiting rooms at the junction, only a few benches under a roof and a wooden partition against which one can lean. As one often has to spend from two to six hours, according to whether the connecting train is on time, it makes traveling difficult on these off nights, especially on a raw winter night when the piercing wind comes from the *pampas*.

After arriving we first stopped at the hotel, the usual Spanish type, a two-storied building around a court with a glass roof and no plants to relieve the eye. Around this court were the usual rooms. The hostelry, being a corner house, the rooms on three sides had windows, but on the fourth, where it joined another building, the rooms were the usual South American dark rooms with double half-glass doors leading to the court. These doors give the only ventilation or natural light which these rooms receive. The intense heat which the glass roof generated into the court below I shall never forget, as there were no curtains to be drawn on hot summer days when

the thermometer registers 104 or more. It was like some illness which had to run its course and where one waits patiently for the time to pass. It was too hot to lean back, too hot to lie down, too hot to move, too hot to read, too hot to even play a game of patience. I have never in my life experienced such heat, nor, do I think I will ever forget it.

The hotel was crowded the day of my arrival, as there was to be a special race that afternoon to which all the neighbors had come from all the outlying *estancias*, for it was a great local event. Everybody, of course, meaning only men. The rooms were very simply furnished. The one placed at my disposal could only be called a dormitory consisting of one double and three single beds, two chairs and a washstand with running water. After having removed the dirt of our journey a bit, and after my host had collected everything that was needed for the *estancia*, in the way of ice and the innumerable things one always has to secure, we proceeded on our journey to our destination by automobile.

It was a beautiful Cadillac car in which we were riding, I sitting in front with my host and the back being piled up with all the bundles which we had collected. The chauffeur, sitting in back, had beside him a little boy who, I later realized, was most necessary to the comfort of our trip. As we traveled through town over cobbled pavements which I do not believe had been relaid for the past fifty years, we jounced along at a dreadful rate. The town had an historic interest because of Garibaldi. But this was told to me in such an off-hand manner that I have never been able to quite

find out just how Garibaldi got to Gualeguay and what he did there. Whether he lived in Gualeguay during his period of exile or while in the service of Uruguay, I do not know. Most likely the latter. And here I come upon one of the greatest difficulties which all encounter who go to South America — the off-hand manner in which information is given. It is so off-hand that it never registers unless one pays the strictest attention, and even then things escape. Therefore, I found it very difficult to definitely learn of some incidents which interested me, as for instance Garibaldi and Gualeguay. Whether it is the Latin temperament or what it is, I do not know, but it is this attitude which makes it difficult to secure information of which so many people complain and which exists throughout the southern hemisphere. It may be the climate which forms the habit of mind which says *mañana, mañana*, and "Of what importance is it"? Which makes people accept invitations and then not appear and if questioned calmly remark, "Oh, I forgot all about it," or "I did not feel like coming." It is most annoying to the average European or North American, especially if one has taken great pains in preparing a dinner and then finds that one's guests do not arrive. It is a certain form of self-indulgence, it seemed to me, brought about by climatic conditions. I shall never forget the indignation of a charming Frenchwoman whose husband is an engineer and who lived very delightfully, though simply. They had invited some Argentines for dinner who had shown them many courtesies and to whom they wanted to show some attention in return. While her husband was at his office she spent her time teaching French,

as they wished to make as much money as possible to enable them to return to France the more quickly. She, therefore, had to secure a substitute for her classes the afternoon of the dinner, to enable her to prepare a delicious little French repast. Everything was ready. Eight o'clock arrived, but no guests. Half past eight, but no guests. Nine o'clock, but no guests. Half past nine, and no guests! As an hour and a half is generally the limit of lateness for the average Argentine, she decided to telephone to find out what had happened. To her horror her guests had already gone to bed, for, as they casually remarked, over the telephone, they had spent the day in the country and had returned too hot and tired to go out again.

But to return to Gualeguay. The town stretches out in endless rows of narrow paved streets without a tree except in the squares. Just one or two story houses, adjoining each other, with their endless, tall, elongated windows which open out. These windows must be about twelve feet high, six feet wide and three feet from the ground. The streets of Gualeguay appear barren and like prison walls against which the sun beats relentlessly. No tree gives shelter, no one is enticed to step out during the heat of the day, which adds to the appearance of the deadness and loneliness of the town. Every now and then, through an open door, one had glimpses into an open court with its plants and green vines, bringing a relief to the eye from the monotony of endless walls and pavements lying in the sun and heat.

As there had been a downpour of three days, most of the roads were flooded and we had to make a detour


over the hillocks for in this section the country is rolling and not perfectly flat and barren as in other parts. It also has more trees than the average plain, for there grows in this section a small foliage thorn tree which the cattle cannot devour, and which brings delight of shade and rest to the eye.

Leaving the town, the highways became very broad to enable the herdsmen to drive their cattle to the station or boat landings. We soon, however, left the roads, cutting right across the fields to cover the distance in as short a time as possible. My host was one of the most perfect drivers with whom I have ever had the pleasure of motor-ing, taking the roughness of the roads and fields so skillfully that we hardly felt the jar of the car. Here again I met with the physical difficulties of South America, for these thorn trees threw out their branches so low from the ground, that mingling with the tall grass, one can readily see how quickly a jungle is formed. We passed through many *estancias*, whose owners were mostly living in Europe, leaving the care of them to a man in charge, called the major-domo. This naturally has a very bad effect upon the *estancias* as all people not owning property will use it to the last degree of its fertility. That was one of the great differences which I found between the neighboring *estancias* and that of my host. Another difference and one which was quite horrible to me, was the dead horses and cattle lying rotting about the neighbors' fields. Cattle and horses which had died, either from age, thirst or disease. In consequence the sky is full of vultures who live on these dead animals, which are to be found lying along the road-

side as well. The utility of the little boy in back soon became evident after we had left the road, and gates had to be opened. There were also wire fences with no gates, where the wire was so arranged as to hook off and on again. The little boy would hop out to do this, but when upon occasions we struck a fence where the wire had to be cut and then mended, the chauffeur attended to it.

It seemed to me a marvelous journey. The sense of direction which the driver had to possess, to follow along these plains or motor in among the trees, which almost created a jungle, reminded me of sea-faring men. There seemed to me much in common between these prairies and the sea, where the eye gets accustomed to distance and notices things afar off, long before the average eye can see them.

As we traveled along we saw many semi-wild ostriches. These are not the ones with the beautiful plumes, but the ones from which feather dusters are made. They are an amusing bird in their stupidity. And when I was told that it is the father bird who takes care of the young, not the mother, my fancy was pleased. When you see the big ostrich running along with a lot of little ones after it, it is the father, you see. The mother is far too independent and busy with her own affairs to attend to such trifles. But as the ostrich is one of the most stupid birds and thinks that when he hides his head that he is completely hidden, it does not speak so very well for the training given by the male. Soon after we came upon an animal scurrying along in front of us belonging to the lizard family. But instead of being a charming little lizard of four or five inches long, as we have them, it



was a monster of about four and a half feet which was scurrying along on its heavy body, short legs and wriggling tail.

But of all the creatures belonging to the animal kingdom which interested me most, was a bird commonly called the "terro." This bird is extremely intelligent. It is a little larger than our North American pectoral sandpiper and can be trained, when caught young, into one of the most valuable watch dogs they have on the *puestos* and which the *gauchos* will often keep to guard their houses. The *puesto* is a section of the *estancia* for which the *gaucha*, a half-breed, half Spanish, half Indian, is responsible, as well as for the cattle which grazes thereon. The "terro" which he employs to guard his immediate small domain, has a thorn at the end of his wing with which he attacks. Should someone enter within the enclosure about the house, the "terro" would give notice by a piercing call, and if one approached nearer would begin his attack. As his call is very shrill it carries long distances. It seemed quite wonderful to me that one could take these wild birds and make them so responsible.

After about a two and a half hours' drive, we reached the very lovely home of my host and hostess. My host has charge of two neighboring *estancias*. The one where I visited contained about 55,000 hectares. A hectare being about two and one tenth of an acre. Scattered over this territory are about twenty out-posts, called *puestos* in Spanish. This *estancia* employs in all about one hundred and ten men, eighty for general work, twenty as woodcutters, and ten as drivers. They have 17,000

head of cattle, 2,500 sheep, and 1,000 horses, these last being raised solely for their own use. Until I reached the Argentine I had no conception of the prices which bulls brought in the open market, I was, therefore, much impressed when I read in the papers that in the autumn agricultural exhibit, one bull alone brought the sum of \$40,000.00. My host spoke of his as being good, average cattle. Two of his bulls were prize bulls, each representing a value of about \$7,000.00. They were marvelous animals, and the spirit of kindness which pervaded the entire *estancia* was to be found even here, for one could go and fondle them as one could any gentle cow. It was the spirit of the place which stood out, and though I had admired my host before my visit, I had been unable to do him justice until I saw him in his own setting, as master of his ranches.

Each ranch has a major-domo, several sub-managers and the other men I have already mentioned to do the general work. When one first sees the *gaucho*, the South American cowboy, one receives the impression that he is armed to the teeth, for, besides his large leather belt which has a place for his pistol, he carries a knife sixteen inches long. This knife is used for everything, from picking his teeth to cutting his meat or his horse's hoofs, for the Argentine horse is not shod, as they only ride over the wonderful turf. I was, therefore, tremendously impressed, considering all the stories I had heard of the fierceness and danger of the *gaucho* and peons and the hatred toward their masters, to find that on this *estancia* there was only love for Don Francisco, a small man of about five feet five and a half

inches tall, stocky and well-built, though partly deaf, in spite of his youth. This handicap he had fearlessly conquered — for fearlessness was the key-note of his character. He went among these people absolutely unarmed, as safe as any eastern man among his farmers up here. He possessed real genius for handling men, for the smile that greeted him, was not only from the men he employed but from all the men he dealt with, whom we met in passing between Gualeguay and the *estancia*.

During my stay we made many tours of inspection with our host, often taking our luncheon with us and camping out wherever we happened to be. It was a beautiful sight, this inspection of the cattle, for they were fine specimens, and it was interesting to see the selection of those which were ready to be shipped. I never knew such concentration as Don Francisco showed at his work. If a weed just showed its head among the alfalfa the car would stop and out he would jump with his knife to uproot it. Not a moment was lost and yet it never was done in a spirit which became irksome. I remember an incident which occurred while we were at lunch out by the Parana river. We had motored over the vast plains and then entered the river road — a road made romantic by the high pampas grass on either side with glimpses of the river beyond. It was here that we occasionally came on those rugged trees with masses of flaming blossoms. When we reached the spot selected for lunch we came across some *gauchos* one of whom was quite tipsy, and yet, there we were, perfectly helpless it seemed to me, unarmed in the face of this tipsy man of the plains armed with his pistol and knife. Yet we had

nothing to fear for it was only delight which filled his heart and bosom at seeing Don Francisco. That evening I noticed for the first time a beautiful silver-hilted knife which hung on the wall with several other trophies of past *gaucho* days, and I asked my host to tell me its story. He smiled and said, "Oh, that was taken in a little encounter. I told the man that if he would permit me to keep it as a souvenir I would not report him." It was then that I had the key-note of his power over these men and their devotion, for he did not resent this attack and, therefore, showed mercy. The story had spread all over the district and the men all honored and respected him for it. Besides they had known him since boyhood days and, being a true democrat, his mental attitude towards them of friendly fearless comradeship carried respect with it. It was a great pleasure to see him enter a *gaucho's* home and drink *mate* with the man and his women folks. He had a happy way of talking to them which made him always welcome. This is a rare art, for it is not easy to talk to the people who live on those great silent plains in such tremendous isolation.

It is the isolation which these big *estancias* bring with them which makes it hard for those not born on them to mingle with the people and understand them; as well as to love it instead of being consumed by the loneliness of all this vast country. I must confess it struck me that it took a good deal of courage for his European wife to live there and try to keep an establishment on European lines, for the average woman on the *estancia* soon sinks down into being a sloven. There are so few neighbours; so few people come to call, so many hours when the only

intercourse is with the servants, that it is very remarkable to find a home as beautiful as this. And I had great admiration for my hostess as well as for my host, for leaving this imprint on this wilderness.

The house, which was built long before her day, was shared by everybody when she came there, a bride. It was with great tact that she eventually eliminated the major-domo and the other sub-managers, for she told me that it was exactly like eating in an hotel, all at small tables. She at least belongs to those who have the courage of their convictions, for her first stand was for a home of her own, whether in Buenos Aires or on the *estancia*, and not to follow the Argentine custom of living with her parents-in-law. She was amused when she recollected with what tears and arguments she had carried through her plan, to find it taken so for granted when the second son married. This habit of the whole Argentine family living under one roof is extraordinary. In consequence one sees enormous houses which remind one of hotels, so large and spacious are they. I suppose one ought to say palaces, but they never seemed so to me. I cannot associate palaces with new countries. To me the new countries belong to democracies and the future, and palaces to aristocracy and the old world.

Her next step was to bring down some decorators and have the old house done over. When you consider the distances, the difficulties and the expense, when you consider that this decorator had to live on the *estancia* while he superintended his painters, who were working there, when you consider that the walls are so constructed that you cannot paper them and must hide the coldness

of plaster, one can well realize the vitality it takes to bring this culture to this desert. The effect was charming for the decorator had given the luminosity of certain papers, and through delightful painted paneling had overcome a serious difficulty — the difficulty of the very high ceilings which all old South American houses possess, for this house was built about sixty years ago.

On entering one stepped into a large, spacious living-hall, the whole front of which was glass, and where formerly also the roof had been glass. This she had changed to wood to keep out the intense heat of summer and at the same time to keep it warmer in winter. The different rooms led out of this hall. To the right was the music room where two grand pianos stood, as she was quite a musician. Beyond was a private sitting room for herself and her husband, followed by their bedroom and bath. To the left were two guest rooms with a bath in between. At the end of the hall, separated by double doors, was the dining room, and beyond the little open portico with its charming old Spanish well. To the right of this portico was the store room, to the left the kitchen. My hostess kept a butler, cook, maid and two laundresses. The women servants have a house of their own, which resembled our long, connecting bath houses, only that all of the rooms are larger. The men servants have a similar house, while the dining hall and offices form another house by itself. To the left of the main house was the old forge which was now the store house, the dairy and the cow stable for the milchers; to the right were the stables with the new forge, and the slaughter house where a head of

cattle was slaughtered every day to feed the entire *estancia*. Beyond in back were the sheds where the prize bulls were kept as well as the different farming implements, and where Don Pedro, the prize ram, ruled supreme. In front was a big grass plot to the left of which was the garden and beyond, on the other side of the road, the *quinta*, which is the Spanish for vegetable garden. In front of the house stood four tall handsome eucalyptus trees. A little towards the back was the tennis court and greenhouse. Words cannot describe the marvelous sunsets which swept the plains or the beautiful swamp flowers that grew on the river edge. It was a delight to me to see a flock of little green parrots hiding among the green branches of the pear trees, nibbling away at the fruit. I am afraid the gardener did not share my love for them as they are so destructive that they are considered a pest, which must be shot at every day or else no fruit would be left. But this seemed to make little impression upon those little green parrots for you saw swarms of them constantly in among the trees. I have never seen such swarms of birds anywhere as I saw in South America. I recall one day as our ship was passing near Guam Island in the Pacific, how the sky was darkened by birds passing like a cloud between us and the sun. It gave one a most curious sensation and it was hard to realize that a flock of birds could form a cloud in the sky giving the effect of an oncoming storm.

One of the things which seemed so strange to me was that here as in Buenos Aires I found no screened porches, though I believe some Americans have them, for the mosquitoes are quite as great a pest in Buenos Aires

and the Argentine as the famous Jersey mosquito. Neither did I find awnings, which help to make life in our country so much more pleasant and comfortable.

Among the last tours which we made on my visit there, was one which stands out. It was to follow in a car the herd of cattle which had been selected for shipment. This was a splendid sight as one saw them coming across the plains, those great massive animals, the best of which weighed 1,700 lbs. They were being shipped for slaughter, those three-year-olds, and taken down to the Parana river across which they had to swim, to travel down the other side, to the boat which was to take them to Buenos Aires, a small herd of horses, twelve or fifteen, accompanying as leaders, which are needed especially for crossing the river. These horses go first giving courage to the cattle to follow. A row boat then travels on either side, to prevent any from turning midstream in either direction.

We reached the *puesto*, the usual clay hut, in advance of the herd. It was beautifully situated on the bank of the river, with its small enclosure fenced in, in which were situated the other out-buildings. These houses, built of clay, are warm in winter and cool in summer. They consist of just one large room, with two windows besides the door. The inside was furnished with two beds, a bureau, a chest, a table and four chairs. Though they were single beds two people slept in them, for in this hut there lived an aunt and three young girls, besides the men and boys who slept in the open. The three girls were famous for their beauty. Small and delicate, with shining black hair and great large eyes, they looked like

some lovely startled animal. Besides taking care of the hut and doing the cooking their only other work is to embroider. They never work in the fields or in the garden, in fact they have no flowers about the place. The monotony of their lives to an active person impresses one very much. Whenever they expect company they will put on their best black dresses, for all these women wear only black, and powder their face to the extent, as my hostess used to say, as if they had fallen into the flour barrel. They embroider beautifully and they have the most lovely drawn work in their bed spreads or sheets. *Mate*, of course, is served constantly, in the little *mate* bowl made out of the fruit of the gourd vine, the leaves of which make the *mate* tea. This is always sipped through a silver tube, and, no matter how poor an appearance these people may give, they will always have silver tubes for their *mate*, silver belts and silver hilts for their knives, with their Sunday attire.

We were very much amused at a little incident which occurred that morning when the major-domo asked a cute little boy of six whether he was not the son of Pedro, one of the peons working for them. The terribly bored manner in which this youngster replied, "They say so," struck us as expressing the spirit of the plains.

Soon we saw a cloud on the distant horizon which indicated that something was approaching. A little later one could distinguish a dark mass moving on towards us. It was the herd arriving. At that moment a strong wind sprang up which interfered with the crossing and the cattle were left to graze until such a time as the wind should die down again. It is impossible to get so

large a herd to swim across the river when the wind sweeps over it, as they are apt to turn back midstream, which causes many to be drowned in the confusion which ensues.

The rivers play a very important part in this section of the country, for the land is so low that when there are heavy rains they are constantly flooded. Later on in the season I unexpectedly ran across Don Francisco in Buenos Aires. The flood was approaching and he was making arrangements with railroads and steamship companies to ship two-thirds of his cattle to the other *estancia* at Cordoba, a matter of several hundred miles, and no small job when one considers that two-thirds represented about ten thousand heads of cattle and only eighteen cattle can be put into one freight car at a time. Fortunately, before he had shipped many, the flood receded and the danger had passed. He has done much by clearing the land and draining it, to improve the situation, and, unless the floods rise very high, they do not cover to the same extent the amount of territory which they did in former years, and which caused such tremendous loss of life among the cattle. Besides draining the land, these canals also carry water inland from the Paraguay by means of a gigantic windmill, the diameter of which is forty feet. Only one other windmill of the same dimensions at present exists in the Argentine.

It was a beautiful sight when, driving homewards across the rich green plains in the early evening, we came upon the silent figure of an old *gaucho* watering his herd at long white cement troughs, near a large white cement well, in the midst of the plains. Silently he was going

back and forth, a figure in white on his white horse, with only the bronze of his face and his pink socks thrust in yellow sandals to break the ghostlike quality of the picture. Silently his horse moved back and forth with quick alert nervous steps, drawing the thirty-gallon bucket of water out of the well, emptying it into the big troughs around which the cattle were gathered. There he sat, half Indian, half Spaniard, straight and erect, a silent figure against the fast fading colors of the southern sunset. It might almost have been a picture of Don Quixote, this old half-breed Spaniard, on his white horse as he drew the water from the well, so gaunt and alert did he and his horse appear. Backward and forward, moved these silent figures on the vast plains while the stars came out overhead, for night follows fast upon the sunset in Entre Rios.

I was very glad that it was my experience to visit a camp which was productive and where the owners were leaving the impress of civilization, not only upon the land, but also upon the whole atmosphere which pervaded the place. The absolute perfection with which the house was run, the spirit of friendliness which I have tried to portray as existing everywhere, between the *gauchos* and the peons toward their master, portrays another side of the life of the camp. This is in contrast to the description of the half-civilized life as portrayed in the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," or when Mr. Hammerton describes the ghastly experience of an Italian immigrant and his beautiful young wife or the murdering of managers of various *estancias*. All life in camp carries with it the great beauty which lies in its bigness and vastness;

but it also makes one conscious of the strength of character required, especially by the women, to continue a spiritual and intellectual life. For the women do not take part in the life on the *estancia*, as one hears told of regarding the ranches out West, or, as I know it to be true, on the farms in the East. Throughout South America the woman is set apart, and if her men folks are in a position to prevent her from lifting her fingers to do the smallest piece of work, it is their ambition to achieve it.

To show a picture of the life of an *estancia* from a maidservant's point of view, similar in type to the *estancia* described in the "Four Horsemen," I will relate an incident told me by the porter of my hotel. Some Argentines who had been guests at the hotel for many years in succession, and who had always made a good impression, living expensively, dressing extremely well, attending the best soirées, with boxes at the opera and theatres, asked him to be so kind as to secure for them two maids to take to their *estancia*. He happened to know two young French Swiss women, one of whom had come to the Argentine to take a position as cook, after having lost out in her venture of running her own restaurant in Paris. The other was an acquaintance who had traveled all over the world and spoke many languages and who was to go as lady's maid. Six months later these same women came to him hardly to be recognized, so burnt were they by the sun, so thin and coated with dirt. He could not believe his eyes when he saw that these were the same young women he had sent to this family only six months previously. They told him that did they for a moment believe that he had known the kind of position

into which he had sent them, they would try and bring charges against him, so terrible were the conditions under which they had been forced to live. But they felt convinced that he had acted in ignorance and with only the best intentions. Then they told their story of how, when they arrived at the *estancia*, which was miles and miles from any station, they found themselves practically prisoners. There was no means of finding the road back, as they had been driven across country. This I readily understood considering how I had been taken across the country to the *estancia* on my visit. They had been given a one-room hut, out in the broiling sun with no window or the shade of a tree to relieve the heat, and practically no water to wash in. Their food consisted of a certain kind of camp bread, called *galleta*, half biscuit, half bread, which is made on the *estancia*, milk and cheese, and meat twice a week. A diet on which no one could retain their health during the summer months. After the first week they gave notice, but without success, until, six months later, through the good services of one of the other employees, they were able to reach the station. Fortunately they had enough money with them to buy their return tickets, as their employers refused to pay them anything. Later they brought suit and eventually recovered their wages. But it was a horrible experience. The feeling of being practically held prisoners told on their nerves, as they had no knowledge of how and when they could manage their escape. I mention this story to illustrate the terrible isolation of the camps, and how all foreign labor is at the mercy of the employer. It is different, of course,

for the native, born and brought up on these vast plains, but I marvel at the faith of humanity which shows itself when Europeans hire themselves out to these unknown and out-lying districts.

I was invited to visit another camp, but fortunately discovered in time that it was so primitive that we would have to wash and brush our teeth in the morning down by the river.

It is hard to picture the intense heat of these shadeless plains. As Mr. Hammerton writes: "There are no gentle valleys surrounded by low hills, or shady woods, where attractive sites may be secured. In this treeless land, the farmer has to make his own shade by planting trees around his house, and usually his home is set within a quadrangle of eucalyptus trees or California poplars. There are no broad, white, firm highways reaching out into the country, along which one may travel in comfort to distant *estancias* — nothing but mother earth everywhere, and such rude and primitive tracks as the European mind would more readily associate with neolithic man than with one of the richest and most progressive agricultural countries of the modern world."

As I have already mentioned, the section of Entre Rios stands apart from the rest of the big farming districts in that there are low hills and shady woods with "attractive sites" where one can go and spend an afternoon with one's tea basket. Those were beautiful days on the *estancia* in Entre Rios and I am glad it was my privilege to see one of the best expressions of Argentine life!

ARGENTINE MUSIC

ONE of the things I had looked forward to, more than anything else on my trip to South America, was the native music. I had thought that as they were Latin people, I would find the musical street calls I love so well in Italy and Spain, mingling with the street noises, which to me are one of the great charms in visiting those other countries. But here I was disappointed, for there was little music on the streets. Occasionally, in the outlying residential districts one came across a hurdy-gurdy. There was not even as much music as one finds on spring days in London, when the street singers come along. I have always loved even the street singers of London, though the street calls of Italy and Spain hold more of romance in them. However, Argentine has its own music, which with patient seeking I discovered. It was most interesting to come across an address Señor Julian Aguirre, head of the Escuela Argentina de Musica, gave on the native music, before the Wagnerian Society. This society was founded by German Argentines, though all music-loving people now belong, and it is concentrating on and encouraging especially the development of Argentine music. At present the so-called music of the *pampas* and the hill country is so intermingled with Spanish music, which the early settlers brought over, that it is very difficult to find true Indian music, though it still exists. Most of the music one hears is the so-called *gaucho* music.

These are the songs of the *gaucho*, the half-breed, as I have already said, half Spanish, half Indian. It was he who united the Indian and Spanish strains, weaving them into a music of his own. The Indian music is more melancholy and full of deeper feeling, while the Spanish is gay and full of temperament. In the intermingling of the two, we find, curiously enough, that the melancholy music became the accompaniment of the dance, while the gay, lively music became the accompaniment of the song. This Indian-Spanish music has become so a part of this new race of people, that it is only the echo of its former self. The *Yaravies* had its origin in Peru, and the *Huainitos* in Bolivia, which are better known under the two names of *Tristes* and *Estilos*. These are played on the Indian *quena* (flute), *pincullu* (oboe), and *erke* (a horn made out of the horns of animals), which give the music a rich coloring. (The musical theme is short and constantly repeated, and, through this repetition works impressively on the emotions, separating the songs of the Argentine from the folk songs of other countries. At the same time a monotonous accompaniment on the drum acts as a background, and emphasizes the emotional energy.) The constant repetition of the theme leaves a curious art of indecision which one often finds in the first expression of a music of a people. It has been this same note of indecision which I have been conscious of in so much of the very modern French music, which made me feel that we were entering upon a new era.

The first Indian songs were single words or sentences, which were sung in unison while doing some special work, like reaping and so on. Even today these songs are to

be heard in the loading or unloading of boats. The repetition in the songs of the *gaucho* is only a more developed expression of this same thought. Among the early *gaucho* songs one finds the intermingling of the two civilizations; the simple Indian theme and the more complicated Spanish one. After the more elaborate theme has been repeated several times, they will then start on the second and simpler theme, returning after a while back to the first again. This combination of the two civilizations gives an extraordinary power of vitality to the expression of the music.

In many of the songs, like the *Vidalita*, there is no accompaniment whatsoever. In sections where the *Vidalita* is nearer to its original source, as in La Rioja, it is accompanied by the drum, shaped like a small tambourine, which the Indians hold high and beat with their hands. The Indian hill songs are always accompanied by the drum which gives them a very even rhythm in one-quarter to two-eighths tempo. (The *gaucho* songs consist of verses containing four lines each, which are accompanied by the guitar.) In these simple songs, especially the *Milongas*, the value is in the recital of the poem, rather than in the music, which consists simply of continuous arpeggios. The first two arpeggios being accented on the first note, while the following two are accented on the fifth note. The *Milongas* resemble the old Troubadour songs which told of heroic deeds of past days. The form of the *Estilo* and the *Decima* are not as simple. Here the poems, consisting of ten lines each, are generally love poems, which are preceded by a gay, lively accompaniment on the guitar, repeated again at its close.

Especially the *Estilo* is a most favorite form of the past as well as the present, and many beautiful songs are found among them.

In the *Gato*, a dance, lively and gay, the dancing is constantly interrupted by one of the dancers throwing out some pretty compliment, in stanzas consisting of four lines, which has to be answered by the partner, whereupon the dance is resumed. These stanzas must be improvised by the dancers in waltz rhythm, variegating the accents. The *Zamba* is a slow melancholy dance in three-four time. In all dances the couples, men and women, stand apart and follow in rhythmical movements the steps of the dance. Other dances, like the *Huella*, *Triunfo* and *Cielito*, received their names from the first lines of the verses which are sung while dancing.

The music of the hill country is much more animated and alive than the music of the *pampas*, which is more in monotone. The best provinces in which to hear this music are Tucuman, Santiago, La Rioja and Salta. Though I was not able to go into the provinces, owing to the unsettled labor conditions, I had the good fortune of hearing a youth of the people sing many of these *gaucho* songs. He was one of the many waifs that just grew up anywhere in the Argentine, and as he was blind in one eye and of delicate health, it was impossible for him to work as other men do. But he had a natural love of music and wandering across the plains, he picked up the various songs and played them on his guitar, in return for a night's lodging or a meal. I suppose he actually traveled by rail as well, traveling as a group of acrobats did, whom I met on the train between Buenos Aires and La Plata. They were

in the full costume of the acrobat, pink tights and little velvet doublets with gilt braid and little bolero jackets. They spread a long red carpet down the center aisle on which they performed. Afterwards they passed the hat collecting from the passengers whatever money value their entertainment had. It was very entertaining to me. I thought it was quite a pleasant way of passing the time on the train and was only sorry that we had not instituted such customs. My Argentine friend, however, who was taking the journey with me, did not feel the same way about it, and was very much annoyed that the train authorities permitted it. It is all in the point of view! Those who like being amused and those who do not.

A man whom I met in the Argentine, came across this boy singer one day when one of his employees asked him, if he would permit the boy to sleep in one of the warehouses during the winter nights. Being a human person he had the boy come to him direct, to get his story, and, being interested in him, secured for him the privilege of singing in various little restaurants where he could earn quite a few pesos of an evening through his songs. He was a true artist, this boy of the *pampas*, with the true spirit of love and freedom, of his kind. Happy and gay, he loved his music, and was quite oblivious that to most people a blind eye and weak health would have made life a burden. He had just returned from a tour all through the provinces picking up new songs which he had added to his list, and was full of the enthusiasm of ensured success. To be invited to give a private concert in one of the best hotels of the capital of his country, was to be

among the gods — his pride in his music made him enter with his head high — the equal of all.

The only other time I heard the true *gaucho* music was on two nights during the strike, when the city noises were lulled and between the firing of the machine guns, when silence reigned, I heard a beautiful voice passing down the Paseo de Julian, singing the old *gaucho* songs. To me there is no music which stirs the heart and the imagination as this natural expression of a human soul.) Though uncultured and untrained it possesses a vitality and self-expression, which unfortunately is schooled out of all but the greatest artists. I have never heard "Die Nonne" by Schubert, sung as I heard it one day in Paris by a young girl student. We were in the large music room, a small group of us, when she started to sing. We had been caught there by a terrible thunder storm that was sweeping through Paris, and I shall never forget her, as she stood by the piano, two candles the only light in the room, full of obscure shadows, pouring out her soul in this song, while the thunder rolled overhead, mingling with the storm of which she sang. It emphasized the wildness of the night and she revealed a glimpse of the wildness of her soul.

Wishing to go a little deeper into this Argentine music and to have the opinion of two composers rather than one, I asked a friend of mine whether her brother could not arrange to have me meet another popular composer — especially popular for the *Estilos* which he had written. I saw the shocked expression which passed over her face as I made my request — for being Argentine this was a boldness with which she had not even credited me. I

was, therefore, hardly surprised when the answer came; that he would not take the responsibility, but if, however, I would, he would be pleased to arrange to have us meet. Needless to say, I did not accept!

That a woman should wish to talk to a man impersonally on the construction of music and the foundation on which themes were built, was too foreign to the average Argentine to appear even plausible. I ran across this same attitude in Argentine artists, even in those who had studied in Paris. It seems hardly credible when I state that no Argentine painter felt he could avail himself of the opportunity which knocked at his door through the hand of a woman. It is only among the socialists that I noticed the same friendly comradeship between men and women, which exists in the United States or Europe. However, with the general public it was different, except the anarchists. But the painters belonged to the conservatives! I had been asked by the International Studio to look into the work of some of the painters. The Spring Exhibition was still on when I arrived, which gave me an opportunity to write to those whom I thought it would be of interest for us to know. But no one answered my letters, so that I was not able to render them the service which it would have given me a great pleasure to do. At first I was very much puzzled by this, until through a mutual Paris friend, who was a prominent artist, I met one Argentine, a sculptor, whose desire it was to come north. His art expressed the spirit of the *gaucho* of the plains of the Argentine, as Remington expressed the spirit of the cowboy of the West. He wanted exceedingly to come to New York and I told him I should

be very glad to write an article on his art for the "Studio" as well as to introduce him to dealers in New York who might handle his work. He was very charming the first time we met and agreed to let me know when I was to come again to have the sculpture which I had selected for the article photographed. Though I remained three months in Buenos Aires after this interview, I never heard from him again. He could not rise to the occasion, in spite of his Paris education, of meeting a woman as one would meet a man.

Of all the arts, the one which seemed to me to be the most advanced, was the art of the illustrators and caricaturists, especially those who worked in single line drawings, strong and forceful in their very simplicity, like Brancusi in his sculpture. Among the painters, the one who was making the greatest impression was Fernando Fader, whose work is in strong neo-impressionist style, full of rich coloring, and portraying the inherent qualities of the Argentine. One of his most recent pictures of an old *gaucho* on a white horse, overlooking the plains at sunset, made a very fine impression, as he brought out the many rich colors which the late afternoon, just preceding twilight, generally reveal, when the rays of the sun become level with the horizon. Though I understand that there are a number of people who own extremely modern art, like Picassos and others, it was not my good fortune to meet them, or see the examples they owned. The houses into which it was my privilege to enter, had art of which Fader was the latest expression, and when one realizes that Mlle. Moche had the first exhibition of portraits painted *en plein air*

eight years ago, 1911, one realizes how distant South America really is from the throbbing centres of the literary, artistic and musical life of today.

It is this tremendous physical distance that one has to conquer which was, of course, emphasized during the war by the lack of transportation, which isolates the South American. Thoughts of twenty years ago are just arriving, and though, of course, there are thousands of people elsewhere who also only live twenty years behind the times (in fact most people do), yet, elsewhere one has the other group who live in the present. And it is this group which one misses in the Argentine. I had a very curious sensation which helped to emphasize this; when my newspapers or letters arrived six weeks or two months after being mailed, I would not feel that the news was old, but that, just as the hours of the day and night differ between Petrograd, Paris and New York, and New York is seven hours behind Petrograd, so Argentine seemed to me to be behind in months or years, instead of hours. I never felt the news was old; I never received this impression for a moment; I had instead the feeling of the difference in time, as if one lived on another planet. It was a whim, but a whim that helped me to understand why thoughts arrived so much later in the Argentine, and which gave me greater interest in the much talked of aero-service which is being established between London and Buenos Aires. In this service they expect to reduce the distance of three weeks to four days. When once this physical difficulty of time and space is eliminated, Argentine, I believe, will be moved by the spirit which is to me the centre of the world, and which is drawing its forces from all over the universe, unto itself.

THE MUSEUM AT LA PLATA

SO much had been told me about the Museum of Natural History at La Plata, that phantom city which was built overnight to be the capital of the Province of Buenos Aires, on land that belonged to one family alone, that I felt my trip would not be complete unless I not only got there, but met the man who had brought it fame, Dr. Robert Lehman-Nitsche. Not only is he director of the Museum, but also professor of anthropology at the Universities of La Plata and Buenos Aires. Three attempts were made before I was successful, but in the end it proved that my waiting was rewarded, for my last escort was an old friend of Dr. Lehman-Nitsche through whom I received an insight into his work which would otherwise have escaped me. For here was a man who rounded out his subject and it was of tremendous interest to hear him tell, not only about bones, but customs and fairy tales.

It is remarkable how dry bones can become interesting when related to life. It was extremely amusing to me how certain Indian tribes preferred egg-shaped heads, as the Chinese prefer little feet and flat breasts for their women. These egg-shaped heads were secured by binding the skull when it was still pliable in infancy. In answer to my question as to whether this interfered with the development of the brain, Dr. Lehman-Nitsche replied that apparently it did not. It was, therefore, interesting to

think that these tribes whom we think of as savages should have had such a highly developed sense of art. We also find it in the curious tattooing on their bodies, giving the effect of material. This, in my judgment, was a great improvement on clothing, because of the climate, for we must remember it is the mental attitude toward nakedness which makes it decent or not. "What Art really reveals to us is Nature's lack of design, her curious crudities, her extraordinary monotony, her absolutely unfinished condition. Nature has good intentions, of course, but, as Aristotle once said, she cannot carry them out." Wilde's quotation came back to me as I studied the interesting curves these so-called savages had developed in their skulls — works of art — whether we like it or not — nature conquered and a new design introduced. But not only did these savage skulls reveal art, but science. For here was exhibited the trepanning operation on the skull of a native of Bolivia showing how, in these remote regions, this operation described by Hippocrates was also known to these so-called savages. On my wanderings I came across the skeleton of a hunchback, the first I had ever seen. I was especially amused to find that this was the skeleton of a notorious pickpocket of Buenos Aires, a character so famous in his day that a most entertaining local novel had been written about him. Unfortunately, it was out of print, and I was unable to even secure a second-hand copy. He was known only as "El Jorobado," (the hunchback.) Judging from his skeleton he must have belonged almost to the dwarf class, for in Buenos Aires one quite often sees dwarfs going about their business, dwarfs as small as the Lilliputians one sees at Barnum's

Circus — and I recall with what pleasure I always watched the little roly-poly traffic policeman on the Calle Florida when he held up the traffic, for he could not have been more than four feet, four inches, if that.

It was impossible to linger long in any one room with its endless treasures for we had only a day. There were the rooms with all the treasures of animal life, of stone works which when the original specimen failed was supplemented by excellent plaster reproductions with a stone finish, to meet the needs of the student in completing his research work. The room, of course, where I had to linger was the room with its endless cases of interesting Indian pottery, from cooking utensils to funeral urns and children's toys. It was fortunate the case with the children's play toys was locked, for there was such an adorable little tame tiger that it would have vanished on the spot. To this day my heart yearns for him, with his smile and sweet caressing ways which made me mistake him for the friend of man — the dog. It shows how really savage we are to feel so towards a smiling tiger.

The Indians of South America were evidently very fond of the tiger for he always plays an important part in their legends and fairy tales. One finds him in place of the were-wolf. It is intensely interesting to think that this terrible spectre which haunts all Europe and is still believed in by peasants in many sections, should also be found in South America, in the shape of the tiger. It is this strange intermingling of ideas and superstitions which binds all parts of the world into one great human family. They are so closely interwoven, these various

threads of human thought among the nations of the world, even though at times they appear of gossamer make. Take for instance the Argentine-Araucanian legend of the "Man and the Tiger" and compare it with the old Christian legend of "Androcles and the Lion."

This Araucanian legend tells how an Indian was taken prisoner by the Christians. He manages to escape but loses his way in the desert, where he wanders about for many days without food until one day he is beset by a tiger who is ready to devour him. Full of fear he falls trembling on the ground beseeching God and the tiger not to kill him. The tiger cocks his ears, and, full of sympathy, sits down next to him and begins to howl. After a time they continue their journey together until the Indian, overcome by hunger, can go no farther. His friend and companion chases ahead, and coming upon a flock of ostriches, he kills one and returns to the Indian. The Indian seeing the bloody mouth of the tiger, makes one last effort to reach the killed ostrich whose blood he drinks. Thus, through the friendly help of the tiger, his life is preserved and the tiger continues to guard and accompany him until he reaches his home and people in safety.

This is one of the seventy legends of the Argentine-Araucanians, which Dr. Lehman-Nitsche has collected and preserved to complete the marvelous Chile-Araucanian legends collected by Dr. Rudolf Lenz of Santiago de Chili. There are many other legends through which one can trace the same thread which runs through the European ones. It was of interest to discover that the aboriginal Araucanians are a partly civilized race who

never have been conquered by Europeans though in 1883 a portion in Chile voluntarily submitted to the Chilean government.

Whenever I come across information which shows how much people traveled in olden times, I am always filled with amazement. I can never become accustomed to the idea that people have always traveled and that it is not something which came in with steam. I remember my amazement at the ground Charles V and his army covered in Europe. After my visit to Spain and seeing the unfinished palace he commenced to build in Granada, I ran across him and his army constantly, now in Spain, now in Flanders, then in Germany or Italy. It, therefore, should not have been a surprise to me to discover that the first historian of South America was a Bavarian, Ulrich Schmidel of Strauburg, who spent twenty thrilling years in South America, especially in the vicinity of the Argentine. He assisted in the founding of Buenos Aires, called Nuestra Señora Santa Maria de Buen Ayre, after Nuestra Señora de Buen Ayre in Triana, a part of Seville, where on the banks of the Guadalquivir, a hospital with a chapel was dedicated to the "Seamen's Brotherhood."

This expedition of 1535 of which Schmidel is the chronicler was furthered by Don Pedro Mendoza, who sailed August 24th with 2500 Spaniards and 500 Dutch, Germans and Saxons in fourteen large vessels laden with provisions, horses, and ammunition.

Their destination was Rio de Solis, now Rio de la Plata, named after Juan Diaz de Solis, the Spaniard who with three vessels came and conquered, on the second of

February, 1516, in the name of Spain, "El Puerto de Nuestra Señora," now known as Montevideo. Solis then proceeded up the river which, because of its great width, yet sweet water, they named Mar Dulce. Landing the middle of March they were overpowered by native Guarani Indians and before aid could reach them from the boats anchored in the river, they had been overpowered, killed, roasted and eaten and only a ship's boy, Francisco del Puerto, escaped to tell the tale. October of the same year they returned to Spain, Solis' brother-in-law, Francisco de Torres, having taken command after the death of Solis. On the homeward-bound journey one of the vessels was wrecked off the island of Santa Catalina, near the Brazilian coast. Nine of the men were saved and treated well by the Indians, who told them marvelous tales of great wealth and riches to be found in the "Sierra de la Plata" in the west, now known as Bolivia. Since this section was then reached by going up the river known as Rio de Solis (now Rio de la Plata), up into Paraguay, from whence they returned laden with silver, the name was automatically changed to Rio de la Plata. This information of great historical importance is the contribution of Señor Luis L. Dominguez in his book "La Sierra de la Plata" (published 1904). For a long time it was not known what diverted so many seafaring men from following the search of the water road to India, which as we know was eventually discovered by Fernando de Magallanes, who, however, only reached the Philippines, where he was murdered by the natives; his ship, however, proceeding under command of Sebastian del Cano, eventually reached Spain, the sixth of September, 1522.

It was, therefore, very natural for Don Pedro Mendoza to try and conquer the mouth of the Rio de Solis for Spain, since it was the entrance to such rich treasure-mines. Among this fleet of fourteen vessels was one belonging to Sebastian Neithart and Jakoben Welser of Nuremburg, manned by eighty men, among whom was our first historian of the Rio de la Plata. No lesser man than Bartolomeo Mitre has given Ulrich Schmidel his full due and all Argentine historians base their writings of the first events of the Argentine on the Chronicles of Ulrich Schmidel. Schmidel came from a highly respected family of standing, the first of whom is mentioned in 1364, in Strauburg, where his father was three times burgomaster. Ulrich's bravery and honesty were well known, as first shown by his being the choice of one out of six whom Captain Gonzalo Mendoza chose to have accompany him on a dangerous short expedition; and secondly it was Ulrich who was entrusted to guard the well of a village which the Spaniards had conquered in Peru, in the effort of which many had died of thirst. When at the end of nineteen years' service he wished to return, having received a message from his brother who wished him to return, his request was not granted. Without permission he nevertheless decided to push through the wilderness alone, from Ascunción to San Vincente, where he knew he could find a Portuguese vessel to carry him home. Accompanied by four deserters and twenty Indians he pushed his way through forests, over mountains, through swamps, passing through the villages of many different Indian tribes, who killed and devoured two of his party. He himself at last reached his desti-

nation in safety, and after a four months' sail reached the Spanish coast. After a month's respite he set sail from Cadiz for Antwerp. The ship, however, was wrecked and though he, himself, was saved, all his treasures went down. He seems to have especially mourned his parrots. Schmidel arrived just in time to see his brother, who had been taken seriously ill in the meantime, alive, and though he had lost all his wealth in the shipwreck, through his brother's death he once more became a wealthy man. So good-fortune attended him throughout. He was the last of his line, and in 1562, following the dictates of his conscience to the conversion of Luther's teachings, he moved to Regensburg where he became a citizen, highly esteemed until his death. No record of the dates of his birth or death are to be found.

The first land Mendoza's expedition sighted was the Canary Islands. Here they were detained four weeks, because of the love affair between Don Jorge Mendoza and a native maiden. As a result the inhabitants fired on the fleet and not until Don Jorge promised to take the Indian as his legitimate wife and remain on the island, did they permit the others to proceed. The fleet then proceeded via Fernando Noronha to Rio de Janeiro and from there down the coast to the Rio de Solis (Rio de la Plata).

At first there was a friendly exchange of courtesy between the Spaniards and the Kerandis Indians, but when one day the Kerandis did not come into camp, Mendoza sent Chief Justice Paon with two servants to the Indians to make inquiries. This envoy with his servants behaved himself so badly that the Indians, after beating them blue,

returned them to camp. This enraged Mendoza to the extent that he ordered 300 soldiers and 30 cavalrymen to go forth to kill all the Indians. But the result was disastrous instead to the Spaniards. For with heavy stone bullets attached to a lasso called a *boleadores* the Indians were able to kill almost all the cavalry horses, while with their arrows they made short work of the soldiers. However, when reinforcements arrived, the Indians were driven back and the Spaniards retained the acquired territory. It was after this episode that they started to build the town of Buenos Aires within "a wall half a spear's length in height and three feet thick." "And what one built, that caved in, because the people did not have enough to eat and died of hunger. . . . So great was the misery that neither cats nor mice nor snakes, nor any other beast could be found to still the hunger. . . . Three Spaniards stole a horse which they secretly devoured; when caught they were all three hanged. . . at night came other Spaniards to the gallows and cut off meat to eat. . . one ate his brother." So runs the "Chronicle" of Ulrich Schmidel. So great was the need, he continues, that Mendoza placed seven of his boats under Captain Lujan and sent them up stream to buy food. But the Indians fled, destroying their huts and their crops and Lujan had to return without having procured anything, besides losing half his men. Then, most unexpectedly, on the 27th of December, 1536, they were surprised by 23,000 Indians of the Kerandis, Guaranis, Charruas and Chaua Timbus tribes who shot with burning arrows upon the straw roofs of the mud huts of the Spaniards, setting them on fire. They even

succeeded through these burning arrows in setting aflame four of the boats that were anchored one mile from shore out in the river. Only after the ships started their cannonading were the Spaniards successful in driving off the Indians. Discouraged at the terrible hardships he had undergone, the loss and suffering of his men, of whom only 560 were left out of the original three thousand, he decided to leave this unhappy spot. Leaving 180 men behind to guard the conquest, Mendoza with Ayolas sailed 84 miles up the river to a spot they called Buena Esperanza. Here they remained four years until Mendoza, overcome by weakness, was unable to move hand or foot. Taking two of his boats and fifty men he started for Spain but died on the homeward voyage. As I have already stated, our chronicler remained for fifteen more years to take part in the various Spanish conquests, going as far north as Peru, to which his expedition penetrated.

The city of Buenos Aires was eventually twice destroyed by the Indians and not until 1580 was the foundation of the present city laid. After the destruction of the town, the horses, brought over by the Spaniards, became wild and multiplied to such an extent that a race of semi-wild horses came into existence.

"True and lovely descriptions of various Indian landscapes and islands, which no Chronicler has reported and which the seafaring voyage of Ulrich Schmidel von Staubingen with great danger to himself has now for the first time discovered, and written down with great care with his own hand." This was printed for the first time in Frankfort, A.M. 1567. Of this edition there are about twenty examples extant. It was translated later into

Dutch, French, English and Spanish. The last translation of 1742 was purchased in 1836 by Angelis for his famous collection in Buenos Aires, and reprinted in part in 1901.

I was delighted to come across this little pamphlet by Dr. Lehman-Nitsche from which I have quoted to such a large extent. I was interested to find out why the Rio de la Plata was called by its name, when it was so evident that silver could never have been found there, and neither could its muddy brown or blue suggest the name. All whom I had asked had given such vague or absurd answers that I was delighted to find this little pamphlet giving one an insight into those first voyages to the Rio de la Plata and how it came by its name. What made this pamphlet a further joy was the reprint of the delightful woodcuts which appeared in the Latin edition of these chronicles in 1599 and give one a deeper insight into the customs and spirit of the times. Similar scenes painted on wood and inlaid with mother-of-pearl can be seen in the Art Museum in Buenos Aires and should not be missed.

One of Dr. Lehman-Nitsche's most important contributions to Argentine is his collection of old Spanish proverbs, epigrams, charades and conundrums which he has collected throughout the various provinces and dedicated to "The Argentine People of 2010!" It is this collection of tales and epigrams, this following up of customs through their sources, which is rounding out the work in the Museum at La Plata, touching a far larger group of people than can ever be reached by stuffed animals alone or samples of mineralogy or cases of pottery.

Not only has Dr. Lehman-Nitsche preserved and revived the past but in addition he helps to bring the names of the Argentine writers to the notice of Europeans. In his book "Santos Vega," the legend of the Argentine which enthralled so many Argentine writers, Dr Lehman-Nitsche has collected all versions from the time of Bartholomeo Mitre's poem of 1836, to the present day. Drawing attention to such writers as B. Eduardo Gutierrez, Domingo Spindola, Luis Bayon Herrera, and above all Rafael Obligado, whose poem relating to the legend of Santos Vega is, according to Dr. Lehman-Nitsche, a treasure to be guarded by all lovers of Argentine literature. For in Dr. Lehman-Nitsche's opinion it is Obligado who has created an epic poem out of the legend. The legend runs as follows: It is the story of a minstrel, Santos Vega, who desires to gain great fame by excelling all other troubadours in the contests of his day. To achieve this he makes a compact with the Devil, whereby in exchange for his soul all victories are granted him. Enjoying the fruits of his success he is one day challenged by an unknown rival. The unknown minstrel rouses suspicion among the villagers by setting fire to a bush by merely touching it. They are, therefore, not surprised to have him victorious in the contest, as in the burning of the bush not even the ashes remained. The unknown troubadour turns into a snake while Santos Vega vanishes, though his soul continues to haunt the *pampas*. The people knew well that it was the Devil himself, who had challenged for the payment of his soul.

Before leaving, Dr. Lehman-Nitsche took us for a drive through the town to show us the cathedral. The great

structure rose in all its dignity and grandeur against a brilliant southern sunset sky, flaming clouds were sweeping the west, after a day of heavy showers. As we stood in the centre of the nave, where it forms the cross, and faced the fine central portal with the beautiful stone tracery for a rose window above, I was again made conscious of the dignity of those Gothic lines and the beauty of the ancient plan this ghost-like city tried to recapture with its common stretched westward between the cathedral and the capitol which also raised its stately tower against that flaming sky. Inside, a goat had curled up in the recess of a deep, low-set round window, looking like some ancient carved figure. In these plans and buildings they were trying to call forth the past as Kling-sor calls forth Kundry out of her long deep sleep. But the past is gone — it is only the present that lives with us — yet the past will always stalk like a phantom in our midst, forcing us to seek refuge in the present for want of breath, or the future that will one day become the present of our lives or of those who follow.

My day at La Plata was one of the most instructive and fruitful. After almost five months in the Argentine and having become accustomed to the usual attitude of indifference towards life in general, I was greatly impressed by the youthful eager spirit of Dr. Lehman-Nitsche. Twenty-five years as head of the La Plata Museum could not subdue his spirit. He was one of the very few foreigners in the Argentine whom I met, who had conquered the depressing atmosphere. After all it chiefly depends whether we are permitted to work out our destiny. Dr. Lehman-Nitsche as an anthropologist,

has a wonderful field of research in which to work. Nothing could stem the delight in this work and no amount of depressing climate could mar the enthusiasm. No matter how remote La Plata seems to the rest of the world, nor how few Argentines grasp all that Dr. Lehman-Nitsche is doing, he belongs to the world's citizens and his contribution belongs to them. It is so with all, it seems to me, who remained alive in the Argentine. Unless the imagination is fired so that their work brings, not only success to themselves, but, through their attitude toward life, gives to the land of their adoption a return, they become living corpses. But these others are alive! Whether their contribution is that of the scientist, the landowner or the business man, they give as well as receive — and in return life is constantly renewed for them.

THE WORK OF SENOR ONELLI AND THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

THE Argentine people are having a great service rendered them by Señor Clement Onelli, in his organization of a weaving industry to preserve the knowledge of producing the fine old native rugs which were formerly made by the Indians, later bearing the influence of the Spanish civilization in their design. He has established a workshop where they spin, dye and weave, buying direct from the *estancias* the wool, which they first spin by hand, fine or coarse, as it is required. Then they dye it themselves, as nearly as possible matching the colors which were formerly used, weaving it after the old patterns. It will mean much to the Argentine that this work has been established. For the commercial traveler has reached too many of the smaller towns, ordering the purely commercial so-called South American rugs, which have no more relation to the art and beauty of the native rugs of Argentine, than an American cooking utensil has to a piece of Sevres. Here, as in music, the Spanish influence is felt and one finds that curious intermingling of the Indian coloring with the Spanish design. They have retained the native's natural love of brilliant colors, not the crude colors which we in the United States ignorantly think is the expression of the art of the ancient primitive races, but a combination of color which would even rival Poiret. Señor Onelli has traveled throughout the country

seeking these wonderful old rugs and blankets, which were woven in the past and which truly express the ideas of the people. For months he would go into the interior on horseback, returning often with only remnants, which however, preserved the beautiful old designs. This workshop has a wonderful collection of old designs and rugs, and it is here that one can still purchase them, after they have served as models, unless they are too rare when they are added to their collection. The rugs which attracted me most came from Catamarca. This was interesting, as the pottery made by these same Indians in the Museum at La Plata was also the most original in form and design, including the play-toys for their children.

In spite of all effort Señor Onelli has taken, he has not yet succeeded in achieving the same marvelous shades of color in his dyes which the old rugs possess. Whether some of the plants which they formerly used no longer exist, I do not know, but I do not think anybody living today is achieving in dyeing what the primitive races achieved all over the world. It may be that time has given the difference in shade which we value so highly. That, of course, we cannot tell, though it is the opinion of Signor Vermaehren, the official restorer at Florence, Italy, and one who has made a very deep research in all the technicalities of the past in the art of painting.

But it is not only in preserving for the Argentines the art of the past in their rug making, that Señor Onelli has rendered such splendid service to the Argentine people, but also in his work in connection with the Zoological Garden, which through his efforts now ranks with the best in the world. Picturesque and charming is his little

house nestled among the roses in the heart of the garden itself. Unfortunately, through a misunderstanding of hours, I was not able to have the pleasure of meeting him personally, as he was seriously ill at the time, for, with his customary courtesy he had given me the only hour in which the doctor permitted him to be up. Instead, however, I had the great pleasure of meeting his charming wife who conducted me through the weaving studios which he had established.

It was through Mlle. Henriette Logerot, the sister of Gabrielle Reval, the French novelist and leading feminist, who has a charming shop on the Calle Florida, that I met Mme. Onelli. This shop, "Aux Doigts de Fée," is very much to Buenos Aires what Wanamaker's Fourth Floor is to New York, combining the past and the present in furniture, glass and interior decoration. It was a pleasure to step into the shop and get a glimpse of this modern world, with its bright gay colors and its daring original designs, for Mlle. Logerot is a friend of many of the younger leading painters of France. It is surely with a strong cord of sympathy that she is binding, through her work, the Argentine to her native country.

As in all Latin countries, so in South America, the art of lace making and embroidery is guarded with as great a care and jealousy as in the past. From the purely economic point of view this seems a mistake, unless the lace workers are subsidized by the state, as nobody today will pay the actual value of the time employed to create the art of the needle, or pay the lace makers even a living wage, for the art they preserve. But from the point of view of art it was a great happiness to me to see the

marvelous work which was being done in the so-called professional schools of Buenos Aires. Of these there are six in all.

It was my great pleasure to go through the Escuela Profesionale, No. 3, under the direction of Señora Luisa Lanus de Galup. Unfortunately, none of the public schools have any printed reports to give, though the directors are always pleased to answer any questions you may ask. The Professional School, No. 3, was established in 1906 and has 400 pupils in all. The school is situated in the new section of the town on Calle Saenz Peña, 1173, where you enter a beautiful courtyard around which the class rooms are grouped. Here they teach the hand-sewing, cutting, and designing of all women's underwear. This is a three years' course where the pupils may start at thirteen years of age. The embroidery and lace making classes, which is a four years' course, and where the pupil has to be fourteen years old, is in the care of a French directress. Her result with her girls is quite extraordinary. The finished work of the last year's pupils was as fine a piece of lace work as one could see in any museum abroad. It seemed quite marvelous to me that in this day and generation there still are people who can produce such wonderful work with the needle. The five years' course is given to the dressmaking department. Here and in the course of design in the Art Department, of which I shall speak later, they teach the cost of production. I had come to this school as I was trying to discover whether they had trade schools in the Argentine. Having been one of the early directors of the Manhattan Trade School of New York, I thought that possibly I

might find a trade school here, based along the economic trade training which the girls receive in New York, and which assures them a definite wage on leaving. As I have stated, this I found only in the two departments. The Art Department where they taught applied design, especially for the making of pottery, lamp shades and boxes, which they carry out themselves, was in charge of a Spaniard who had been trained in Paris. Here also they taught carving of medallions in mother-of-pearl which was so much in vogue in Buenos Aires last year, especially the small medallions of saints carved in low relief. It was a delightful art training which the pupils received there. But even though they taught them the cost of production in this department, I did not feel it was on a practical basis or on trade lines such as the Manhattan Trade School had, because there seemed too great an output of workers for the market. Fortunately, however, many who attend never have to become self-supporting, for it seemed to me that the lace makers and craft workers were facing a very precarious future.

Mr. Hammerton speaks of the position of the school teachers and how often their salaries are four, five, or even six months in arrears. "In any case," he writes, "the average teacher seldom has the satisfaction of handling his or her income, owing to a cheque system worked under the immediate auspices of the educational department itself." Since Mr. Hammerton's book, 1915, conditions have evidently changed, for I was told by various school teachers that there was no delay in receiving their salaries promptly; that this promptness existed for all teachers teaching in schools under the Argen-

tine Federal Government. However, this was not the case in the provinces, as the money was often expended for other purposes and the conditions Mr. Hammerton mentions still exist. So inadequate was the education in the provinces, that the Federal Government had to step in to supplement the schools.

Curiously enough in this land of Up-Side-Down, there is no objection to the school teacher being married, as there is, for instance, in New York State, where a school teacher has to resign on marrying.

Another thing of interest was, that a teacher receives 180 pesos a month per subject, a subject requiring six hours' work per week, and she is permitted to handle four subjects at a time. Therefore, an energetic school teacher can earn as much as 720 pesos a month, which is about \$288.00. They say that only Australia expends as much on education as the Argentine. In spite of this expenditure, two-thirds of the population can neither read nor write. This especially represents the out-lying districts, the isolated *puestos* on the *estancias* where there is no community life and nothing to awaken a desire for book-learning. For we must not forget that book-learning does not teach these children the most essential necessities of the life which they have to lead on the *estancias*. Although education is compulsory we have seen that it is not enforced, either in the country or in the cases of the many little deserted children who are placed by judges in families who are supposed to educate them but who make them work for them instead. The educational system where applied, especially in Buenos Aires, appears excellent. Even their public schools for girls prepare them for the university.

Among the schools which I visited was the Escuela Superior Comercial de Mujeres de la Nacion, which is the Commercial High School for girls, with a five years' training. This was first established February 10, 1912, and was enlarged and improved in 1915. During the first two years they teach arithmetic, geography, history and composition, and so forth. The third year they introduce typewriting and shorthand, which is carried through the fourth and fifth years. In the fourth year the subjects of production and civic laws are introduced — that is, the pupils are taught Argentine exports and imports — and to this is added in the fifth year, political economy. It struck me as a very good course and one that really ought to fit a girl for a business career.

THE PROFESSIONAL TRAINING OF WOMEN

THE only university I visited was the Medical University, the Escuela Practica de Medicina, which has a very fine building situated opposite the Hospital Nacional de Clinica on the Calle Cordoba between Andes and Junin, in which the medical students receive their final training. This medical training is a seven years' course; that of the apothecary four years, and that of the midwife three. They have very few trained nurses as almost all such work is done by the Sisters of Charity. Dr. Moreau emphasized the medical importance of this hospital which is connected with the university, as standing out as a hospital where the Sisters of Charity are under the control of the doctors. In many of the other hospitals, which from the point of view of buildings may be more perfect, the Sisters of Charity have the last word, and if they do not agree with the doctor as to the medicine the patient requires, they can supersede his authority. In consequence, the doctors are making a tremendous fight against this. So far they have not been successful, owing to the prejudice of the wealthy women in favor of the Catholic Church, for many of these hospitals are under "La Sociedad de Beneficencia." We first went through the hospital, which is one of the oldest in Buenos Aires, and in consequence has more of the beauty which always seems to linger about the past. I often wonder whether the people of the past loved beauty more than

we do today, that they were able to create an atmosphere which it is so difficult to find in modern times or buildings. The old, grey garden walls enclosed vistas of yew tree walks, down which one saw a priest walking in meditation, or old statues, grey with age, almost forgotten, breathing an atmosphere of repose, undisturbed by the passing of time. But inside the buildings, the modern spirit was upon us. Little by little, they are reconstructing all the old wards, remodeling them into the most approved modern and scientific form. But the old-time worldliness lingered still and brought with it a spirit of nonchalant informality which one would never find in northern hospitals. Thinking that I was a physician, I was permitted to walk right into the operating room while two operations were being completed. I was shocked at this from the hygienic point of view, as we had been making a tour of the city that morning and all the dust of the streets seemed clinging to us. But for those patients who were convalescing and who were permitted to stroll down the yew tree walks, or sit on the benches sunning themselves, I felt that the old-time atmosphere had a healing effect which our very scientific cold hospitals lack. From the hospital we crossed over to the school which also occupies an entire square. Here they have a very fine library of sixty thousand volumes which the graduates are permitted to take home, though not the students, who have small reading rooms to which they can retire and study undisturbed. The lecture hall and dissecting room stand out as especially fine.

I was interested in the number of women who became

chemists. In Buenos Aires there are ninety-eight, many of whom have their own shops. The training of the midwife places her in a class above the trained nurse. Of these there are now registered in Buenos Aires 2,140, who render excellent services. As I have already stated, the hospitals do not train nurses, as the care of the patients is in charge of the Sisters of Charity. But about twenty years ago Doctor Cecilia Grierson, the first woman physician of Buenos Aires, started a training school for nurses with a two years' course. These are generally employed in private families. All wet nurses are registered under the public health board. What also interested me, was to learn that all vendors of vegetables, fruits, candies, cakes, all barbers, and so forth, have to be registered under the public health board and have to be inspected once a week.

Buenos Aires has about fifty-nine women physicians, one woman engineer who received her degree this year, 1919, and six women lawyers from the census of 1910, some of the latter, however, having their own firms. I was very much interested on inquiry as to whether a woman was ever a trial lawyer, to find that the Spanish manner of conducting law is quite different from the Anglo-Saxon, and that in the Argentine the Spanish judiciary form is adhered to. In place of trial by jury, briefs are submitted to the Camara de Justicia. It is only when a case is brought up for trial for the third time that it is held *en voce* before the Camara; that is, that the lawyers in person defend the suit. There is no objection to women exercising this right, though women have never done so as the third trial is very rare.

So far as I could find out they have had the privilege of presenting briefs for many years, and it again brought to my notice the lights and shades of all countries. It is this realization which ought to make us humble, for in spite of the general position of women in the Argentine, one is struck by the freedom of these professional women in contrast to the position of professional women in England, where women are permitted to study the law but not to practise it until recently, i.e., since the war.

CHARITIES IN BUENOS AIRES

AS I have already stated, it was the neglected child in the Argentine which I felt was the greatest danger to the future of that country. A group of influential women have also begun to realize the importance of this fact and are teaching and aiding mothers in the care of their children. Among the finest work that is being done in this line, is that of the *Cantinas Maternales*, a society formed to give proper food to young mothers who are too poor to secure it for themselves. Señora Julia Helena A. Martinez de Hoz is its president, and Señorita Maria Teresa Guerria, the secretary. They have five *cantinas* throughout the poorest sections of Buenos Aires, where any woman who is too poor to buy proper food for herself and her infant, is permitted to come and have one square meal a day, during the three months previous to birth and nine months after, as well as to receive milk for the child which cannot be nursed by its mother. The food is regulated as to what is most nourishing and wholesome. The care of the baby is emphasized and a prize is given in each *cantina* for the best cared for child during the year. In case of illness, they see that the child receives proper medical attention, either in its home or in a hospital, and the same care is given to the mother during confinement. They try to plan in such a way, that all mothers during the last three months prior to the birth of the child, will

not be under the pressure of over-work. They are endeavoring to have a law passed this year (1919) which will release the mother from factory or shop work the month prior and the month after confinement, her position being kept open for her. As it is most important in southern climates for mothers to nurse their own children if at all possible, they are concentrating on this, giving prizes to those who nurse their child for eight months. Special emphasis is placed on the cleanliness of both mother and child. Mothers also receive instruction in the care and first aid in case of sudden illnesses, the sudden development of high fever, and so forth. Seven hundred and fifteen babies were cared for, three hundred and seventy-seven mothers fed, representing 137,592 dinners served, and one hundred and thirty-three mothers were looked after during confinement in one year. I was delighted with the *cantinas*. One could not have found a neater, cleaner, more appetizing place in which to take a meal than in Cantina No. 4, the women in charge giving a kind, friendly impression, and appearing very much interested in their work. A matron, as head cook, with one or two assistants, according to the size of the *cantina*, is in charge. The babies are weighed once a week, when the doctor comes to inspect both mother and child. Therefore, besides the dining room and the kitchen, they have a small consulting room.

Another important piece of work which is being done to instruct the public for greater need in the care of the child, is the work of Dr. Ernestine Lopez de Nelson, president of the society which organizes "Semana del Nene" (Baby Week) every year. In this exhibition they

exhibit the food which is good for the child, and the food which is not; the proper clothing and the clothing which is injurious. Because of the tremendous infant mortality caused by indigestion, special emphasis is placed on the food. Twenty thousand children under two years of age die annually in Argentina from indigestion. Twenty-three thousand from other causes. A total of forty-three thousand little children die annually under two years of age in a population of 8,574,000. Out of every one thousand children in the census of 1914, Buenos Aires lost 89, Corrientes 103, Entre Rios 107, Santiago del Estero 112, National Territory 119, Santa Fe 122, Catamarca 131, La Rioja 143, San Luis 150, Cordoba 154, Mendoza 157, San Juan 181, Tucuman 225, Jujuy 233, and Salta 238.

At the annual exhibition of Baby Week they had a bell ring and a ball drop every ten minutes, to indicate the death of a child under two years of age. For, in the city of Buenos Aires alone, every ten minutes a little child dies. This made a tremendous impression upon the people who come. To hear that bell strike and see that ball drop every few minutes; — to watch the pile grow higher and higher as the balls kept piling up during the entire week. It forced the people to realize what a serious loss it was to their country, this tremendous death rate; — besides the tragedies in the many homes where, every ten minutes, a little baby dies in the city of Buenos Aires alone. And the city of Buenos Aires has the lowest death rate of any of the provinces. It was on a visit to the United States that Dr. Nelson realized what a terrible loss of human life her country was sustaining, especially

when she saw that in the United States we had reduced infant mortality to 15 or 20 per cent in place of their 62 per cent. So full of enthusiasm was she, that, on returning to Buenos Aires she established a "Semaña del Nene" in her own country. During Baby Week lectures are held constantly and the different women physicians are asked to instruct the mothers in the care of the child.

Among those who lectured was Dr. Alicia Moreau, who has a splendid plan for reaching the poor mothers of the plains, which I hope will be carried out some day. It is to take an automobile van with food and clothing exhibits throughout the country, giving demonstrative lectures to mothers on the care of children. As we have already noticed in the statistics mentioned, the death rate in the country is far greater than in town. It would be a godsend to the mothers, as well as to the country, if this plan of Dr. Moreau's could be carried into effect, and knowledge supersede ignorance in the homes in the wilderness. Think for a moment what it would mean in a country which seeks immigration to truly preserve the child of its own people, so that it may grow up to be a fine type of man or woman.

It was the terrible need of the child in the Argentine which accentuated to me that the time had come for women to step in and take up their share of responsibility in the government, to protect the future of their country — for the future citizens of the Argentine are these little neglected children. It will all depend on how Argentine faces this serious problem as to whether she will grow to be a leader of her continent.

The Government recently erected a new house of de-

tention which Dr. Eyle showed me. Out in the suburbs, under the blazing sun, with not a shade in its vicinity, were these buildings — that terrible sun of the Argentine, which pours down so relentlessly. It was the usual type of Spanish building, long, low and rambling, the rooms grouped around courts. Some day, when trees are planted, and the fine spirit of the present director, Dr. Luis J. Gene, is carried out, the institution will mean a great deal to the city of Buenos Aires.

It is divided into two departments. To one department all boys, arrested but not convicted, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, are sent and detained until trial. To the other department all little vagrants between the ages of five and fourteen picked up on the streets of Buenos Aires, are brought to be cared for. There is no matron in charge of either department. It seemed very sad and pathetic that no woman's hand was there to comfort these little waifs of five. For the younger children they have classes where women teach, but the dormitory is in charge of a man, as well as all recreation work, like music, drilling, football and basket ball, also lectures with stereopticon views. For the older boys they have trade training, shoe-making, carpentry and basketry in place of preparatory classes for the younger ones. The recreation is the same. The director also hopes to introduce laundering and tailoring as trade training, especially the laundry work, as the amount of money now spent on the laundry is excessive. It cost him on an average 500 pesos a month. There is also a psychopathic laboratory and a hospital, with a special doctor in charge. The older boys are permitted cigarettes. Occasionally

a performance is given by a traveling theatre. They have about three hundred and fifty children.

The director told me that he hoped to be able to enlarge it to one thousand. I told him I was surprised at this, as our whole emphasis was now placed on the cottage system, rather than the institutional system, with many boys in one building. He questioned the possibility of introducing the cottage system, as he wanted to reach as many abandoned boys between the ages of five and fourteen as possible, since he judged the number to be in the neighbourhood of twelve hundred or more, in the city of Buenos Aires alone. We went through all the dormitories and the hospital. The beds were excellent and all linen, including towels, was quite spotless. I was very much impressed by the cleanliness everywhere. The only thing that disturbed me, was the endless number of flies in and about the kitchen and dining room. Also the drainage was not as perfect as it should have been, but this I felt throughout all Buenos Aires, in spite of the money they have lately expended on sewerage. Whether it is the low-lying lands which make it so difficult to meet this problem, I do not know, but one constantly comes across those queer smells one always meets with in Europe, and which one feels are a remnant of the past, but should not be a part of the present or the future, especially in a new country.

Several of the boys were in bed and I was told that this was a form of punishment. If they are disobedient they are first spoken to and the cigarettes taken from them. If, however, this is not sufficient and they do not respond to it, they are then put to bed on bread and

water. I was amused at the way the other boys did their share in keeping them isolated, for all the doors were kept open to the dormitories, permitting them to go back and forth, but nobody seemed to be talking to these little evil-doers. I think it was quite remarkable to have inculcated this spirit into the other boys, and made them realize that it would not really be a punishment if the offender in bed were entertained. Of course, this could only be achieved by the spirit generated from the head of the institution, Dr. Gene, and it was a great pleasure to see the spirit of friendliness that existed between him and the boys instead of that of severe authority.

From here we went to see the work of the Sisters of Notre-Dame-de-Charité-du-Bon-Pasteur, who have charge of the women convicts, the young girls under detention, as well as the abandoned little girls. I had not realized until I came upon this old convent in the heart of the old section of Buenos Aires that it was these good women, who looked after the women criminals all over the world. From their mother house at d'Angiers in France, established in 1829, they have gone forth to the four corners of the earth, to establish their convents and to take care of their more unfortunate sisters. In Africa they have 7 houses, in Algiers 3, Argentine 17, Asia 12, Austria 5, Australia 5, Belgium 6, Bolivia 1, Brazil 4, Canada 8, Chile 23, Cuba 1, England 10, Equador 2, France 34, Germany 20, Ireland 5, Italy 20, Holland 4, Malta 5, New Zealand 1, Peru 3, Spain 5, Tasmania 1, and in the United States 50. In the United States these good Sisters of Charity have charge of the houses of the Good Shepherd.

In spite of the building in Buenos Aires being among the oldest ones, having been erected, I was told, in 1630, it was as spotless as one could look for anywhere. Here, in the Argentine, they have complete charge of all women criminals. Besides this they have the two other departments, which I have already mentioned, the abandoned little girls, between the ages of two and fourteen and the incorrigible girls, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. The Mother Superior was a highly educated Chilean woman, of an old Chilean family, and the sisters represented all nations. In the prison wards the sister sleeps in her little cell between two dormitories, with a small window overlooking each dormitory, which enables her to keep guard while preserving her own privacy. It was the only prison I have ever entered, where I felt I could remain without going mad, for the sisters combined with the prison routine, the feeding of the soul and the spirit, of these poor, unfortunate women. They were being trained in housework and needlework which employs the greater part of their time, but there also is time for exercise and prayer. Within their section of the building they had absolute liberty, enabling them to look down from the long running balconies from which the dormitories opened, into the beautiful courtyard below, full of tropical plants with swinging baskets of flowers which were repeated in the various balconies above. Here also were singing many gaily colored birds in their cages. From another section of their prison, one could look down into a smaller courtyard where a "Madonna of the Grotto" had been erected, which on festival nights glowed

with myriads of small colored lights, transporting one absolutely into fairyland. This was enhanced by the distant chanting of vespers. In what contrast is the women's prison at Joliet, Illinois, with nothing to relieve the eye from the window in each little cell. The dreary courtyard, the dreary hall, the dreary out-of-doors. Just dreariness and monotony, monotony and dreariness.

My Argentine companions had great sympathy for the little children between the ages of three and fourteen who were cared for by these sisters. They thought the sisters represented wooden images, which they rightly felt has always a deadly effect upon the child, but I was not impressed this way. There naturally is a reserve among Sisters of Charity, which one does not find in the modern teacher and social worker in our own country, but there was also a warmth in the handshake that made me feel that underneath this reserve there was the kindly heart.

It was here that I learned the astonishing news that up to a short time ago, young girls in the Argentine could receive their official card for prostitution at sixteen, without the consent of their parents or guardians, whereas, they would not be permitted to marry without the consent of these same parents or guardians until five years later, or until the age of twenty-one. This, fortunately has been changed and the same age now applies to both, for official houses of prostitution are still extant in Buenos Aires.

The Young Men's Christian Association is doing a splendid piece of work in raising the standard of the young men of Buenos Aires. The present director, Mr.

B. A. Shuman, established this branch of the Y.M.C.A. approximately sixteen years ago. As time advanced his work grew to be more and more among the young Argentines themselves, especially the sons of the smaller officials and of the middle class. To show how successful he has been, the membership at present numbers 2,700, with an average daily attendance of 1,700. There is even a large waiting list of those who wish to join, as the building at present is too small to permit of greater membership. Mr. Shuman has done much to raise the moral standard, and by intelligent lectures on the subject, to teach them the value of self-control. He also has introduced lectures on other subjects pertaining to great social questions, as for instance, public hygiene and suffrage. He is anxious to enlarge the building to include bedrooms, which can be done, as the building was so constructed that floors can be added. Besides, he wishes more class rooms, and, above all else, to have a circulating library of Spanish and foreign books.

The Salvation Army, which is a great source of help to all countries wherever it goes, renders aid also in the Argentine. I did not have time to go to the headquarters for the men, but spent an interesting afternoon with Mrs. Palmer, wife of Colonel Palmer, who has complete charge of the Salvation Army work in the Argentine. Mrs. Palmer has an excellent woman's refuge house, which I visited, and which they have divided into three sections. In the first division the rooms are either single or contain two beds which, inclusive of meals, can be had for 1.75 pesos per day; in the second division there are from two to four in a room, paying 1 peso; and in the third there

are two long dormitories with a double row of double decked iron cots, where a bed with breakfast and supper can be had for 50 centavos. Everything was so immaculate that nobody need hesitate to sleep in any one of the beds. The first and second divisions had their own private dining room, while the third had a lunch counter. At the rear ran a large garden where all three divisions mingled and where the children could play. A splendid Swedish woman was captain in charge, strong and kind-hearted, who filled one with the courage and strength which I have found expressed most vigorously by the women of the north. Naturally, she was tremendously beloved by all the women who came there, for the forces of life and strength which she was able to pour forth through her vitality and faith, made all feel that all was good, and that each had the strength to succeed. This impressed me greatly. She was of the people herself, so that she knew how to handle all classes. Here they give them employment either as houseworkers or to sew for women less fortunate than themselves. The Salvation Army collects all old clothes which they either remodel to sell or remodel to give away. They also take orders for plain sewing. Once every year, at the beginning of May, they give away all the garments which have been collected during the year, to all who come and ask for them. This is a day of rejoicing for the poor. It is Mrs. Palmer's purpose, however, to place each woman as quickly as possible at work. Most of them are abandoned mothers, but occasionally, even in the Argentine, one comes across a drunkard.

I cannot enumerate all the good work that is being

done. The splendid work of Les Dames de Vincente de St. Paul, who concentrate chiefly on the care of orphans, whose work was begun in 1865 with twenty-one children, and who have five houses in which 3,568 orphans are now cared for. This is the report of 1916. Besides these orphan asylums, they have crèches and a house which was especially highly spoken of, for widows with young children, who have been left in modest circumstances. This latter is not purely charitable, for it is to meet the position of the widows of good family with little children, who have no one left to look after them, and only a small patrimony. Or the wonderful work among the insane, under the leadership of Dr. Cabred in the Institute for the Insane just outside of Buenos Aires. Besides there are all the various relief societies of all the various nations, of France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and so forth.

There are, however, two or three other organizations that I want to tell about in greater detail, foremost of which is the Sociedad de Beneficencia de la Capital. I had heard so much about this remarkable society and the extraordinary position which these women of La Sociedad de Beneficencia held, through the large sums of money placed at their disposal, which they receive partly from the government through fines on gambling and cruelty to animals; partly from the official lottery of which one tenth is placed at their disposal; through bequests and lastly through fêtes and benefits, as well as a day which the Government sets aside as their day, on which to collect on the streets. The fact that the government and the people of the Argentine trusted this group of women with all this money, and placed in them

a confidence such as women have rarely had the privilege of possessing, in any country in the world, impressed me. Millions of dollars in U.S. currency are yearly entrusted to their disposal. How did these women handle this great responsibility? What did they achieve?

It was with great difficulty that I secured any information which was of a definite character, as to their achievement, not even was it possible to discover exactly how many millions were placed at their disposal. But according to Monsieur Huret, who had the confidence of these women and who was a great admirer of theirs, they had at their disposal in 1912, 22,000,000 francs per year, or about \$4,400,000 United States currency. To this many legacies have been added, besides the yearly income of the president of the Argentine, President Irigoyen, who has turned over his entire salary as president to this society.

When you therefore consider that La Sociedad de Beneficencia de la Capital has at its disposal this vast sum, one feels that there is something radically wrong, when all this energy and effort to assist the poor meets with such meager results. I tried to discover exactly, as I have already stated, how much this society had at its disposal in 1918, with its constantly increasing budget and income, but though I received their annual report, and though I spent a great many hours reading it most carefully, in conjunction with a South American, I was not able to discover exactly what their income was. This is owing to the fact that they give no financial statement. They print only a report which is the president's speech and which contains only a discourse on what has been

accomplished with the money received, not even stating the value. As for instance, in mentioning the gift of the salary of Dr. Rafael Herrera Vega which he receives as president del Banco Hipotecario, they do not mention any sum. Or, when they do, sometimes it is given in national currency, sometimes in pesos, and sometimes no mention is made at all. Under such circumstances one cannot ascertain the income. For one must not forget that there are two currencies in the Argentine, the national currency based on the gold standard, which makes a peso the equivalent of a dollar, in United States currency, rising even to a higher value; and the paper peso, which is equivalent to about forty cents in United States currency. One can, therefore, readily see that in a discourse so inexact, it is impossible to ascertain with exactitude what the sum actually is which is at the disposal of these women.

I must, however, say a word with regard to how this organization of women came into existence. In 1823 Rivadavia, being deeply concerned with the poverty which then existed in Buenos Aires, decided to call a conference of sixty women with the understanding that they were to receive full authority and support from the state, to take charge of the sick and the poor. He felt that the welfare of the poor would be in better and safer hands if placed in the hands of women, rather than men. Sixty women were chosen, and from these twelve were elected as directors with the power of filling in by election any vacancies caused by death. The president today is Doña Maria Unzue de Alvear. Unfortunately from their report I cannot even discover how many they succor. I

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	<i>Pesos</i>
<i>Brought forward</i>	4,323,047.05
Banco Español del Rio de la Plata.....	2,000.00
Casa Hischberg y Cia.....	2,000.00
D. Adelia H. de Olmos.....	1,700.00
D. Guillermina O. C. de Wilde.....	1,100.00
D. Mercedes E. de Alvear.....	1,000.00
Alberta R. P. de Pagés.....	1,000.00
D. Mercedes Tornquist.....	1,000.00
D. Fortunato Martínez.....	1,000.00
Gath y Chaves.....	1,000.00
Interest received from former legacies.....	114,965.81
The Government gave in addition because of the high cost of living 1918.....	242,000.00
Total	4,691,812.86

As we see, this in no way averages \$4,400,000 U.S. currency, which M. Huret said in 1912 was at their disposal. This, I take for granted, is partly caused by confusion in not mentioning the currency. For everyone I met in Buenos Aires spoke of the vast sums which the society had at its disposal and that M. Huret's statement was correct, and that since then there has been an increase over and above the sum mentioned in 1912. Among this increase, of course, is the 96,000 pesos which is the salary which President Irigoyen receives from the state and which he has turned over to these ladies, as well as the 242,000 pesos additional from the government.

I next will mention the legacies which they received in 1918, according to their report.

With these legacies they either create a fund, build, or add new additions to the buildings already in existence.

LEGACIES

	Pesos
Donation for reconstructing the Eye Hospital and Clinic, Señora Julia S. R. de Roseti.....	500,000.00
Legacy of D. Manuel Rocca (Pesos) 400,000.00 on account	200,000.00
Legacy of Carlos Roth, 1912.....(Pesos)	45,000.00
Legacy of D. Jose Pedro Ruiz of 20,000.00, on acct....	10,200.00
Legacy of M. Croce.....	2,319.12
Total.....	757,519.12

Other income which they just mention in passing, is the output of their orphan asylums, which produce 9,000 pieces of *ropa* per month, or 108,000 pieces per year. As *ropa* in Spanish can include anything from table or bed linen to personal wear, it is difficult to know what this actually represents.

Another item was from the sale of seven squares planted with alfalfa which they sold for 6,738.65 pesos.

Their work runs as follows:

Rivadavia Hospital

520 free beds, 40 private beds.

Total patients cared for..... 40,000

Consultations 123,000

Operations 4,000

Hospital de Ninos. Number of beds unknown

The Vincent Lopez y Planes Hospital. 304 beds

Hospital and Clinics for Eye Diseases. Number of beds unknown

An Orphanage for Girls. Number of girls unknown

The Asilo Saturnino E. Unzué

A training school where carpentry is taught and where the sale of articles amounted to 15,000.00 pesos

An Orphanage for Boys

with which is connected the Colonia Crescencia Boado

de Garrigos, a colony where the boys are trained along agricultural lines. In the last year they cultivated 16 hectares of corn, 5 hectares of potatoes, and sufficient vegetables to supply all their institutions.

Casa de Expositos (Foundlings Home)

70 beds; 300 visits during the year to children placed outside the Home

Established milk stations for mothers

One Hospital for Scrofulous Children, Mar del Plata

One Hospital for Tubercular Children, Mar del Plata

One Home for Foundlings, Mar del Plata

Asilo Estela Matilde Otamendi, 120 beds; class rooms

Asilo General Martin Rodriguez, for tubercular children

Hospital Nacional de Alienadas (for Insane Women)

Asilo de Alienadas de Lomas

Relief Fund for Poor Families

Total (U.S. currency),..... \$4,535,200.00

In reading through the report one reads that the education in the asylums is rated the same as in the public schools and that those children who pass especially high examinations, are assisted in attending college. In the past year three boys from the orphanage, who received scholarships, received their B.A. degrees, and seven girls received government diplomas to become teachers, and were placed as teachers in the Girls' Orphanage. Various trades are taught, so that the boys and girls become self-supporting. The Colonia Crescencia Boado de Garrigos is an *estancia* for backward boys who are trained in agricultural work. The Asilo Saturnino E. Unzue where they teach carpentry was enlarged and arranged for carriage and stable room. This they did through their private donations, which amounted to 32,275.36 pesos.

In the annex of the Sucursal at Mar del Plata 130 beds were added. This was done with the legacy of Señor Roth and the sale of the property in the Calle Venezuela and the legacy of Federico Garrigos. The house was sold for 31,085.33 pesos, the enlargement cost 68,826.35 and the money spent for it was 76,085.33. The balance was used in changing the windows of six dormitories and making other improvements and alterations.

In the Asilo Estela Matilde Otamendi, which is part of the girls' orphanage, five dormitories and lavatories were added, representing 120 beds, and one class room. This was done at the cost of 37,000 pesos.

A new annex representing 100 beds with a recreation room was added to the Asilo General Martin Rodriguez at a cost of 76,000 pesos, the legacy of Señora Stewart.

The library was enlarged in the boys' orphanage and a dental clinic introduced.

And so the report goes on in this vague manner, telling of an expenditure for alterations amounting to 279,682.32 pesos. Of other money distributed in prizes and still other among the poor. It is unnecessary for me to continue at greater length, as it is impossible to secure any facts. It is all so vague and we have no idea how many people have actually been benefited.

I had heard so much about the remarkable position these women held in the Argentine, backed as they were officially by the government, that it was a great disappointment to me that they did not take their financial responsibility more seriously, and render a more exact account of the money entrusted to them. Take the \$4,400,000.00 which M. Huret credits them with in 1912, add to

that alone the \$38,400 U.S. currency which is the gift of the president, and the \$96,800 additional granted by congress, making the total \$4,535,200.00. It seems a tremendous sum, yet the president, Señora Unzué de Alvear, in her introduction writes, that the society has carried out its program in spite of the terrible war crisis. "Our resources have gone down in value since 1912 because of the increase in the high cost of living. This obliged us to make use of our capital to help our running expenses. We have, therefore, asked the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Finance in the House of Deputies for an increase and were granted 242,000 pesos increase, making the total received from the Government, 4,242,000.00 pesos."

When you consider that this represents the yearly expenditure of one society alone, it is interesting to note what we can do with the same amount in our city of New York, bearing in mind that Buenos Aires represents 1,650,000 and New York 8,000,000 people. Also bearing in mind that it does not represent all the charity which is being done in either city.

Bellevue and Allied Hospitals:

Bellevue Hospital

1,581 beds; no contagious diseases

Training School for Nurses

Alumni Registry for Nurses

Ambulance service district from Houston to 42nd Street and East River

Out-patient department

TB Camp at Southfield

TB Wards First Avenue and 26th Street

TB Dispensary

**Edith's Summer Home, Belle Island, South Norwalk,
Connecticut**

School for Midwives

Benjamin Townsend Library, 6,000 volumes

Social Service Bureau, including Convalescent Relief

Child-welfare, psychopathic and TB relief

Women's Auxiliary to assist in the Bureau of Social Service

**Bellevue Settlement House for the temporary care of women
and girls recommended to the clinic pending their entrance
to sanitoriums, capacity 20 beds for adults, nursery for
limited number of infants,**

44,032 patients

Fordham Hospital

**Capacity 247 beds for the destitute, sick and injured in the
County of New York**

**Ambulance district 69th Street and the city line and the
Hudson River and Long Island Sound**

**Out-patient Department with surgical cases treated,
6,610 patients**

Gouverneur Hospital

Capacity 185 beds

**Ambulance district East River to Bowery, Houston to Market
Street**

Out-patient Department for medical cases

TB division

6,092 patients

Harlem Hospital

**Ambulance service 96th Street to Third Avenue, 110th Street
up Eighth Avenue to Bradhurst Avenue to south side of
145th Street**

Out-patient Department

TB division,

9,086 patients

Neponset Beach Hospital (for children)

Care and treatment of bone, joint and glandular TB, boys
under 12, girls under 14, 51 patients

Total of five hospitals..... \$1,676,978.04

Post Graduate Hospital

Treated 64,842 patients, 406 beds..... \$519,708.74

Eye and Ear Hospital

175 beds: Average daily patients, 633

Total number of patients 45,989..... \$148,184.61

Babies Hospital

1920 babies

Training schools for Infants' Nurses

Country Branch Hospital, accommodates 50.... \$78,306.33

Hospital for Deformities and Joint Diseases

For the treatment of all persons, regardless of age, race, creed
and color

Free beds for the poor and no charge for apparatus for the
indigents

70 beds

A dispensary

700 patients daily

Twenty-five per cent are cases of infantile paralysis, should
receive massage and muscle education before a mirror

120 people are required for the giving of treatments, including
physicians, nurses, masseuses and physical culture teachers

1st Floor, waiting room and eight rooms devoted to the appli-
cation of plaster

2nd Floor, waiting room for men and waiting room for
women, 12 rooms for examinations and treatment of chronic
joint condition

3rd Floor, devoted to treatment of massage and electricity

4th Floor, treatment of painful feet with supports and Zander
exercises, Tyranquer electrical bakers, dental department

5th Floor, muscle education

6th Floor, operating room and anaesthetizing room and pus operating room, plaster, X-ray and photographic department, chemical and pathological laboratory.... \$71,778.39

National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness

To study the cause of blindness and its prevention. Both blindness and impairment of vision. To publish literature and provide lantern slides for exhibitions, etc.. \$31,526.58

Association of TB Clinics

Thirty clinics, representing 81,788 visits paid by nurses

Number of treatments at clinics, 34,315..... \$6,765.82

Charity Organization Society

Incorporated 1882

Center of intercommunication between the various churches and charitable agencies in the city. To foster harmonious coöperation between them and check the evils of overlapping relief; to obtain from proper charities relief for suitable cases; to procure work for poor persons who are capable of being partially or wholly self-supporting; to repress mendicacy by the above means and by the prosecution of imposters; to promote social and sanitary reforms; to provide philanthropic education and training for practical workers in charity

Department of General Work

14 districts which have branch offices

Reception Bureau which receives inquirers needing personal help or assistance for relatives, etc.

Investigation Bureau: supplies individuals and charity organizations in other cities with information concerning families in New York City

Bureau of Advice and Information: offers reports upon the work done by social organizations soliciting funds in New York City

Registration Bureau

Joint Application Bureau, help to homeless and workless men and women

Social Service Exchange

Tenement House Committee

Woodyard: temporary work for men

Red Cross Emergency Relief Committee

Department for the Improvement of Social Conditions

Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis, which made an exhaustive investigation into the social aspects of TB published as a handbook

Hundreds of handbooks and the distribution of hundreds of thousands of circulars in many languages

Instruction regarding TB by means of stereopticon and moving picture exhibitions

Permanent traveling TB exhibit shown in stores and viewed by quarter of a million people annually

Distribution in tenement houses of art posters with TB advice

Exhibition in Public Schools

Organization of a system of TB dispensaries

Establishment of the first day camp in New York

Formation of special classes for TB children and anemic children predisposed to TB

Organization of open window classes for normal children

The Committee acts in conjunction with the Department of the City Government, coöperates with Churches, trade unions, settlements, lodges, clubs, etc.

The Committee on Criminal Courts

Establishing and aiding a proper probation system with paid civil service officers

Has done away with double trials and unnecessary imprisonment for minor misdemeanors

Has separated the Children's Court from Adult Criminal Courts

School of Philanthropy

Professional training school for civic and social work

Total..... \$406,123.26

Children's Aid Society

Offices, 105 East 22nd Street

Cares for homeless boys and girls in lodging houses, procuring family homes for them in rural districts

Maintains ten industrial schools

Classes for crippled children where a warm lunch is served and a wagonette comes for them and takes them to their homes

Two roof playgrounds

The Brace Farm School, 1,061 boys received in year

The Brace Memorial or Newsboys' Lodging House where 2,650 boys were received

The Elizabeth Home for girls, with a country home at Chappequa

Two other boys' homes in the city

One shelter for women with children, for evicted and homeless women of good character; capacity 260

Three day nurseries

Sick children's mission

Children's Convalescent Home in Chappequa

Five dental clinics

Convalescent home for anemic children

Two children's summer homes at Bath Beach

Health Home West Coney Island for Mothers and Sick Babies

Summer Home for Thirty Children

Camp for boys in New Brighton, N.J..... \$750,313.57

New York Probation and Protective Association

To improve the probation in courts and aid and reform all offenders; the prevention of crime

Maintains Waverly House for the temporary care of delinquent girls over 16 years of age; complete understanding of the individual cases and after work

Charities in Buenos Aires

The Girls Protective League is a band of girls banded together for the purpose of protecting other girls. Headquarters at 138 East 19th St., including employment exchange

Library and education, Number of girls cared for during the year of Oct. 1917 to Oct. 1918, 3,864

Number of days' board given, 5,720

Number of court cases investigated 75

Convictions 59

Relief given 96

Letters received from or regarding girls 4,097

Letters sent, 7,446

Medical and mental reports, number of girls examined physically 237

Examined psychically 297

Examined mentally 179

Number of visits to hospitals 292

Protective League, membership 3,255

Regular league meetings 686

Attendance of all meetings 14,593

Scholarships 19

Employment exchange, number applications 746, number new applications 392, applicants referred to other bureaus, 111

Hillcrest Farm House (summer home) \$49,820.42

Brooklyn Home for Aged Couples

Incorporated 1878, men over seventy, women over sixty, twenty couples; ninety inmates

Must have lived in Brooklyn at least five years previous to acceptance \$64,560.48

Henry Street Settlement

Cases are not taken unless under direction of physician

277,170 visits paid to 32,753 patients

Night nurses are employed for special cases in time of crises

Headquarters at 265 Henry Street, thirteen branches

Vocational Department connected with vocational bureaus in
three public schools

Four kindergartens

Seven convalescent homes

Four settlement houses

A neighborhood house..... \$154,928.78

Society for the Relief of Half Orphans

Organized 1835

Capacity 164 children..... \$40,362.05

Orphan Asylum of New York

Capacity 240 children

Received between the ages of 2 and 10

School teaches also cooking, laundry, manual training, garden-
ing, etc..... \$73,862.31

*American Female Guardian Society and Home for the
Friendless*

Takes care of 200 children

Maintains a school in the home

Maintains six Industrial Schools outside which receive children
who are not eligible for public schools

Summer home at Oceanport, N.J. where children are cared for

Three hundred industrial school children went for two weeks
to the country..... \$283,754.00

Brightside Day Nursery

43,526 children came for shelter

80 boys and 89 girls, daily average

Industrial classes and Sabbath classes

Summer home open for ten weeks

5,166 children came for fortnight to summer home. \$24,639.90

National Child Welfare Association

Originates and publishes exhibit material, visualizes conditions
affecting the physical, mental and moral development of
children

Also lantern slides and literature

Coöperates with communities, directors and organizations
through exhibits of child welfare campaigns

Headquarters in New York, Washington and North Carolina
to investigate conditions especially regarding labor, educa-
tion, vocational guidance, delinquency, relief and help

To publish reports and arouse public sentiment for the relief
of conditions

The development of the children's code and drafting and
enactment of legislative measures..... \$70,000.00

After all the foregoing has been paid for, New York has still \$83,586.72 to its credit, over and above the amount expended by the Sociedad de Beneficencia de la Capital.

Two reasons in my judgment are the causes of the difference in achievement between New York and Buenos Aires. In the first place the lack of coördination and coöperation is keenly felt in Buenos Aires. There is no central bureau, no directory of charities where one can find out what is being done, giving exact information regarding the conditions under which the people may enter or be placed in the various institutions. A great deal of time is now lost in searching for information and by work being duplicated. There should also exist a greater co-operation between the Catholics and Protestants, and, above all, there should exist a greater care of the expenditure of public funds.

At first the failure of the Sociedad de Beneficencia de la Capital to render an exact account of their expenditure and next not to achieve more with all that vast sum, appeared as a terrible blow to all feminists, and yet, when

one reconsiders, it is only because women are not yet trained to deal with such vast sums of money. In fact few men could handle such an amount! And in the disappointment at the lack of achievement, we must recognize that one cannot expect the impossible. It demands a special training to deal wisely with money and to know money values; and wealthy women brought up in the lap of luxury with no financial responsibility of their own, are not fit to handle such funds.

In spite of the tremendous generosity in money gifts, I felt another weakness connected with the charity which is given in Buenos Aires. It is the spirit in which it seems to be done. In spite of the money spent, in spite of all their magnificent buildings, in spite of all their exterior grandeur, which these charities represent, I could not help but agree with my little Swiss friend when she said to me, "The Lord have mercy on any of us if we get ill in Buenos Aires!" Hammerton speaks of this too in his chapter on "Some Phases of Social Life" when he says, "There is truly little humanitarian feeling evident in the social life of Buenos Aires, although the organization of the "Asistencia pública" is in every respect admirable and its first aid to the injured leaves nothing to be desired. The Hospital organization into whose care the patient passes after leaving the hands of the "Asistencia" is by no means so well conducted, so that while you may rely on being taken to a hospital in the best possible way, Heaven help you, after you have been left there!" It is this feeling of fear towards charity which comes, when charity is not the outpouring of the human sympathy, expressing the human heart, but the doling out

of alms with an air of patronage. You cannot conquer the feeling that charity is being exploited by most of the wealthy in Buenos Aires, just as it is exploited by so many of our own wealthy people. It is the glory they receive, rather than the kindness which they desire to extend, which is the motive power. You find this all through their life — this seeking after reflected glory. It is reflected in the immigration laws which seem to give so much to those who come and made me wonder why there should be any dearth of immigration to the Argentine. When I personally saw the misery to which these immigrants are often subjected, I realized the difference between appearances and actualities. Apparently the immigrant is given every aid to establish himself; the money that is loaned to him, the credit that is given; the land which can still be had for the asking — all these on paper look like glorious opportunities, — but the actualities! The arrival in port; not knowing how to set about securing these opportunities which look so alluring; ending in accepting some position somewhere; sent out to some *estancia* where he practically becomes the slave of the owner; or ending in underpaid workshops in the cities themselves.

Mr. Gordon Ross, in his book "Argentina and Uruguay," speaks of the land in relation to the immigrant as follows: "The chief of these problems is that of agricultural labor. What inducement does Argentine offer to the class of colonist she needs most, the man with a wife and family to aid him in his work, and with perhaps a small amount of capital?

"He will find plenty of work and people to employ

his labor at a liberal wage as soon as he lands. He will be taken, if he so wishes, free of cost to one or other of the more or less distant parts of the Republic, where he may be set to work on virgin soil at a wage or maybe on half profits, for a period of three years. On the scene of his industry he will find an Italian or Galician storekeeper who will supply his reasonable wants on credit, taking as security the share to come to him of the profits from the land he worked. The storekeeper will also charge a high rate of interest on prices of his own fixing, unembarrassed by any competitors within a radius of many miles; or, if there be such, he and they will know well enough how to preserve a rate of profit which would astonish a European shopkeeper.

“At the end of three years the landlord will have his land in good working order, and the storekeeper will have most, if not all of the new colonist’s share of the profits. The latter can then, if he likes, have some more virgin soil on similar terms. He is a mere laborer, a worker for others, with no betterment on his horizon.”

Mr. Herbert Gibson, an Argentine, in a pamphlet called “The Land We Live On,” speaks of the detriment to both landowner and tenant of this method of renting out the land for cultivation. The only method to his mind that will be successful, is that the owner must cultivate. He writes: “In a scheme of agriculture that takes no heed of the permanent thrift of the land and the man who tilled it, we have failed; and we deserve to fail most miserably. We have built upon the most uncertain apex as a base, an inverted pyramid by which ocean and land carriers, merchants, brokers, speculators and every branch

of parasitic commerce were to wax lustily. We may devise as we will rural credits, schools of agriculture, grants of seed, warrants, elevators, labor-saving machinery and every other panacea to nurse the sick field laborer. Until we give him fixity of tenure he will continue to be a sick man."

It will be of interest therefore to note the immigration for 1918. Oversea immigrants 13,701, from Montevideo 36,961, total, inclusive of travelers, 115,032. They represented the following: 7,027 men, 4,209 women, 1,331 boys, and 1,134 girls. The nationalities represented, Spanish 9,188; Italian 855; Brazilians 288; Portuguese 320; English 169; Argentines 1,076; French 761; Russians 235; North Americans 195; other nationalities 614; total number of immigrants 13,701. These again were divided into 2,383 laborers, 1,062 farmers, 357 seamstresses, 251 milliners, 196 laundresses, 356 actors or actresses, 251 weavers, 1,149 salesmen, 570 seamen, 54 carpenters, 38 machinists, other trades 2,505, no trades 4,529. Out of the 13,701 immigrants 4,737 stopped at the Immigrants Hotel. These were distributed as follows: 1,096 were sent into the Province of Buenos Aires, 547 to Mendoza, 170 into the National Territory of Chubut, 139 to San Juan, 905 to Santa Fe, 173 to Tucuman, 473 to Corrientes, and so forth into the wilderness. One cannot help wondering what fate had in store for them. Will they be able to come forth victorious — or will they too go under, paying the toll of wreckage modern civilization demands.

RAISING THE STANDARD

A GREAT deal of work must be done in Buenos Aires to check the white slave traffic. I believe there are few cities which are a greater mart for the white slave trafficker than Buenos Aires. Men owning and promoting houses of prostitution have their representatives scattered all over the world, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd and New York, and from these centers they are shipping girls and young women to Buenos Aires on all sorts of pretexts. Serious at present are the problems throughout the Argentine because of the increased traffic that has recently existed, especially between Russia, Austria and South America. Through one means or another these traders in human bodies win the confidence of young girls, engaging them as governesses, chorus girls, vaudeville artists, or for any other form of legitimate occupation open to women, so that one cannot always blame the young women for being trapped. I know of one in Paris, who had worked out a very charming vaudeville sketch, including twenty young girls, for London and New York, and who was offered a tremendous salary if she would take her sketch to Buenos Aires. Not knowing the conditions which exist in Buenos Aires and that a woman's reputation is absolutely lost when she acts on the vaudeville stage, she naturally was just about to accept, when she ran across a friend who was able to give her the correct information and warning. When, later, she told me about

it, and I told her the position of vaudeville artists throughout South America, she was very grateful indeed that her warning had come in time.

I was speaking about women in general to a prominent American, who was working with the Buenos Aires branch of the National Vigilance Association, who told me that if I could in any way make the people at home realize how totally differently women are regarded in South America, and especially actresses or vaudeville artists, I would be rendering a true service. He said he had come upon case after case of pitiful stories, where girls had been trapped through thinking that they would receive the same respect and consideration for their work in South America that they did in the United States or in England. And that whatever happened to them would be rather of their own choice and not because of the position in which they suddenly found themselves. He emphasized to me how dreary life must of necessity be to the average healthy American girl who comes to Buenos Aires, as she cannot live in private families as so often happens with us, leading a wholesome life. But down there, she must perforce live in the Young Women's Christian Association, and is not permitted to poke her nose out of doors after dark. It is no sort of life for our type of girl! I will relate several incidents from the reports of the National Vigilance Association to better illustrate my point.

A young English girl came to Buenos Aires to fulfill an engagement as governess, made in England. Shortly after she was turned out at a moment's notice, because she would not respond to the improper suggestions made to

her by her employer. It is here that the Vigilance Association was able to step in and secure a proper situation for her. Through their connection in England the girl's mother was visited and informed that her daughter was being protected.

Another incident: A young girl accepted a situation while in England as maid to an apparently rich lady who was traveling. While in England and Paris they stayed at the best hotels and the girl was easily persuaded to attend her on her return to Buenos Aires. On board the mail boat, an Italian steamer, it was discovered that the woman was a woman of ill-fame, and the captain refused to allow the girl to leave the ship in her care. He handed her over to the Inspector of Immigration who placed her in the charge of the Association, which was able to shortly send her back to her own home.

E. A., a young married English woman deserted by her husband in the wilds of Brazil and left penniless, upon hearing that he had gone to Buenos Aires made up her mind to go and look for him. She started with a small party who had decided to walk. (We must realize that Buenos Aires is about six hundred miles from the border of Brazil.) When she arrived at Misiones, about five hundred miles from Buenos Aires, her health broke down and she was unable to walk any further. She communicated with the British Consul at Misiones and through his assistance was able to complete her journey by train. But she was so ill on her arrival that it was necessary to put her in a hospital where she remained for some weeks and underwent a serious operation. The Association advised her to return to her parents in England to whom she

had written telling them of her trouble. They sent her her passage, but as she was without suitable clothing an appeal was made on her behalf and through the kindness of several women a proper outfit was given her. The Association saw her off at the boat train, having given her the usual help with her passport.

The following case is a very common one: A young American dancer came to Buenos Aires with a troupe early in the year under contract to a company, which failed. Most of the girls were stranded, and were told by the manager that he could do nothing for them, and that they must look after themselves. We must remember what it really means to a young girl — as I have stated before, all women lose their reputation at present in Buenos Aires, when acting on the vaudeville or light operatic stage, so that the stranding of their own North American company is a serious matter. Some of the girls were engaged for short periods at the various other theatres, others managed to return to the States. Again we must remember that the very cheapest passage back is two hundred dollars, unless one has the good-fortune to secure a situation as stewardess. The girl we spoke of was persuaded to go to Montevideo to dance with a man who was quite unknown to her, but who stated that he had a contract to appear at a theatre but required a partner. Later they were to go to Brazil. Shortly after her arrival in Montevideo she wrote to her friends, saying that she did not like the conditions, nor her partner, and that she did not like the so-called secretary. Later on she wrote again that she had been robbed of all her money and that she had not received one cent for her

work. She wanted to return to Buenos Aires but could not get away from the men and had no money for her fare. After hearing these and further particulars the matter was referred to Dr. Paulina Luisi of Montevideo for investigation. Dr. Luisi acted promptly and satisfied herself that the girl had fallen into bad hands. With the help of the police she took her away and placed her in a home where she remained during the port strike, until she could return via Colonia. The men have tried since to find her, but without success. Upon her return she found that forged telegrams had been sent to her friends asking for money to enable her to return. Sums amounting to over 2,000 pesos in gold had been sent. Unfortunately the friends refused to prosecute, as they were afraid of the consequences to the girl, although the Association assured them that they would extend every protection. This is one of the greatest obstacles; an obstacle which hinders them in their work, for the men are quite aware that the average girl is afraid to prosecute.

I will close with the following incident, which appears in the report of the National Vigilance Association and which shows their scope: "Our attention has again been called to advertisements which have appeared in the English papers. We can only warn young women to make careful enquiries, or to allow us to make them, before accepting positions in the neighbouring republics. Recently a girl of 18 was offered a position as nurse in another republic, we made enquiries and advised her that it was not a desirable post, she, therefore, gave up the idea of accepting it."

"The following advertisement attracted many young women:

WANTED: two discreet young lady friends preferable, who can be broad-minded to understand and are willing to assist in Research Work of a very serious and delicate proposition for a future publication. The position requires intelligence and understanding. Good salary to right persons. Address "ART," this office.

"Needless to say, it had nothing to do with research or art, but indescribable immoral and criminal suggestions were made to the applicants, and fabulous salaries were offered to them, the advertiser stating that he had agencies in many of the European countries where they could obtain similar work at a future date. We brought the matter before the editor, and he cordially agreed to help us investigate and if possible, to interview the offender. On making enquiries at the hotel, the editor was told by the manager that the man had left the country, but that he was well known to him as a business man bearing a good reputation. This is a further proof of what a danger these unscrupulous men are, and how cleverly they can deceive the unsuspecting victims and the public."

The National Vigilance Association, was established years ago, under the splendid direction of Mr. William Alexander Coote, General Secretary, with headquarters at 76 Victoria Street, London. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen is its president, and among the vice-presidents are to be found the Bishops of London and Winchester and Mrs. Henry Fawcett. This society has branches scattered all over the world, as it has been

proved over and over again that the white slave traffic is a thoroughly organized business, established on the business principles of supply and demand, as all other businesses are. It also has branches scattered all over the world, as no good can be accomplished, unless the work against organized vice is universal. No isolated good is of lasting endurance. Until we recognize more fully that the white slave traffic is pure business, working out a definite line of supply and demand, which is stimulated if the demand falls below par, all work will be amateurish. To some, this knowledge has come as an increase of faith in human nature — to realize that the demand has to be artificially stimulated to keep it going at the rate at which it exists today in our modern world, and which makes it such a profitable business. When we study more carefully this artificial stimulus and how to check it, we will have arrived at one of the most important progresses the modern world has witnessed. This can only be done by education along sex hygiene and showing how the demand for prostitutes is deliberately stimulated. Human nature will eventually, by the instinct of self-preservation, revolt from having the vital energies of life exploited for the profit of unscrupulous men and women. Human nature will turn instead to directing this energy along productive, creative lines of the mind — instead of permitting it to be exploited or wasted, ending in diseased bodies, diseased minds, diseased children — wreckage of human lives.

I was, therefore, very happy to be included by invitation to be present at the founding of the *Federacion Abolicionista Internacional* held on February 20, 1919, at the

Young Men's Christian Association in Buenos Aires. This society was to be based on the Federation Abolition International of Geneva, founded in 1875. The one in Geneva has branches in all the important countries in the world. The three moving spirits in this organization were, Dr. Angel M. Giménez, Vice-President of the Municipal Council, Dr. Petrona Eyle, President of the Asociacion Nacional Argentina Contra la Trata de Blancas, and Dr. Luisi of Montevideo. Fifteen members were present, seven women and eight men. What was of interest especially to a foreigner, was that two of the men who were present were very ardent young Argentines who are doing a great deal of fine work through the Young Men's Christian Association in raising the standard of morals among the young men of their city. One expects these questions to be taken up by older men and women, but there is always a great sign of hope when the young see the importance of such questions, and can see and handle them in the abstract. After discussing the best method of procedure, it was decided to form an International Committee of South America with one president and vice-president and at present two secretaries, one in charge of Buenos Aires and one in Montevideo. When the other countries join this organization a secretary will be placed in charge of each of the respective countries. The president elected was Dr. Brito Froeste of Montevideo; vice-president, Dr. Petrona Eyle; Secretary for Uruguay, Dr. Paulina Luisi, and Secretary for the Argentine, D. Angel M. Giménez. The treasurer elected was Mr. B. A. Shuman, secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Board of Directors

was as follows: Dr. J. D. Amezaga, Dr. Eduardo Jonquieres, Eduardo Monteverde and J. A. Semillosa. They then definitely organized to abolish the houses of prostitution which are now under State regulation because "they consider it an error in hygiene, a social injustice, as well as a moral monstrosity and a crime against law, to tolerate such legal institutions. The Society is to be totally independent of all political parties, of all schools of philosophy, and of all religious confessions. A voluntary association of both sexes to distribute among all the realization of their ideas."

At this meeting after they had organized, Dr. Angel Giménez presented a motion that the Society go on record to endorse the bill to be presented before the Municipal Council requesting the abolition of houses of prostitution. This was unanimously passed upon.

At a second meeting, special committees were formed. The first commission was to study the regulations concerning prostitution and venereal diseases and the installing of prophylactic stations. On this committee were Dr. A. Muschietti, Dr. Jonquieres, Señor Garland, Señor Enrico Ewing, Mrs. Leighton Robinson, secretary of the Buenos Aires branch of the National Vigilance Association, and Señorita Jam. The second commission is on sexual education under Dr. B. Houssay, Dr. Alfredo Sordelli, Dr. H. Mandolini, Professor George Miele, and the Rev. J. Howard. A further commission was organized especially for women for the education of mothers and daughters in all such matters, the lectures to be held in the public schools. This committee was under Dr. Petrona Eyle, with Señorita Buhler,

Señora Maria and E. R. de Sordelli. What the effect of education along sex hygiene can accomplish when the campaign is well organized, and ably conducted, I need only quote from the report of the last Royal Commission which Gallichan quotes in his book, "The Psychology of Marriage." On this Commission Dr. D. White stated: "In Bosnia (one of the provinces of Austria-Hungary) neither voluntary nor compulsory measures had any effect until a campaign of instruction was undertaken. In 1902 syphilis raged like a plague in Bosnia. The authorities began to teach the children in the elementary schools and to bring and distribute information. Seventy-nine per cent of the whole population were examined and it is stated that in a few years the cases were reduced from 41,000 to 3,000."

A great power in the right direction towards all this work of sex control has been Dr. Eyle. As president of the Asociacion Nacional de Argentina Contra la Trata de Blancas, her society is in close touch with the government and the police, so that they are working out in a quiet way a steady progress towards bettering the conditions as a whole. This society was organized sixteen years ago. It has not as large a membership as it should have, but it has a very strong executive committee, which works in conjunction with the Inspector of Justice, who represents the city. Besides its president, Dr. Eyle, there is, as vice-president Dr. Samuel Halphon, the French Rabbi, as secretary Señorita Jam, and as treasurer Señor Federico Piombo, a public accountant, and as directors, the Rev. Dr. J. W. Fleming, in charge of the Scotch church, Señor Pastor Pablo Besson, in charge of the Swiss church,

Señor B. A. Shuman, secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, Señor D. Manuel Irizer and Señor Mayor Henri Bornand of the Salvation Army, and as a legal adviser, Dr. Ernesto Budin.

They have a very fine library containing all the laws of all the countries in the world pertaining to this subject. It was this society which was trying to have a law passed, giving them the permission to send representatives twice a month to visit all children under sixteen, who are placed out by the Children's Court. I mention this again to show how this society is trying to do fundamental work; building up ramifications which will go to the heart of the matter, for it is from these very unprotected orphans that the houses of prostitution secure so many recruits. They are watching very closely the law which is to do away with the regulated houses of prostitution now that it is presented before the Municipal Council. It seems shocking that in any civilized community a government should continue to lower itself to receive an income from such sources of evil. Of course, one of the greatest difficulties that this society has to contend with, is that of the attitude of the average Argentine woman towards this evil. Until a definite educational propaganda can be established, which will enlighten these good women on this subject, and bring order out of confusion, they will always remain aloof. When, however, they can be made to realize how much of this evil is purely business, and how much this accepted need of man is pure fiction, stimulated and kept alive by money-making schemers; when this knowledge is disseminated among them, progress will break down the walls of prejudice and superstition.

It is splendid progressive work, these women, of whom I have spoken at such length, are doing. Whose conception of service is not along the old conservative lines of doling out alms, but of developing a spirit among their sisters which will arouse them to a better understanding of life, a better meeting of their own individual problems. These are the women who through their educational campaigns along these various lines are stemming the tide of over-commercialism which is sweeping over the Argentine as well as the rest of the world. The hope of the Argentine lies along their direction. The direction of making the individual consciously a part of the community, doing his or her share in the private life and public actions of building up an empire in the realms of thought and spirit, which will unite the Argentine with that same universal spirit throughout the world.

*THE GENERAL STRIKE, BUENOS AIRES,
JANUARY, 1919*

WHEN I first proposed going down to South America many people warned me as to the danger, reminding me of the constant revolutions which take place down there, but I only laughed, saying that they were talking of Buenos Aires of fifty years ago, not of the Argentine of today. However, I was mistaken, for the Spirit of Revolution still stalks abroad in this great land of unrest. As I have already quoted "the history of the southern peoples is full of revolutions, rich with dreams of an unattainable perfection." It is this fearlessness to face revolutions that makes them so interesting. We are all such a curious mixture of bravery and fear — that which leaves us in the north fearless, strikes them with fear, as illustrated at the time of the epidemic of which I shall speak later, but who in New York would not be struck with terror at the thought of a revolution! Yet García Calderon speaks of it as the only means towards an unattainable perfection! And I was glad I happened to be in Buenos Aires at a time when a new wave of seeking the unattainable swept over the city.

To most it came as a thunderbolt from the heavens. So unexpected! We all knew of the "Vasena Strike," it had been going on for weeks, but who cared? Who really was interested except in some vague far-off way? But then came the thunderbolt. A General Strike was

called and the workers of Buenos Aires laid down their implements. We were forced to take notice then — we, comfortable people. We had to listen to the story of the Vasena Strike, the Port Strike and other strikes — the people demanded that we listen — they forced us to. And we all did listen! How differently we all listened I shall try to tell. I shall also try to tell the story impartially, as it came to me, one of the many forced listeners in Buenos Aires.

The strike was called for three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, January 9th, a general strike to attend the funeral and do honor to the dead who had fallen the day before at the Vasena Works. This, as I have already said, came like a bomb out of heaven, for no one expected it. I had never believed it possible that the working people could be so aroused, as to successfully organize such a strike. It emphasized to my mind the terrible conditions under which they were living and working to make it possible, for it was a general strike in which all took part. Even we were forced to take notice of their dead — for those who made our comfort refused to work.

Ours was the only hotel which succeeded in serving meals to their guests during the following days, as well as continuing the care of the rooms. All the other hotels, even the best, like the Plaza, the Majestic and the Savoy, were unable to do anything for their guests but permit them to retain their rooms. We were, therefore, more fortunate and personally suffered little, the only difference being that we had to have breakfast in the dining-room instead of having it served, according to European custom, in our rooms, which custom exists throughout

South America. To appear promptly for lunch and dinner which was served like a table d'hôte, if one can call this discomfort, we were uncomfortable. That our hotel was able to serve us so well, was due to the personal loyalty of a cook, two chambermaids, the concierge, the head waiter and the cashier — for all lent a hand. But in other hotels where the same spirit of coöperation did not exist between the employer and the employees, the guests suffered greatly. Everything shut down — all bakers, all milkmen, all butchers, all shops, all carriages, all automobiles, all tramways. In fact work stopped and the helpless millionaire was forced to depend upon his own resources. After all it showed the inutility of gold when people refuse to recognize it as a commodity of exchange. For gold was not able to carry one hither or thither, or bake or fry or do any of the many things which make life comfortable. So well organized was this strike that no private motors even attempted to venture out. Food which was brought in from the country was left to decay at the depot, for there were no men to unload it from the train, no men to load it on to the wagons for transportation, no wagons to carry it. Hospitals were forced to send their ambulances, flying the Red Cross, to collect their foodstuffs from the station. It worked great hardship on mothers with babies and on the little children, for no bread was to be bought, no milk to be had.

The cause of this tremendous upheaval was the strike which had lasted three weeks at the Vasena Iron Works. Vasena, an Italian immigrant, had succeeded in building up the biggest iron works in this section of South Amer-

ica. Since his death it had been formed into a company, being chiefly taken over by English capitalists. The men demanded shorter hours and better pay. As this was refused a strike had been declared. The company, however, continued to keep the works going by employing Japanese strike breakers, about three hundred in number. Feeling ran high and the result was that on Wednesday, January eighth, the outbreak caused the death of several strikers. A general strike was at first called solely for Thursday afternoon for the people of Buenos Aires to honor the dead workers. This was Thursday, January ninth, the funeral taking place at three o'clock in the afternoon. What happened next no one can say, for each side absolutely claims exemption from firing the first shot. But a first shot was fired! A tremendous crowd of sympathizers had followed the hearses. Among the followers were some Socialist Deputies, one of whom told Dr. Moreau that as they entered the big cemetery, called Chacarita, where the poor bury their dead, they were suddenly attacked and shot upon by the police. A terrible skirmish resulted in which forty or fifty additional people were killed. The strikers absolutely claimed, and they were endorsed by the Socialist Deputy, that they did not make the first attack. This incident was from all points of view horrible, when one places oneself in position as mourner, and one cannot wonder that it aroused an intense feeling which demanded expression among all the working classes throughout the entire city. That night a general strike was called to which all responded, and Friday morning Buenos Aires awoke to find no newspapers on its breakfast tables, and

by noon every single employee had walked out of its houses and its factories. The police in turn claim that they were simply guarding the entrance of the cemetery to prevent disturbances, and that they were the first to be attacked. I will not take sides as no one knows who fired, but I do know that the actual working man in Buenos Aires is working under conditions that make my sympathies go out to him, when he tries to better himself.

Buenos Aires found itself in a curious position, for on the day the Strike was declared it was without a Chief of Police. President Irigoyen immediately called upon General Dellepiane to take full command of the troops and police during the strike. This evidently was a wise choice, for General Dellepiane was a man who had the full confidence and respect of all, employers and employees, Argentines and foreigners. For, strange as it may seem, the greatest hue and cry came from the foreigners. Dr. Gonzales, late Minister of War, was next made Chief of Police under General Dellepiane. The militia was immediately called out and machine guns were placed on the government buildings, the Casa Rosa in the Plaza de Mayo, near the capitol on the Plaza de Constitucione, and in the Bocca. Armed guards were placed before the President's private residence, the water works, gas works and electricity, the post office and telegraph stations, police headquarters, arsenal, the various railroad stations, the Vasena Iron Works and in front of the warehouses at the port. Also the famous Jockey Club was not overlooked! Certain quarters, where the poorer workman lives, were particularly guarded and cut off by cordons of troops and police who examined

all who wished to pass. I could not but have a feeling of admiration for the men who had organized this strike. So thorough was it, that in a city of one million and a half people there could not be found enough strike breakers to counteract the general organized labor. I do not think it would be possible in the United States to have such organization, and this I think speaks well for the United States.* It seems to me that only where human suffering has become intense and reached its last endurance, will human nature resort to such drastic measures. Mounted police dispersed all gatherings and, as I watched the streets from my balcony or took a daily walk in my section, I was struck by the serious expression on the faces of the men as well as their quiet dignity.

All day long on Friday, the tenth, the only street noises were the rumbling of the big motor vans coming and going, carrying their load of armed marines to guard the port and the Vasena Works. Looking out from my balcony I could see many little incidents which brought the strike home more clearly. The unhappy arrival of travelers at the Retiro Station with no vehicle to take them to their final destination; realizing suddenly how far and out of the way this station lay, which always seemed so convenient. But it is quite another story when one has to carry all one's own luggage oneself and trudge, trudge, trudge, in the great summer heat, to the residential section of the town.

At half past nine in the evening there was an ambush

* A General Strike was called in Seattle, Washington, February 6th to 11th. But as none of the retail shops joined it was not as complete as the one in Buenos Aires.

attack under my window in the Paseo de Julian, one of the most beautifully laid out boulevards. A squad of marines was giving chase to some strikers who had escaped their arrest and it was very thrilling to see these white clad figures darting in and out among the bushes and trees, looking for their man with their bared bayonets glistening. At ten o'clock the machine guns opened fire and for half an hour this intense cannonading continued.

When the food began to give out, assaults were made on several commissaries, among others Nos. 12, 20, 21, 30 and 32, and the guards beaten off. Machine guns were then placed on the roofs at these points. The post office was attacked and the arsenal and all shops carrying fire-arms were raided. The strikers also attempted to cut all electric wires, in order to throw the city into total darkness, but in this they were unsuccessful. They did succeed, however, in destroying many lamps, 1500 petroleum lamps, 300 arc and 1000 electric lights, achieving their desire throughout whole residential sections, which were now in absolute darkness. This added to the general confusion after dark, and as many people of evil tendencies used this opportunity under cover of the strike to settle some private score or revenge, the danger was increased. In consequence many young men of good families volunteered in the police force, to keep guard in their section and, as the police were demanded everywhere at once, even though assisted by the militia, this added assistance permitted some of them to get some rest.

The position of the Government was not made easier by the headlines in some of the foreign papers, especially

the English ones. For after all, President Irigoyen as president of the Argentine which consists of the wealthy and the poor, the employer and the employee, had the vision to see that there were rights on both sides. As happens to all who wish to be fair he was attacked by all sides,—by the employers for siding with the strikers, by the strikers for siding with the employers. As I saw the situation from an outsider's point of view, being neither employer nor employee, it seemed to me that the President was trying to see the rights of both sides, as well as the wrongs. Feeling ran very high and the intense heat during those days stimulated rather than calmed it. I felt that, taking everything into consideration, the government controlled the situation remarkably well, and, on the whole, there was a great deal of self-control exhibited by the people.

On the eleventh of January, "La Prensa" and "La Nacion" published their papers again for the first time. I took my usual walk, and, as I was walking down Sarmiento crossing Calle San Martin I passed three armed policemen standing guard to prevent anyone from walking down San Martin between Sarmiento and Corrientes, the block on which "La Nacion" has its building. Each policeman carried a loaded gun and a bayonet. As I reached the crossing a man attempted to break through the police, and I realized how it happened that many innocent people were killed the day before, for if the police had been forced to fire, the bullet could as well have struck me as the one for whom it was intended.

Everywhere posters were placed asking the people to remain quiet. Machine gun-fire opened up again at six

in the evening, though rumor had it that the strike would end that night.

The next morning, January 12th, all papers appeared. The strike had been called off late the night previous except on the river boats. At three o'clock on the eleventh, a Committee from the Federal Obrera Regional, consisting of the workmen Sebastian Marola, Manuel Gonzales, Petro Vengut, and Juan Curmos, presented their conditions to General Dellepiane. The committee of workmen demanded, first: The liberty of all who had been arrested during the strike; 2nd: The acceptance of the conditions which the strikers presented to the Vasena firm; 3rd: The reinstatement of all workers who had been dismissed by the Southern Pacific railroads. At the same time they took this opportunity to assure the government that they were in no way responsible for the assaults on the post office and the Chief of Police, which had taken place. This was at three. At four Mr. Alfredo Vasena attended a conference with the Minister of the Interior and accepted the terms of the laborers. Thereupon the Chief of Police in the name of President Irigoyen stated that the prisoners would be freed and accepted the terms. Whereupon the committee of workmen issued a manifesto stating that the strike was at an end.

Extracts from my diary during these days may give a little more color detail to the general story.

"All theatres were closed, all moving picture houses, the city became absolutely dead. A few of the less expensive cafés had their iron doors half open, for in Buenos Aires all restaurants and public shops have corrugated iron sliding doors in front of their windows and main

entrances. These doors were opened so that by stooping one could enter, thus enabling a few people to get something to eat and, at the same time, in case the strikers objected, the doors could be closed and barricaded. Doctors had to fly the Red Cross flag to enable them to pass unmolested.

“‘The Standard,’ in its issue of January 12th takes the attitude that most of the assaults by the workmen were against the English firms or Allied property and, therefore, felt that the strike was engendered by Germany. Rumor, in contrast, has it that the English firms exploit their men more than other firms. Which has the right on their side is hard to ascertain but this is positive: if the working conditions and hours had not been so terrible the strike could never have taken place.

“At noon on Sunday, the 12th, the first tram passed, and by half past twelve they were running regularly every few minutes. By half past one all three lines back of the hotel were running, but stopped at seven in the evening.

“Class hatred is to be seen in many little incidents. I was surprised at one which I witnessed between a man of the so-called better class and a workman. The coolness of the workman aroused such anger in the other man that he picked up a sharp stone to throw, but instead of throwing it was seized with such a passion that he began to kick his adversary like a naughty child. The workman remained absolutely passive until something was said which roused him, when he whipped out his knife. Fortunately for both, a man interfered, a policeman blew a whistle, an automobile with four armed soldiers

appeared, drew up, circled slowly around. The crowd disappeared, one policeman walked off with the gentleman another with the workman. The auto drove away.

"In the evening the marines passed again on their way to duty.

"On the same morning of January 12th all the newspapers were again appearing. Someone attacked a newsboy selling papers at my corner. A large crowd and three policemen had gathered, to hear the boy's story. Two of the policemen gave chase after the man who had robbed the boy of his papers and destroyed them, but they did not succeed in catching him. It was hot and they returned exhausted and exasperated, and, wishing to give vent to their pent-up feelings, they began hitting the poor newsboy with the flat of their swords and telling him to run along. I wish I might have understood all that was being said in the heated discussion of those who were left, but, alas, I could only catch a word here and there, which they kept repeating over and over again. Something about 'esta Americana.' I am assured that we are not exactly beloved. Neither are the English. I do not quite blame the people, especially when one overhears the following remark: 'That it was good sport to see machine guns turned on the men, especially if one was safe on the roof.' Which remark was made by a Scotchman! Or the remark of a big fat American who was eating his breakfast at ten, consisting of eggs, bread and butter and two cups of coffee. Dissatisfied that he could not have some ham as well, he said in a contemptuous sort of a voice: 'All you people here are weaklings. You should shoot down a few and teach them a lesson.'

He was angry with the government with interfering with his ham and eggs, and yet he was to have something to eat again within two hours and knew that he would!

"On Monday, January 13th, the cars ran until eight in the evening. The waiters returned at noon as well as the other servants, and the hotel once more was in general running order. A few venturesome drivers were to be found with their horses and carriages for hire, but no taxi was to be seen.

"The report is that 2,000 were killed during the past few days. The greatest number of killed and wounded occurred in the vicinity of the Vasena Iron Works. The Vasena Works were supposed to be responsible for this strike. Though, as I have mentioned already, one can never get away from the fact that if the condition of the working people had not been so terrible, the Vasena Strike would not have been the match to set the workers aflame in Argentine.

"The incident of the Vasena Iron Works was really only the last match which set the city aflame and, as far as I can gather, it ran as follows (I received this story from a friend of the man who acted as Police Deputy under Dr. Casas. Dr. Casas resigned three weeks before the general strike was called):

"When the strike among the Vasena Iron Works, where 1,400 men are employed, started, about four weeks ago, the strike took such a serious form that the Company turned to the Government for protection, which was granted. To this the workmen objected, and the Government then advised the Vasena Company to close down their works and come to some agreement. This was con-

sented to, when unfortunately that same afternoon the incident occurred between the Japanese strike breakers and the strikers, which caused the death of the strikers on Wednesday, with the serious and tragic results which followed at the time of the funeral on Thursday, January ninth."

"I was told that Dr. Casas had resigned because he thought he had discovered, through the Montevideo police, a group of Russian Bolshevists who had formed a Maximalist party both in Montevideo and Buenos Aires. He advised the president to have these men arrested. The president refused and Dr. Casas resigned. On Sunday, January 12th, in a house at the corner of Corrientes and Verinejo the leaders were arrested. It was stated that they were supplied with sufficient money and ammunition and food to complete the plot. A young man of about thirty, whose name was Pedro Wald, so the story went, was chosen Maximalist president, and Jean Selestuk, the Chief of Police. Rumor has it that Wald has since died in prison and that about two thousand Maximalists were taken prisoners; shipped on board a vessel which was to be conveniently wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope.

"Later all this pertaining to Wald and the ship turned out to be a newspaper story. Wald, instead of being a Bolshevik, was an innocent Jew writing for the Jewish paper "Die Presse," with not even radical tendencies. Feeling ran so high and so great was the confusion which existed in the minds of the people between Russians and Jews, that many Jews were attacked as they were mistaken for Russians, and all Russians were classed as Bolsheviks. Already several firms had dismissed all their

Russian and Jewish employees. Dr. Moreau, as physician, was called into many Jewish homes to attend to the wounded. Her description of the devastation in these homes was very graphic, books had been torn or burned, furniture smashed, and many a wound inflicted on innocent people, all because of a newspaper story and the confusion in the minds of the public. This was the first assault in the history of the Argentine against the Jews. The anarchists' paper, "La Protesta" was closed by the police and its staff of forty people arrested. The number of arrests was so large that the unused prison wells in the Palace of Justice had to be opened. The Socialists engaged lawyers to free those workmen and Jews who were arrested without cause.

"The river boat strike now spread to all the Atlantic liners. Again rumor exaggerated, by saying that all railway service was suspended, but this was a false report owing to the fact that there were few passengers, everybody staying at home who could.

"By January 14th the street cars did not venture out later than ten o'clock at night. On this day the machine guns were again heard in the direction of the railroad station. Feeling ran so high and was so egged on by the English and American residents that a resolution was passed by the House of Deputies on January 15th declaring martial law. This, however, was not passed by the Senate. Considering that the demand for martial law came, not from the Argentines, but from the Americans and English I was glad that the Senate showed such backbone. Why should these foreign powers interfere?

"The year before there had been a seven weeks' strike

on the railroads built with English capital. The strikers demanded old-age pensions and the Government at last forced the management to submit by passing an Old Age Pension Law for employees of the railroads. The service was resumed, but even today it is precarious, for one never knows when a strike will break out, as the policy of the railroads has been to dismiss the men shortly before they can make claim to their pension.

"On January 16th the first taxis appeared, and the first boat left Montevideo for Buenos Aires. It was the first to leave since January 9th and for some time to come was the only boat that established connection between Montevideo and Buenos Aires. As the strike continued, passengers were transferred at Montevideo from the ocean liner to the river boat and were able thus to arrive or depart.

"It was the first night I ventured out after dark. But I had become bored with being housed so much, except for my daily walk, that I decided to accept the invitation to dine at a neighboring restaurant. Comparatively few people had ventured out besides ourselves, and all policemen still carried loaded rifles after dark. Personally, as a woman, I never felt so secure as I did all through the strike. Real men were too occupied and the cowards stayed at home. One was not molested.

The end of the General Strike, except the Port Strike, came on Friday, January 17th, when General Dellepiane called a meeting of representatives of the Federation of Labor as well as the Anarchists to discuss with them their grievances. The President had given his word to the Federation of Labor that he would see to it that

the companies did not irritate or revenge themselves on the strikers, who were to be reinstated in their jobs. Five hundred arrested workmen had already been set at liberty, one hundred and fifty more were to be released during the day, leaving about four hundred still imprisoned to be released tomorrow. The Port Strike, however, held over until Monday, February 3rd, and recommenced again on Tuesday, February 4th, as a lock-out on the part of the shipowners."

It was a marvelous experience to have lived through the Great Strike, but such an experience is of no value unless it breaks down the walls which enclose our vision. The whole terrible cataclysm through which the world has passed these five years will go for nothing and only bring on a greater one, unless it has brought the whole world together in a closer understanding through its suffering. Through suffering the whole world is made akin. And this great strike of Buenos Aires was but an outer circle of the waves reaching the outlying countries which radiated from the bomb which had pierced civilization. An expression of one of the outlying ripples of the world's calamity.

It had to come. Underneath all our prosperity and apparent peace, lay an injustice to human life which had to be made known to all. As Dr. Enrique Mouchet so succinctly told us in a lecture: "A hundred years ago the French Revolution took place because people had realized the injustice of the then existing political inequality. This Revolution was to bring political equality into the world. It took a hundred years for the thought which had exploded at that time to evolve. Today we

practically have political equality throughout the world, or a completer working towards it. The Russian Revolution is in turn an explosion today to force the people to realize the unjust distribution which prevents the gratification of the primal needs. We must not become impatient if this will also take a hundred years, for a revolution does not cease when outside order is restored, it is then that evolution begins." He was speaking to a group of Argentine working people and the thought which struck me in connection with this was the fundamental kindness of the laws of God. A thought is born — and grows until it reaches many — thought mostly is born through suffering. Take the thought which exploded at the time of the French Revolution, a hundred years ago, to bring political equality into the world. To men in those days political equality meant a power to be hoarded, as men hoard gold today. It was a terrible wrench to give up a little of such power, and the more one had the harder it was to relinquish it or share it. But time works wonders and today the average person would be surprised, if they stopped to look back, to realize that the sharing of political power was as great a wrench as the demand made today in the sharing of gold. To the person of today it appears only natural that each man and woman should have political equality. Each one of us realizes that the majority will not insist upon being president of the United States, yet that was the fear of a hundred years ago. They feared that if political equality was shared, chaos would result in everyone wanting to be president. And it is the same fear in the economic revolution we are facing today. Because

there are thousands who feel a right to have some of their spiritual wants as well as their primal needs supplied; to have a little leisure to call their own to do with what they want, for themselves only, in place of being constantly the slave of time for sustenance and existence alone; people who have a quantity of leisure, a quantity of means with which to supply spiritual wants, have immediately jumped to the conclusion that everyone wants to be a millionaire, a Pierpont Morgan or a Rothschild. But the people in general no more clamor to become a Rothschild or a Morgan than they now clamor to become president of the United States. Wealth brings with it a responsibility that brings to grief all who disobey its law. It may take one generation, it may take two or three, but the divine law cannot be broken without the penalty being paid. That is the fundamental difference between man-made laws and God's laws. Through pull, political or social, man-made laws may be evaded, but no divine law can ever be evaded, it must be faced. And if the attempt is made to evade the natural evolution of divine laws, one of the greatest retributions that the breaking of such laws carry in its train is Fear. Fear, the root of all evil, in some form or other — and fear enters the home of the poor as well as the home of the rich, of the rich as well as the poor.

TRADE UNION MEETINGS AND FURTHER STRIKES

TO understand more fully the reason for all the various labor difficulties which beset Buenos Aires and kept breaking out continuously after the Great Strike, one must comprehend a little the terrible conditions under which these people live and work. In one of the most densely populated districts, as well as in the very outlying districts in the low lands, the houses are generally built out of corrugated iron with a thin layer of wood lining inside and a perfectly flat iron corrugated roof, which intensifies the heat. These houses are built, a row of rooms adjoining each other, sometimes two stories high, but generally just one, along an outer passage called a portico, where the families gather in the evenings. One can realize the terrible physical suffering of these poor people living in these corrugated iron houses when one grasps what the heat means at 104° outside and which for weeks at a time will settle down at 95°; when for days in winter the thermometer registers 30° and a cold dampness settles down upon the city, a dampness so penetrating that it forms a moisture on the walls and furniture, a moisture which only spells intense suffering. One realizes more fully what this suffering means in winter when one knows that coal can only belong to the rich and that only an oil stove or brazier can dispel the tremendous dampness in the rooms of the poor. When one realizes that

in summer the only ventilation these rooms have in general, is a door. Does one wonder that the energy and morality of these people is sapped? I tried to picture to myself, attempting to sleep after a hard day's work, when the thermometer outside registered 102° while inside it registered 135° and then, not alone in this misery, I must share this stifling atmosphere with eight little children, the oldest perchance ten, the youngest in arms. Formerly the workingman's house was built of mud, which had this great advantage over the corrugated iron one, in that it was cool in summer and warm in winter, the mud being baked through, during the heat of the summer, lets out its heat to warm its inhabitants in the winter time. Nature is often kinder to her children than man, in what she places at man's disposal, for corrugated iron houses are man's invention if not the invention of the devil.

The sanitary conditions are nowhere of the best, but in the poor sections they are quite terrible for a city of such wealth. I recall a morning spent at the headquarters of the Federacion Obrera Maritina at 1109 Necochea. It was after a long dry spell and a tremendous rain storm overtook the city. The headquarters of the Federacion Obrera Maritina are in the heart of the living quarters of the poorest working people, Barracas. I had never seen such rain in all my life! It was not a rainy day, as it is with us, where even though the rain comes down heavily and may last all day, it does not come down in sheets. Such sheets of rain with us, indicate only a shower of but a few moments, but here this steady down-pour lasted the greater part of the day. By noon, as

I stood on the little balcony of the headquarters and watched the children come home from school, I was shocked to see that they had to wade in water half-way up to their knees. Some of the older children were carrying the little ones on their backs and many had wisely taken off their shoes and stockings to wade. Even men had taken off their shoes and socks and had rolled up their trousers to the knees. Trucks driving through it had the water up to the hubs of the wheels. As this land lies very low it takes days for the water to drain off, and these stagnant pools send forth a disagreeable odor, besides breeding mosquitoes, which are a terrible pest in certain sections of Buenos Aires. This is in great contrast to the centre of the town, where I lived, where in less than an hour after the storm the streets were absolutely dry. Until my visit to Barracas I had simply thought it was the intense heat which absorbed the water, but I found instead that it was an excellent draining system which they had devised for the comfort of the rich.

When I thought of the home countries from which these poor immigrants came, with all their hopes and expectations to better themselves in this new world, and found themselves instead a family of five or more in a single room, parched by the heat in summer, frozen out by the cold dampness in winter, with nothing to compensate for the long journey but semi-starvation, I did not wonder that they had reached a point where they were determined to better their condition. Where they were determined to receive part of the heritage which was theirs by right as workers of the world. Where they were

determined that their children should not pass through the terrible misery which they themselves were now suffering. Where they were determined to give to their children a little of the fruit of their dreams, — their dreams which had made them give up their home ties, and seek better opportunities on foreign shores. Can one blame these people — living under such conditions, with all their hopes shattered, isolated from all they loved — for seeking to better these conditions? For Argentine offers practically nothing to its poor. They have public schools for the children, it is true, but no public libraries for the working men and their families, and parks and playgrounds for the working men's children are few and far between, as well as concerts and other amusements which add to the happiness of human existence.

They have, however, a "Sociedad Luz," the Society of Light — what a pretty name! How much more full of imagination than our "People's Institute" which is run along similar lines. This "Sociedad Luz" was established about twenty to twenty-five years ago by Dr. Justo and Dr. Angel M. Giménez, Vice-President of the Municipal Council of Buenos Aires. They have, at the headquarters of this society a library, and lectures on music, art, hygiene and philosophy, besides this they send lecturers to other centres of the city.

Even the better class of working man lives under conditions which struck me as not of the best. Take for example the house and workshop belonging to a mirror maker, a man who did the very finest mirror work and employed three or four men under him. He lived in what was known as the better section of the working

men's quarters. The block consisted of one-story houses adjoining, with each house having a frontage of about twenty-five feet with a door with two windows to the right. The door was level with the street, but when one entered one did not enter an ordinary American house, but found oneself under an arbor in a portico with the rooms leading off to the right. The four adjoining rooms followed each other on the side where the windows were and which had been seen from the outside. The first room had two windows and a door leading to the portico, the other rooms had simply a double door leading out to the court which had to supply all the air and light. The last was the kitchen which adjoined the open shed for the horses. The drainage from the stable being insufficiently handled, the flies were terrible, especially as eight months of the year are practically warm months. Across the back stood the big workshop. The roofs were the horrible, perfectly flat roofs which add their share in intensifying the heat. To give some shade to the open portico or passage, a trellis of grape vines was running the whole length, acting as shade from the sun and giving a certain amount of shelter from the rain. The plan of these houses is in every way different from that of houses in the northern countries and I did not feel exactly that they had worked out the comfort of the inhabitants. On entering many of the Argentine homes, especially the older ones, one finds that they are built around great courts. This would be all very well if the rooms had windows besides just the doors leading into the court. Even the bedrooms are thus, and in consequence there is little privacy. No ventilation what-

ever can be obtained unless a screen be placed in front of the door, to enable the sleeper to receive some air and retain some degree of seclusion. These dark inner rooms you find in the best hotels throughout South America, something I never could get accustomed to, and yet so little did the South American traveler object, that they seemed to rent as easily as the rooms with air and light. One can readily imagine the intense heat in such rooms with the thermometer registering 95° for weeks at a time, especially if they are one story underneath a flat corrugated iron roof.

Some of these old patriarchal dwellings have been turned into tenements, where five hundred families are said to live, in one of these fine old mansions. Five hundred families and three toilets! One can readily understand what the sanitary conditions of such houses must be like. Unfortunately though I was promised to be shown them and most eager to see with my own eyes, there were too many *manañas* for me to accomplish this. But as very responsible people repeatedly told me of these conditions I think I am justified in mentioning them here.

These conditions can only exist where sweatshop prices are still being paid to the workers, especially the women. Take for instance, the sweatshop price of a dozen pairs of children's drawers at twenty centavos a dozen — twenty centavos, we must remember, being eight cents. Or take for instance a dozen pairs of men's underdrawers including nine buttonholes and nine buttons to be sewed on, at 1.80 pesos a dozen (\$.72), or take the price of 20 centavos (\$.08) for a blouse, enabling

them to earn only 1.10 pesos a day, after fifteen hours of work. I could continue the endless lists of underpaid employment which only enables a man or woman to earn 80 or 90 centavos (30 to 36 cents) when making five dozen straw sandals a day. Think of the output of energy in making five dozen sandals, and think what it means to continue making five dozen sandals day in and day out, and, at the end of a week, six working days of eleven hours each, to have earned only \$1.92. The purchasing power, I should judge, that is as far as I could ascertain, was a little higher than our money, so that one peso was the equivalent of about sixty cents, but that is only for the absolute necessities of life, for the poorest working classes. The moment one rises in the scale, the purchasing power of the peso is about the same as with us, that is to say, forty cents, with some articles higher, some lower. I am not an economist, I am only giving a general impression from very careful observation.

A very remarkable study of the labor conditions for women in the Argentine was made by Caroline Muzilli for the Social Economic Exposition in Ghent, Belgium, in 1913. It was considered the best study on social conditions for women that was contributed by anybody in an international contest and she received, in consequence, special recognition. She herself was a young working woman of Italian descent, who through her own efforts determined to better the condition of the working women of her country. She sacrificed her life to secure this information after working hours, and, as a result, died of tuberculosis a year or two ago. This pamphlet re-

ceived for its accuracy the unstinted praise from reformers, radicals and conservatives. The last few years of her life were devoted entirely to writing, as her clear expression showed the needs which she felt to be so urgent. It is extraordinary when one realizes that she was one of the common people — one of the common people of Buenos Aires, and yet in a world of competition of scientific research on the subject of the work of women, her pamphlet was the best. I want to emphasize this especially, because I want to emphasize not only the splendid women that Argentine can produce, but also that this is another proof that there is absolutely no cause for any unreasonable fear of entrusting the people to their own leadership. Feeling the starvation which the mind of the working man or woman in Buenos Aires or elsewhere suffers, she wanted to secure for her own class some of the privileges normally and healthfully, which now are only to be had through such channels as Charpentier shows in his "Louise." Though this pamphlet was printed in 1913 conditions have barely changed in the Argentine today.

After the General Strike, strikes were continually breaking out all over. Small strikes, big strikes, strikes which affected just a little group, strikes which affected many. I attended a meeting of strikers, box makers for a certain pharmacy, who were giving a little private theatrical performance to raise money to hold out. I was glad to see this gathering; I was glad to see for once a theatre full of men, women and children, not only men with women in the boxes, with maybe an occasional woman scattered throughout the audience, but real

family groups. The little play was naturally amateurish, but yet it had a spontaneity and the spectator an interest in the performance which was in strong contrast to the bored acceptance of the average Argentine audience.

From here I went to the Teatro Argentino, which normally seats about twelve hundred people, to attend an important meeting held for the purpose of organizing the employees of department stores. This Sunday afternoon it was crowded to the doors; so jammed that I was surprised the police permitted it, because of the fire laws. Sixteen to eighteen hundred people must have crowded into the theatre that afternoon. As I said, it was a meeting to organize all the shop employees, big and little. About a month prior to this meeting a young girl of eighteen, named Alonso, employed in the San Juan Department Store, one of the biggest dry goods department stores in Buenos Aires, had committed suicide. She was receiving 35 pesos (\$14.00) a month, for a ten-hour day, on which she was supporting herself and her mother. Being behind in her rent she applied to the manager of her floor to ask for an advance of wages, to enable her to keep her miserable home for herself and her mother. The name of the manager was Villalobas. This, Villalobas said he would do, under certain improper conditions. He so frightened the child that when she refused, she did not know where to turn, she did not dare to return to the shop to her work, she could not face the landlord of her miserable dwelling. Discouraged by the brutality of life she committed suicide. The story acted like a living flame as it ran from mouth to mouth among the shop employees. They felt the time had come to hold

a protest meeting. Posters telling this story and demanding the dismissal of Villalobas were pasted on all the public walls and roused intense feeling in the general public against him and this incident. The psychology of it was extremely interesting to me. For Villalobas had done little more than thousands of Argentines were doing daily. The difference lay in the effect on the girl who had been approached. In consequence the name of this man was dragged in the mire. In spite of his big salary he suddenly became the byword with everybody.

It was not only the employees of the San Juan but of all the large department stores in the city, Harrod's, Gath y Chaves, the City of Mexico, and so forth. The courage of this young girl, the tragedy of her death, which was the only means of self-protection that she saw, filled the other women with renewed courage to take a definite stand for better hours, better wages, better conditions, and the meeting which I attended a month later was the second large meeting for organization. Two thousand employees had joined, five hundred of whom were women. And yet, at this great meeting of sixteen to eighteen hundred people the only women to be seen were the few women in the boxes on the parterre floor and two or three women in a box in the balcony. All the others were men.

When Dr. Moreau and I entered Dr. Alfredo Palacios was speaking. Dr. Palacios is one of the most important Socialists. Having broken away from the original Socialist party founded by Dr. Justo, one of whose followers he formerly was, he organized his own Socialist party under the name of the Argentine Socialists. The break

was caused by the question of duelling. Dr. Palacios was often challenged to a duel and did not want to be in a position where he could not accept. As the principle of duelling is one to which the International Socialists are opposed, he resigned. He then formed his own party. Among the leaders on the stage was a woman, a Spanish-Argentine, Juana Rouco, who is one of the leading Trade Unionist women of the Argentine, and one of their best public speakers. I was especially struck with her personality for she looked with the same great vision which one of our great women leaders has always had, Leonora O'Reilly, who did so much to forward the Trade Unionist movement in the city of New York. Señorita Rouco had already spoken but it was my great pleasure to hear and meet her personally some days later.

If one wants the pleasure of witnessing enthusiasm in the Argentine, the enthusiasm which is of the life-giving energy, the vitality which seems to sweep like an electric current through the atmosphere of a meeting, one must go to socialist meetings, strike meetings, trade union meetings of the people of Argentine. They are in tremendous contrast to the terrible apathy which so weighed me down whenever I mingled with the comfortable and well-to-do.

It was at the organization of the Needle Workers that I met again this remarkable woman, Juana Rouco. This was one of the vital meetings, organized by Alfredo Mamello. This meeting took place in a Workman's Club House, belonging to the organization of building constructors, who had had the wisdom to rent a large house which they threw open to all the different working or-

organizations? But when Mamello showed incident after liards, chess or backgammon, reading rooms and rooms where conferences and lectures could be held. Here it was that Juana Rouco had her little bookstand, selling pamphlets and literature pertaining to socialism, anarchism and such other works on political economy and other questions which interested the working people of Buenos Aires. A laundress by trade, I do not know whether her bookstand supported her entirely at this time, or whether she continued her regular trade besides. I was extremely interested to know of this house as it was meeting a special need, giving these people absolute freedom of expression within its walls. They were beholden to nobody but themselves, since they paid their own rent. This is what I call true democracy.

At this meeting all the women sat in front and the men sat or stood in back. Dr. Eyle, Dr. Moreau and I attended in consequence of a little incident which occurred that morning. Dr. Eyle had attended their first session of organization and Mamello had complained to her that Dr. Moreau was only interested in the working people if they were Socialists. This we felt to be a great injustice to Dr. Moreau, as one of the things that had impressed me most was the fine spirit with which everyone met her and with which she met everyone, regardless of their position in life, regardless of their faith, political or otherwise. I was again and again impressed by how beloved she was by all. It was, therefore, a charming spirit of coöperation that made Mamello ask Dr. Moreau to speak at this meeting when they met, and it was in a

charming response that she did. It was one of the best addresses I ever heard her make, in which she emphasized the need of the Argentine workmen to coöperate with the Argentine workwomen, because, after all, the workers of the world are one, and what is to the detriment of one, is to the detriment of all. Low wages and evil conditions among the women will simply drag down the men, therefore the men should see to it that the working conditions of all are alike. This met with tremendous response. There were many discussions, pros and cons for organization. Why was this need of a new organization felt when there already existed several other needleworkers organizations. But when Mamello showed incident after incident of this group of needleworkers approaching these other organizations to join, without being accepted, the meeting unanimously decided to organize as La Federacion Obrera de la Aguja, with Brunetti, a tailor, as president. There are in the city of Buenos Aires, 25,000 tailors, handworkers and needleworkers. One of the incidents which interested me especially at this meeting was the courage it awakened, particularly among the young women. There were several young women who had never before attended Trade Union meetings and one woman from Harrod's spoke extremely well although hesitatingly, because it was her first speech. She said that the old organizations were working in a very high-handed manner and that when the strike was called at Harrod's they had come and asked them all to sign a card, refusing to explain what the card meant. Whoever refused to sign had not been admitted to the meeting. It

was perfectly clear that many had refused, as they did not like the air of mystery and did not care to put their signatures to anything they did not understand.

These were the first Trade Union meetings I had attended which were almost entirely made up of Latin people. Unconsciously I had had more confidence in the Trade Unions of Anglo-Saxon origin or those of the northern races, than I had had of the Latins. These meetings, however, absolutely swept away every prejudice I had had and I was filled with tremendous confidence for the future of the world. President Brunetti's speech was so quiet, so self-contained, the fairness with which he handled the opposition as well as his own group and gave them all a fair chance, without letting the meeting run away from him, made me realize that we had no need for such fear in the coming revision of all classes as rulers, as many people believe.

The next strike that commanded everybody's attention was the telephone strike. All through the General Strike the telephone girls had stuck to their work. They had been praised by all the different papers. To quote "The Standard" of January 14th: "Telephone At Work! Yesterday again the young ladies of the Telephone Company were with admirable sang-froid again at their posts. This sort of thing particularly appeals to the British and American spirit, and the press in general has testified that they are 'sportsmen'."

I could not help being amused because my private opinion was that it was to the interest of the workers to have the telephone service continue. If it had not been they would have joined in the General Strike. Every-

one was benefited by them! I was therefore not at all surprised when the telephone strike did break loose on Thursday night, March 13th. I think they were very wise to wait, for they had with them the entire public whom they had served well in time of need and who now stood by them. It was with great interest that I read the sympathetic attitude toward their strike in the various papers, saying that the impatience which one had constantly felt toward the young telephone girls should really have been directed against the management, as they were working under conditions which were too hard for anybody to cope with. All papers, including "La Prensa" and "La Nacion," papers equivalent to our "Times" or "Tribune," not only had long columns about the strike, but at the close told that "the strikers assemble daily at two in the afternoon in the Salon Piedras 534. All local federations are invited to give to sustain the strike." Can one imagine such a notice appearing in our leading papers, or a complete list of the demands of the strikers, so that all who read could decide personally whether the demands were exorbitant or not? I wish our papers would attempt to represent all classes, as the Argentine papers do — becoming thereby real newspapers instead of class newspapers.

Again the public poster service was used. Of this I must speak, for it is an extraordinarily interesting way of reaching everybody. This can only be done in small cities or in cities of a provincial character, such as Buenos Aires. Along the Avenida de Mayo, along many of the leading streets in the business section, like Corrientes, Reconquista, San Martin, and so forth, there are walls, either

church walls or walls belonging to some buildings which the people use to paste their notices on whenever they have something important they want the public in general to know about. Here the strikers give notice when and where they hold their meetings or the various organizations announce public meetings; here the theatres make their announcements; here the politicians tell of their activities — in fact it acts as a public news carrier, that he who runs may read, supplementing the newspapers. My only regret was that these notices often lasted only twenty-four hours, so that if one did not happen to walk along the streets where they were posted, one sometimes missed some important news or event.

It was here that I first came across Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw of whom I speak more fully in the following chapter. At this time she aroused great enthusiasm by organizing a parade of the telephone strikers in which about one thousand persons took part, marching through the city streets, increasing the interest for the strikers though they were hailed everywhere with sympathy.

One of the things the strike brought out was that to reduce expenses a girl was placed in charge of 200 numbers in place of the original 80. The strikers placarded the city with the statements of accusing the higher officials of the Union Telefonica of using *le droit de seigneur*. In consequence, Dr. Eyle, as president of the Asociacion Nacional Argentine Contra la Trata de Blancas, wrote to the head officials of both the Union Telefonica and the strikers, asking the former to please refute this statement, and the latter to mention some specific case for her society to take up. The strikers

never responded but the officials of the Union Telefonica made an appointment with her, denying the charges and telling her exactly what the conditions were under which the girls were working. A girl must attend the telephone school for two months, receiving during this period 10 pesos (\$4.00) a month, then beginning with 40 with a possibility of advancement to 105 pesos. The shift hours are from seven to two, during which time they had half an hour's rest, with coffee served, from two to nine with half an hour off for tea, and from nine to ten, for which they received a bonus of 20 pesos a month. Each employee has to pay two pesos per month towards the Mutual Aid Society connected with the company, regardless of whether they earn forty pesos a month or ten thousand. This money covers the pay of the substitute and their salary in cases of absence or illness. They told Dr. Eyle that since they had abandoned a fine for lateness, the increase of promptness had jumped to 70 per cent.

If Dr. Eyle had not received this from the head official himself we would not have credited it to him, to think that any self-respecting company would deduct the same amount from wages varying from forty pesos to 250 times forty. Two pesos per month is 5 per cent of forty pesos, whereas the man who has a large margin above the necessities of life in the purchasing power of his income, only pays .002 per cent of his income towards the same fund. The company in turn pays 25,000 pesos a year towards it. They employ 1900 women and 1700 men. What made it interesting to Dr. Eyle was that after she had been shown this whole organization, where

she felt that all the answers given were schooled answers, she was offered the position of becoming one of the doctors of inspection for the girls, at a stated income per year regardless of whether her services would be demanded or not.

I was surprised that the strikers dared to make such charges against the heads of the company, but I was informed that there are no laws pertaining to libel in the Argentine as in other countries. The demands of the strikers were: first, the redivision of wages, and higher wages for the average employee. Sixty pesos a month is the average. (When one realizes, however, that the cheapest room and board, in the boarding houses for working girls run by charity and convents, is to be found at the Salvation Army for 52.50 pesos a month, one wonders how these telephone officials expect these girls to live! And how do those live who receive only 40 and 50 pesos per month!) The liquidation of the Mutual Aid Society. The re-employment of those dismissed because of having organized, these were the chief demands. The increase of wages would have amounted to 1,400,000 pesos but as the net profits amounted to a minimum of between three and four million pesos, the strikers felt justified.

There had previously been an increase of wages given the telephone girls of Montevideo who had organized under the leadership of Dr. Paulina Luisi, the leading suffragist. As she stands in close connection with the present government of Montevideo, the English directors had cabled their consent to these demands. It is always easier for the striker when the company realizes that conditions will be made public, as was also shown here in New York in the big shirtwaist strike of 1910.

The strike was settled after a number of days to the satisfaction of the strikers, by the two telephone companies, the Union Telefonica and the Coöperative Telefonica.

Among the trades organized and which include women, are all factory trades, matches, tobacco, boxmakers, scrub-women, laundresses and domestic servants. As any woman can be elected to the board of directors of her union, the trade union movement in the Argentine appears on a much sounder basis than in England or America, where they have the two movements.

There has swept over Buenos Aires a tremendous new impetus of the working people to better their conditions which cannot be crushed, and echoes of which still reach us from time to time, through the Associated Press. As for instance, the news of June 3rd that Buenos Aires has been without newspapers or news bulletins for six days. This is an outgrowth as a result of the organization of the employees of the department stores, as it is the result of union printers refusing to set the advertisements of a boycotted department store. To quote: "The people appear to accept the situation complacently as merely another phase of the many labor troubles which have beset the city in recent years." The writer does not realize the Latin temperament which holds "the spirit which is full of revolutions, rich with dreams of an unattainable perfection."

But this spirit of the strike did not enter into the workers alone, but also into bank clerks and students, and, early in the winter, during November and December 1918, a serious strike broke out in the Catholic University of

Cordoba. The students had decided that the time had come for the church to place first emphasis on the quality of an instructor as instructor, and second emphasis on his standing in the church, whereas heretofore it had been the other way round. In consequence, although the oldest university of Argentine, its doctor degrees did not give the same standing in the community as those of the University of Buenos Aires or of La Plata. Feeling ran very high and ended in bloodshed. I was most anxious to get to Cordoba to meet some of the students, but unfortunately the pending strike of the railroads made this trip impossible, as there was no guarantee that I could return in time to sail homeward. It showed, however, the spirit of the times; it showed that the people were being roused to higher standards of living and learning and demanding their rights to it.

The strike, however, which affected not only Buenos Aires but the whole world with which the Argentine was trading, was the Port Strike. This had reached its fifth week on February 3rd, when the strike was called off. The so-called "peace-terms" lasted for exactly one day, for on Tuesday, February 4th, the shipowners decided to boycott the men on their part, to show that they would not be dictated to by the unions. On March 10th, accompanied by Dr. Moreau and her father, I went down to the headquarters of the Federacion Obrera Maritima, 1109 Necochea, to meet Señor Antonia Zaccagnini, an Italian Argentine, a socialist, who was now a member of the Municipal Council. Previous to this he had served his term for four years as National Deputy. Unfortunately, the heavy storm, which I have already mentioned,

prevented my seeing as much of the place as I had hoped, as it was impossible to venture out in such a storm, especially with the streets in such a condition. By March 10th the strike and lockout had entered its third month. This port strike comprised all river harbors and river boats, including Buenos Aires, La Plata and Rosario. Between thirteen and fourteen thousand men were on strike, including captains, stewards, cooks, sailors, firemen and shipbuilders, but not dockhands. These latter were idle as there were no boats to load or unload.

Since the middle of January the directors of the strike had started a coöperative kitchen for single men, in connection with their headquarters. Between eight and nine hundred men were fed daily. This was a tremendous saving of expense as it was so much cheaper to buy food wholesale, have it cooked in large quantities and served to the men, than to give them a few centavos each per day for their individual maintenance. Besides this they supplied four hundred families with meat, bread and potatoes. This food was only for such families as were absolutely destitute through the strike, not for those who had members of their families earning a living in other industries. A daily bulletin, "*Boletín de La Union del Marino*," was also issued informing the men of the condition and progress of the strike.

The Federacion Obrera Maritina is subdivided into unions comprising captains, sailors, stewards, cooks and so forth. These have their separate organizations in their various towns, as well as being a part of the whole organization of the Federacion Obrera Maritina.

I asked them how they had succeeded in raising the

necessary funds to meet the tremendous expense of a strike which was of so long a duration, involving the support of practically 14,000 people, not including the families depending upon them. Of course, rumor had it that they were supported by German capital. Señor Zaccagnini assured me absolutely that there was no truth in this report; that the strike was supported by the entire labor world of the Argentine.

That a member of the Municipal Council should come to the strikers' headquarters on friendly terms, was an incident which interested me especially. This close connection between the government officials and the working people, which I ran across constantly, emphasized to my mind what Penty so clearly brings out in his book — that small organizations or small communities are much better able to work towards justice than large organizations or large communities which are worked on such a large scale that the individual becomes a cog in the machinery and the human quality is absolutely lost sight of.

The reason, I was further told, that all trade organizations throughout the Argentine were sending contributions to support the strike, was because they felt that the success of the port strike would reflect to their advantage. The pay of these men on the river boats, even that of the captain who is supposed to be a high class man and well paid, was such that he was hardly able to support himself and his family. And especially since it had become a lock-out the result would affect all trades. In consequence, labor men, both through their organization and individually, were subscribing support to the utmost, some giv-

ing as much as half their weekly earnings, until the strike should be ended. The sacrifice that this meant to the whole labor group is something that only those people can realize who have taken the trouble to know labor people personally, ascertain the cost of living, and then make their own budget between the needs and the income. It is so simple in generalizing, to overlook how low the purchasing power of money has sunk. It is so easy, when a company speaks of so many million dollars per month or year given out in wages, for people who are not business people, to be impressed with the amount, not realizing the returns from the labor and that it may be divided among such a large number of people, that each individual does not really receive that to which he is entitled. When I say, "not receive that to which he is entitled" — it seems to me that each person who gives labor according to his capacity, is entitled to the satisfaction of his primal needs — food, sleep and warmth. I am not speaking here of the man who will not work, but of the man who is glad to give his labor in exchange for complying to these needs, and of the man who not only feels the needs and the right to satisfy these needs, but the right to include in his primal needs some of the spiritual ones. Recreation, some pleasure in his clothes, not just the covering of his body, and some leisure time to call his own.

I was impressed above everything with the quietness that generally reigned in the headquarters of the strikers. When Dr. Moreau took me there, she told me that I had nothing to fear. This caused me to smile, as I answered, that fortunately, I had always had friends in all classes

of life. It is this meeting on grounds of equality, which is the privilege of all artists, which gives them a democratic education such as few other trainings give. For Nature does not choose between the rich and the poor in giving generously of her gifts and the first thing an artist learns when he enters an atelier is that he must mingle with all. Next he soon finds himself recognizing the laws of Nature — Nature who makes no distinctions in the distribution of her gifts.

Human nature is very interesting! I often have to think of the remark of a little East-side Jewish boy, curled up in a dingy corner with a book on Greek Philosophy, waiting for his mother while she attended one of the first trade union meetings held in New York. He told my sister that he thought the State should take charge of and educate all children up to the age of sixteen. That if the mother was not in a position to support her children, the State should help her until her children had reached a self-supporting age. I was rather startled at this statement coming from the lips of a child of eleven and asked the youngster what made him think so; whereupon he naively replied that if you begin to work at nine you don't care to work at twenty. You were too tired! Besides it was a great loss to the State because one never could tell what a boy of nine might be — the State might lose a poet or a philosopher!

I have never forgotten this incident, especially as at that time I did not know much about economics and did not realize that this youngster had arrived at truths in his observation of life, in which he could find the support of some of the greatest economists. It has been proven

over and over again that there is less waste in a factory that runs eight or nine hours than in one that runs ten or eleven hours. And it is the same with human energy. The child who is put to work at nine generally ends by being a wastrel at thirty. There are always exceptions, however, to general rules. But the charming part of this youngster was his having thought out by himself the loss in spiritual value to the State, in demanding full manual labor from a growing child.

One gets the reaction of this mental tiredness towards work in the attitude of the dockhands, one of the lowest forms of labor. The government pays the dockhands four pesos a day, but as this is daily work they prefer to work at irregular times for six or seven pesos for private enterprises. Economists are beginning to realize the demoralizing effect of this periodic work. Yet manufacturers are more and more employing the method of a small group of steady hands, taking on more for a short period during the rush seasons — as from the money point of view this is cheaper and brings in greater returns. This not only has placed the majority of workers in a class of temporary workers, but has broken down the power of doing sustained work, that will react back on the nations who permit this demoralization among their workers to take place, for profit.

Criticism of the government, of course, was rife on all sides, but I, personally, felt as an outsider, and maybe with a little too theoretical tendency (granted), that the Argentine government was truly trying to represent the people of all classes and doing its best to maintain order.

ELECTION AND ELECTION LAWS

AT first I was very much puzzled at the part the president played in all the important local affairs of Buenos Aires, which seemed to me to belong to the province of the mayor. Take, for example, the close connection the president had with the epidemic of influenza which shortly after my arrival in October was sweeping over the entire world, and came to leave its mark on Buenos Aires as well. Such terrible reports had reached us from Rio de Janeiro, reports stating that no epidemic of yellow fever had ever left so deep a mark as this Spanish influenza was doing, that President Irigoyen decided to have the government take drastic steps. Personally, I regretted that I had not had a few weeks witnessing the social life of Buenos Aires before the government came down with its heavy hand and closed all schools, churches and theatres. Public houses and restaurants had to close their doors at eleven o'clock and a heavy gloom settled down over the city. It emphasized certain unattractive qualities of the Argentines, for the Argentines are never what I would call a gay people and when they are steeped in gloom they are indeed *triste*. Neither do the Argentines impress one as being a brave race, and again it was the fear of the epidemic which one noticed everywhere, in the greetings of each other, in the sighs they let escape. So great was this fear that people rarely went out except when forced to; so great

was their fear, that friends did not visit each other and all social life stopped as if the whole city were in mourning. Thanks to these stringent measures of the president, the influenza was fairly soon checked before it caused the same amount of damage it apparently did in other countries. All this was very strange to me as coming from the president.

I did not realize at the time that the city of Buenos Aires, representing about one fourth of the entire population of the Argentine, is the equivalent of a province. The Argentines accordingly developed as close a connection between the federal government and the local government as possible, especially as it is at the same time their capital. The president, therefore, appoints the mayor of Buenos Aires as well as the chief of police, in the municipal government; in the federal government his cabinet, consisting of the secretaries of the Interior, Foreign Affairs, Finance, War, Justice, Agriculture, Marine and the Public Works, and, as they can be dismissed at his wish, it can easily be seen and understood how strong the president's power really is. The president also has the right to intervene in the provinces. That is to say, the Argentine government is working more and more towards a greater unity of the federal government. Should therefore the governor of one of the provinces work against the policy of the federal government, the president has the right to depose him and send a commissioner to replace him; whereupon a new election is called. Should the deposed governor be reelected by the people he can then be reinstated, but until this question is decided the commissioner governs.

Argentina has fifteen provinces, which are enumerated below, containing a population which was estimated in 1904 at 5,410,028 and which is estimated today at 8,574,000. I could, however, only obtain the 1904 census for the division into the separate provinces which is as follows:

<i>Administrative Division</i>	<i>Area Sq. M.</i>	<i>Population 1904</i>	<i>Population 1918</i>
Federal Capital, Buenos Aires...	72	979,235	1,650,000
Province of Buenos Aires.....	117,778	1,312,953	
Province of Santa Fe.....	50,916	640,755	
Province of Entre Rios.....	28,784	367,006	
Province of Corrientes.....	32,580	299,479	
Province of Cordoba.....	62,160	465,464	
Province of San Luis.....	28,535	97,458	
Province of Santiago de Estro....	39,764	186,206	
Province of Mendoza.....	56,502	159,780	
Province of San Juan.....	33,715	99,955	
Province of Rioja.....	34,546	82,099	
Province of Catamarca.....	47,531	103,082	
Province of Tucuman.....	8,926	263,079	
Province of Salta.....	62,184	136,059	
Province of Jujuy.....	18,977	55,450	
<i>Territories</i>			
Misiones	11,282	38,755	
Formosa	41,402	6,094	
Chaco	52,741	13,937	
Pampa	56,320	52,150	
Neuquen	42,345	18,022	
Rio Negro	75,924	18,648	
Chubut	93,427	9,060	
Santa Cruz.....	109,142	1,793	
Tierra de Fuego.....	8,299	1,411	
Los Andes.....	21,989	2,095	
Total,	1,135,840	5,410,021	8,574,000

The president and vice-president are elected by presidential electors who are chosen in each province by the direct vote of the people and who, as with us, are chosen for that purpose alone. The president holds his office for a term of six years and during that period is commander-in-chief. In him is embodied the executive power, for he appoints his cabinet. All laws are sanctioned and promulgated by him. He also has the power of vetoing, which can, however, be overruled by two-thirds vote of the Senate. With the advice and consent of the Senate he also appoints judges, diplomats, governors of territories and officers in the army and navy above the rank of colonel. He has absolute right to appoint all other officers and officials.

The legislature consists of the Senate, composed of thirty members, two from each of the fourteen provinces and two from the city of Buenos Aires, with a term of office of nine years. The provincial senators are elected by the legislature of each province, the two from Buenos Aires by a special body of electors.

The House of Deputies is elected by the people and there is supposed to be one deputy for every 33,000 inhabitants. The term of a deputy is four years.

The vice-president is chairman of the Senate, while the House of Deputies controls all questions of finance and conscription of troops and has the right of impeaching guilty officials before the Senate, i.e. president and vice-president, cabinet members and federal judges.

The various provinces have their own constitution with a local government, even to the right of creating their own fiscal policy, as well as having their own judicial

system. They enact laws relating to the administration of justice, the distribution and imposition of taxes and all matters affecting the provinces. In other words, the rights of the provinces are very similar to our state rights.

The territories are under the direct control of the federal government.

The present constitution of Argentine dates from September 25, 1860.

The president must be a native citizen of the Argentine, a Roman Catholic, over thirty years of age, with an income of 2,000 pesos per year. So Catholic is this country that in the census of 1895 there were 991 Catholics to every 1,000 people, 7 Protestants, and 2 Jews.

Justice is administered by a federal supreme court of five judges and an attorney-general. There are also four courts of appeal with three judges each, in Buenos Aires, La Plata, Parana and Cordoba, besides the inferior and local courts, including the Children's Court.

Trial by jury is established by the constitution but rarely practised. The proceedings are, as I have already stated. Briefs are submitted and the procedure follows the Spanish system.

The army is based on the German military system, the marines on the British navy, while the education is developed more along French lines, especially medical education.

It might be of interest here to observe that to a foreigner the contribution of the various countries appeared to be as follows: English capital has opened out the country through the building of railroads and extending of telephone service — it has not been purely productive,

as much of this capitalization has been on exploitative lines. That has been our attitude also, only, alas, I did not feel that we benefited the country as much as England benefited Argentine. The railroads which our capital has built did not appear as good as those of the English. Englishmen of the better type also aided in the emancipation of women, thereby rendering true service. True we have the Young Men's Christian Association, but the English have the Salvation Army, both belonging really to the missionary field. One did not meet American business men at suffrage meetings or meetings to eliminate prostitution, as one met English business men. That was the note which brought most pain — all our efforts appeared commercial — and the South Americans are far too shrewd not to know that we would not be down there if the profits did not make it worth our while. As a result the only trace I found of North American energy which was not commercial or missionary in spirit was the work of the Observatory at La Plata. This was a terrible blow to my national pride.

Besides leaving her impress on the schools of Buenos Aires, France also has left a great impress on her arts and letters, and, as everywhere in the world, she has bound the women to her with ties of affection through her lead in the world of fashion. In architecture, though the French dominate, Germany too has left her impress. This may also be said in the world of music where Italy comes in for her share as well. Besides the music and architecture, Germany has left her impress through the scientific world and the best and only art store in Buenos Aires is the work of a German. Needless to say the coun-

try which has left the deepest mark is Spain, whose colony Argentine once was.

In 1916 President Irigoyen was elected president of the Argentine. He was the first Radical ever to be elected president, in fact it was the first time that the Radicals succeeded in getting into power. In the -90's they tried through a revolution to overthrow the conservative government without success. Their whole effort is to intensify the power of the federal government thereby bringing greater unity into the country as a whole.

On March 23rd, the election for 1919 took place in which one senator and two deputies representing the city of Buenos Aires were to be elected. There are practically three parties in existence: The Conservatives, who requested you to vote for Lisandro de la Torre, as senator; the Radicals, who put up Dr. Vincente Gallo, as senator, and Jose Luis Cantilo and Dr. Jose Casas as deputies; and the Socialists, divided into three parties of which there are the Social-Democrats, the International Socialists and the Argentine Socialists, who had united in choosing Juan B. Justo as candidate for senator and Agustin Muzio and Federico Piñedo, J., as deputies. The Socialist candidates also stood for Universal Suffrage for men and women. I was very much interested to find that if a group of people ten in number wish to put up a candidate for deputy they can do so. In consequence a group of men put forward as their candidate Dr. Julieta Lanteri-Renshaw as deputy, the first woman ever to receive this honor.

It was extremely interesting to live through an Argentine election. In the first place I was interested in the

Conservatives, for since the Independence of Argentine, the Conservatives had been in power until 1916. They were having constant parades against the government which gave the foreigner the impression of tremendous vitality. They selected the Calle Florida, the Fifth Avenue of Buenos Aires, for their headquarters, they showered the passers-by with their literature — but when election came it showed that all this activity represented money, not votes. Then there were the supporters of the government, working very quietly, with no special flim-flam and carrying the election. Next came the Socialists. The three parties had united, the oldest one, the Social Democrats, having been formed some twenty odd years ago under Dr. Justo, when a group of ten men presented his candidacy for deputy and they had received one vote beside their own ten. Today they are a powerful group to be reckoned with, with twenty representatives in the Municipal Council of Buenos Aires, several in the House of Deputies and one senator. What interested me especially was, that Dr. Justo had been chosen as candidate for senator when he was attending the International Socialists' Conference at Berne, and, perforce, had to be absent for months prior to the election as well as during election time. But in spite of this he ran a close second to Senator Gallo, whereas the conservative candidate was absolutely snowed under.

But the sensation of the election of March 1919 was the candidacy of Dr. Julieta Lanteri-Renshaw. The first thing that greeted our amazed eyes was her picture with the request that you vote for her, as your ideals were her ideals. That was all. Many people laughed but more

began to think. When I was asked whether I did not think it extremely stupid of her to think that she could run independently as a candidate, when, of course, it only spelled defeat, besides making a laughing stock of women, I said, "No," that instead I thought her an extremely brave woman. She knew perfectly well that she could not be elected, but she also knew that the time had come for women to take a stand in the Argentine and to force the people to think. At times the only way to make people listen is by startling them. If she had permitted herself to be put up by any one party she would immediately have made the suffrage question a party issue, instead of a question of important political progress, independent of party lines.

Next everybody asked — how had she succeeded in being put up as a candidate? How was it possible in a land where women were considered minors, where no woman could control her money after marriage, where no woman had control of her children, where no signature of any woman was valid as witness to a will, — how was it possible in this curious "Land of Up-Side-Down" for a woman candidate suddenly to come into existence!

As far as I could ascertain she was the second woman to take out citizen's papers as an individual. Heretofore women had only become citizens through marriage or through birth. The first woman to take out citizen's papers was the wife of Dr. Justo prior to her marriage. Dr. Justo himself belonged to an old Argentine family of several generations. This was of interest as his sister was a prominent dentist and an ardent socialist as well as a suffragist, a fine strong individual woman who was

doing a great deal towards improving the position of women in the Argentine. This was especially unusual, as most of the professional women in the Argentine have some strain of foreign blood in them, either French, Italian, German or English. But Dr. Sarah Justo is a woman of pure Argentine descent. Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw in turn came to the Argentine as a child. Taking her doctor's degree there, her whole sympathy and energy was directed towards bettering the conditions of Buenos Aires, so she decided to become legally a citizen as she already considered herself spiritually one. At first it was denied, but later granted. As there was nothing in the laws of Argentine which made citizenship a question of sex, and as this question had never before been raised, as women did not apply for citizenship papers, the clerk, not knowing how to handle such an unusual case, made out her papers, giving her the full right of citizenship, which included voting. She next applied for the right to vote. This right is granted by the Board in Control of the Reserve Army, for anybody who wishes to vote in the Argentine has to present their citizenship papers and enroll in the Reserve Army or else be released for some good cause from service. This board refused to enroll her, and they refused to release her, so that she was defeated in her stand for her rights. She went so far as to take it to court. To the amusement of everyone the judge informed her that her citizenship papers were nothing more than "an act of official gallantry and carried no rights with them."

In spite of the decision of the federal judge that Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw's citizenship papers were only "an act

of official gallantry," in spite of a new law which prevented her from voting, she still retained in the eyes of many men her other rights. The law relating to a deputy candidate did not mention sex. She was, therefore, qualified to run as deputy for the election of 1919. Her campaign grew. She was a well-known woman to the Argentine people for with the assistance of Señorita Camaña, she organized in 1911 a National Child Congress. This congress ranked very high, as excellent papers were read on the education of the child, including sex education, hygiene, psychology, and legislation pertaining to the protection of the child. All prominent women assisted her in this congress, but it was Reguel Camaña who was the leading spirit under Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw. Unfortunately Reguel Camaña belonged to the numerous splendid Argentine women whom death has called at an early age. Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw also organized the Pan-American Congress for Children in 1915. In spite of this public work, her work on the whole has been always that of an individualist, in all group movements she has been the pioneer who breaks the ground for the army to follow. This has both its advantages and its disadvantages. There always must be pioneers but sometimes when they are too much in advance of their group, the good they do is lost. So it was in this case. She twice succeeded in forcing a vote in the municipal election, when the law read that all who paid taxes or held a profession could vote. It was lost when the vote was changed in 1917 for she did not have the group back of her to push and make her personal success permanent and general.

Prior to 1912 there existed in the Argentine the open

ballot with all its abuses. Votes were sold in the open market to the highest bidder. One form of guarantee that the man would keep his word was that prior to election the paper peso was cut in two and one half given to the bought voter, whose vote was openly recorded. After election the man would come with his half of the peso to claim the other half. The two halves were then pasted together and the full value of the currency restored. But in 1912 Rocca Saenz Pena introduced the secret ballot which became a law in 1913. At the same time that the secret ballot was introduced, the election laws were changed to read "male," thereby unfortunately introducing the question of sex.

Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw started her political campaign with a crowded meeting at one of the big public halls on Saturday, March 15th. The fact that it was a representative group, not a class group, made it very interesting. On March 18th Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw held the first suffrage meeting in the open that was ever held in the Argentine. Though the first suffrage meeting held in the streets of Buenos Aires, it was not the first time that an Argentine woman spoke in the streets. One of the finest street speakers the Socialists have is Señora Juana Maria Begino. When I heard her I found that her power lay in the magnetism and rhythm of her voice. A great emotional actress was lost in her when she was born a working woman. Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw chose a little public park in Flores in which to speak. Recalling the first public street meeting held in New York in 1907 in Madison Square, in which I took part, I was naturally interested in what would happen in Buenos Aires in 1919. In 1907

a group of us gathered around a soap box, the speaker mounted and held forth — but nobody stopped to listen. Twelve years later New York gave the vote to women. I was, therefore, absolutely amazed to find that two thousand people had turned out to hear Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw speak. Among the audience were many students who had gathered to mock the speaker and were so successful at times, that it was difficult to hear her. She had not expected this tremendous crowd, and, being a tiny woman, hardly more than five feet, was simply lost on a park bench. Though Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw has a powerful voice, nobody can make a voice carry in the open to reach a gathering of 2,000. However, she did hold her audience in spite of the mocking. It was not done in an ugly temper, and, therefore, did not end in a small riot, as so many of the English meetings did. Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw also was too wise a woman and had too great a sense of humor to take offense, and often in her retorts the laugh turned on her tormentors.

What stood out most in this gathering, were two facts. First, it was the first meeting to which I went where I saw many young girls. It delighted me to see groups of young girls of 17 and 18 out in the streets of Buenos Aires listening to a woman speaking. Not until one has lived through that terrible isolation of one's own sex does one realize the pleasure it gives to see one's own kind mingling freely and naturally with all. The manifestation of the forthcoming freedom, in seeing these young girls there was a definite pleasure. The other was the discussion which this meeting aroused all about us. For example, near to us stood a man who scoffingly said to his

wife, "What folly, what nonsense to talk like this! Who will take care of the children?" The eternal argument to be found in all countries! Strange how little originality there is in opposition. I was, therefore, really pleased at the answer which came as quick as a flash, when she said, "You never ask that question when employing women in your factories and far more women work in factories in Buenos Aires than ever could fill the Chamber of Deputies."

I liked the group of men who were backing Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw. It was a satisfaction to come in actual contact with Argentine men who respected women and who wanted to further their interests in every way. It was a brave stand for these men to take, and yet, in this curious city where the personality counts for so much, the class of men who had risen to further and promote this candidate, was such that soon the laugh was silenced. A little incident is worth relating. Curiously enough, Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw entered the same subway train as Dr. Moreau and myself on our homeward trip. We soon held a little suffrage meeting right then and there in the subway train. A small group of well-to-do uneducated people began to snicker, but when they saw that the men whom they respected, the men of position and dignity, were listening with interest and congratulating Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw, as well as Dr. Moreau and myself, their attitude turned to one of respect.

Her meetings continued to grow and so popular did she become that seven cinematographs put their houses at her disposal to speak between films. Even "La Prensa" put one of its rooms at her disposal so that she was able to reach a large group of people with very little expense.

It was at a meeting at "La Prensa" that I was asked to speak and it gave me quite a thrill to stand among these women and give them the message Santa Rosa had wanted me to bring to them in 1902.

Her first posters were followed by others. The last, just prior to the election, in which she stated her platform, I quote in full: "Citizens: In return for the compliment which an inevitable duty placed upon me, I have the honor of presenting myself to you today as a National Deputy candidate.

"Long hours of meditation have convinced me that the moment is opportune for presenting my candidature, that the country has demanded it, and that I am prepared for it. Since 1910, the glorious centenary of our liberty, the women of the world have proclaimed their rights and those of the child, and the women of this country acknowledged those rights by the International Feministe Congress which I inaugurated, as an expression of an appreciative tribute to the patriots who gave us our liberty. Following this I founded the League for the Rights of Women and Children, followed by the first National Child's Congress held in the year 1913, in which the wise and cultured opinion of the country demonstrated its elevated sentiments for the mother and the child. The American Child's Congress which I organized and at which I presided, carried to all parts of America these same sentiments, which, vibrating universally, were shared in this capital in 1916, a new and glorious date for us. The spirit of this congress reached all the American countries, accumulating the various and different ideas for the good of the people and humanity.

"In the Old World the women have expressed their ideals and progress in many ways and the desire to affirm their rights. The European war has favorably precipitated their wishes and in the field of experience and grief the feminine redemption has been born.

"No heart can be insensible to this terrible experience which proved the valor of the feminine soul, its physical endurance and the height of its ideals.

"Those who say that without the work and sacrifice of women the liberty of the world could not have been achieved, do not speak vain or flattering words. The civilized nations are acknowledging the right of their women one after another, and the Latin-American countries will soon follow.

"Our country vibrates with the desire for these things. It knows that the glory of its future lies in the hands of its women as well as in the hands of its men, and the men truly appreciate this fact.

"For this reason I say that the country has demanded me as a deputy. I know, and my country knows, that I am fully prepared to defend the interests of my sex. My studies, my initiative, my work, have all demonstrated this. I intend to fulfill my duties, both civic and national. I have voted twice in the municipal elections in this capital.

"The moment is historic and I offer myself to it. Neither personal ambition shall guide me nor criticism retard me. I am capable of overcoming all difficulties because of the love I bear my sisters who wait and the love I bear my country which acknowledges our effort.

"I have studied the programs of the political parties

which hold our country. The election platform which I present, I believe is the complement to these programs:

THE ELECTION PLATFORM

Legislation

Universal suffrage for both sexes.

Civil equality for all sexes.

Civil equality for legitimate and illegitimate children.

Acknowledgment of the mother as a functionary of the State.

Tutelage of orphans and abandoned children.

Absolute Divorce.

Work

Six hours the maximum of work for women.

Equal pay for equal work.

Protection laws pertaining to the work of women and children.

Old age pensions for all workers and employees.

Pensions for the aged.

Rest and wages for all women during pregnancy and the nursing period.

Education and Justice

Mother Culture.

Professional co-education in industrial art, agriculture and household economics.

Colonies for the feeble-minded, blind, deaf and dumb.

Colonial reformatories for incorrigible boys, backward and delinquent children.

Women prison reforms, the colonization plan of industrial arts, work and agriculture.

Abolition of capital punishment.

Tribunals for children in separate buildings.

Social Hygiene

Creation of a council for social hygiene and prophylactic treatment of infectious diseases.

Laws pertaining to safety devices in factories.

Sanitariums for alcoholics.

Abolition of the sale, manufacture or importation of alcoholic drinks.

Abolition of regulated houses of prostitution.

Proportional representation of the minority in the national, provincial and municipal governments.

"Citizens, I rely on your vote.

"(Signed) JULIETA LANTERI-RENSHAW."

Election always falls on a Sunday in the Argentine. In this way it does not interfere with any business day, and everybody is sure to be able to come out and vote. The city is divided into districts as it is everywhere. Each district had its voting booth. The one in my neighbourhood to which I went, was in the parish house of a Catholic church. The men in charge received me with great courtesy, answering all my questions and giving me a book on the laws pertaining to election in the Argentine. They were tremendously interested to know that I had a vote. The booth was run very much as in our elections, each party having a representative to see that no undue influence is brought to bear on the voter to cast his vote for any one party. In one way the Argentines, it appeared to me, are ahead of us, in the plan they have devised to avoid false voting, and I am surprised that we have not devised some such plan as theirs whereby to prevent the misuse of voting and the bringing in of a floating population to swing an election one way or another. The method employed in the Argentine is that each voter receives a book of registration similar to a passport, with photographs and finger prints, which he has

to produce for identification every time he votes. His having voted is then recorded in this book. In consequence, it is almost impossible to represent people who are dead, or who have moved away, for no one is permitted to vote who does not present his registration book with his correct address. They also have a fine of ten pesos levied on all who do not use the privilege of citizenship. However, I was surprised to hear that this law is not always enforced as the number of evaders was such in the last election as to make it impossible, 14,000 I was told. They said it would be too great an expense to the community to collect, but I should have thought the larger the number the more it would pay to collect the fines.

In looking over the book on "*Leges de Formacion del Padron Electoral y Elecciones Nacionales*" 1918 I was interested to note some of the differences between our laws and theirs. In the first place men can vote at eighteen years of age, the age when they begin their military service, whereas with us the age is twenty-one. Then no priests, soldiers, corporals or sergeants in the regular army or navy or police can vote. No beggars, nor those receiving public assistance. Those who have gone into fraudulent bankruptcy may not vote until they have rehabilitated themselves. Neither can those men who, in the capacity of guardians of minors, have through fraudulent means deprived said minor of his or her property; not until such property has been restored can they again exercise the privilege of the vote. Those who have been ejected from the army for desertion can only receive their full citizenship after ten years. Owners and

managers of houses of prostitution cannot vote. This strikes one as strange in a land where houses of prostitution are legalized and the country receives and enjoys the taxes from such houses. Those who cannot write must place their thumbmark where we demand a cross. One law pleased my fancy and imagination especially, for it seemed to give one a glimpse into the daring acts which formerly existed in the Argentine. In Article 3 under the title, "De los Derechos del Elector" it states that no citizen can be taken prisoner during the hours set aside for election, unless it is for some flagrant cause, or at the special instruction of a competent judge. But no one is permitted to stop or molest a voter on his way to election.

Discussion was rife as to how many votes Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw would draw. I predicted that she would receive 160 which quite shocked her Argentine admirers, who felt that she would get three or four thousand. I said, of course, one could never tell in this strange land where everything was different from what one expected. However, they had judged the situation more correctly than I, though a bit over-hopeful, for the polling of votes actually amounted to 1,730. When I recall the terrible indifference which we faced in New York in 1907 I was perfectly amazed that in a city as conservative as the city of Buenos Aires there should have been so many people who registered their vote for a woman, and that in each of the assembly districts she received votes ranging from 44, the lowest number, to 143, the highest. But I was more than amazed that she received votes in all the twenty districts. Another incident which astonished me was that

running independently she should have received so many votes, only 822 less than the candidate of the L.R.P. who received 2552 votes. The election was not known by the following morning, as with us, not even the city election. The Argentine people wait patiently for such news, and it wasn't until April 5th that the complete returns were in — Gallo, the Radical candidate, had been elected senator by 50,843 votes; J. O. Casas, the Radical candidate for deputy, by 54,749 votes and F. Piedo Jr., the Socialist candidate for Buenos Aires, by 56,418 votes. When one realizes that twenty years ago the Socialist candidate received one vote besides the ten who put up their candidate, I think the suffragists should be greatly encouraged that their first candidate in an election polled votes that nearly ran into thousands.

HOW THE ARGENTINE LOOKED UPON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

WHEN I found myself a woman alone in the Argentine in an atmosphere hostile to all women who are self-sufficient, thinking women, women who stand on their own two feet, I thought of Santa Rosa.

In all my travels through England, France, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, Spain, Austria, Canada and my own country, it was only in Vienna, Austria, that I ran across a little of this attitude — this curious attitude that you were not wanted. Someone asked me to describe a little more clearly just what this attitude was, and in answer I should say, that this attitude, without words, told you that the employees in hotels, the guards on the trains, the people in fact who make up your world in traveling, wondered why you were there, were bored at having to bother with you, giving you the feeling that you were using up space which ought to be occupied by some man. It was this attitude in a lesser degree that I found in my own country when I first left my own home to go out into the world. I had been so accustomed to being treated as an individual, an individual with intelligence which was universal, not divided into sex, that it was a great shock to me, to suddenly realize that there were many men in our country who took it for granted that a woman's intelligence is far less than a man's, many who jumped to this conclusion without

giving the mind a fair chance to prove itself, jumping to this conclusion, simply because one was a mind ending in petticoats instead of trousers. It was this reaction which turned me into a suffragist, before I had worked out a reason which applies to the intellect and not alone to the sentiment. It was a shock to my great enthusiasm in working for a "cause" — against child labor or for the improvement of working conditions for women — to find that the men would consider this measure because I asked it of them, not because it was right or because a large group of women, whom they represented in the legislature, desired it. For, in my innocence I at that time thought, that even if women did not have a vote, they were fairly represented. I did not at that time realize that they were politically dependent on the inherent courtesy of men, and that if that inherent courtesy was absent, that they had no rights to fall back upon. That is why women surrounded by courteous men never understand and why so many courteous men do not grasp the difference. It was not until I further realized how dependent legislators are on the individual vote which gives them their bread and butter, thereby permitting them to continue their position, that I understood that in a day holding only twenty-four hours, these men paid stricter attention to the requests made by men who had the vote to give them than to the women who were seeking better conditions for their community.

As I have shown throughout this book, there exists in the Argentine a heavy atmosphere of indifference. I have suggested several causes, but, whatever the cause, there remains this atmosphere which complicates the

suffrage movement in the Argentine, especially when combined with the attitude towards women, the attitude of the Mussulman. When I first met Dr. Moreau, I asked her if she could tell me whether there was a suffrage movement in Buenos Aires, as the longer I stayed, the more strongly I felt the need of it. She told me that ever since 1910 various suffrage organizations had sprung into existence, to live a few months, perhaps a year or two, only to die down again. That she herself had wanted to organize one, but that it was not until April 1918 that she had had sufficient leisure to start an organization of her own. She said that at present (this was in December 1918) there existed two suffrage organizations, hers, called the Union Feminista Nacional, with headquarters at Hidalgo 325, a suffrage organization comprising all political parties, and numbering at present only 120 members, both men and women, and the Centro Socialista Feminino, with headquarters at Azcuenaga 252, which is connected with the Socialist party. She told me that I would find little interest; that it was tremendously up-hill work, but that she hoped through a conference which was to be held in January to awaken greater interest. Dr. Luisi from Montevideo was to speak. It was of this conference that I spoke in an earlier chapter, when I mentioned my surprise that nobody knew where the meeting was to be held, until the day before, especially when one considers that it was a conference planned for months in advance. This meeting was to have taken place on Friday, January 10th, but as we already know, no boats were running at that time between Buenos Aires and Montevideo, because of the Great Strike, so that it was impossible for

Dr. Luisi to come. The meeting, therefore, was not held until February 21st. It was on February 18th that I had the great pleasure of meeting Dr. Paulina Luisi, president of the Consejo Nacional de Mujeres de Uruguay, just three days prior to the meeting, called to awaken interest, yet at that late date I was unable to discover where the meeting was to take place. This meeting was typical of the Argentine and the Argentine people. It was scheduled for eight-thirty but when we arrived at a quarter to nine, we had to wait for three-quarters of an hour before the meeting actually began. It was in one of the most prominent halls, seating about four hundred, and almost every seat was taken. As a result between twenty and thirty new members joined.

Dr. Paulina Luisi, Ancien Chef de Clinic Gynecology, Professeur Substitut de l'Université, Vice-Président du Corps Médical Scolaire, Envoyé en Europe en mission speciale par le Gouvernement de l'Uruguay, Presidente du Conseil Nacional de Femmes de l'Uruguay, is very prominent in her own country and has done much to improve the condition of women. She is one of a very gifted family, one of her sisters being a leader in the educational world and another a poet of distinction in Uruguay. Dr. Luisi was very happy and enthusiastic about her recent success in preventing a telephone strike in Montevideo, at the same time securing the desired demands for the girls, whom she had organized. She is also deeply concerned and interested in the white slave traffic of which I have already spoken in an earlier chapter. Dr. Moreau and Dr. Luisi had invited me to join them

on a small suffrage tour to Cordoba and Rosario, where they were going to start organizing suffrage societies in the provinces. It would have been a splendid opportunity to study the cities of the provinces, especially as in the provinces of Mendoza and San Juan women have had the municipal vote for some time. But, unfortunately, they had to postpone their trip because of the general upheaval, so that when the time actually arrived to take the trip, I was promised elsewhere.

All these upheavals, though they interfered in one way, stimulated a deeper interest in the whole suffrage movement. So great was this new impetus and the need felt for the new position for women that two other organizations sprang into existence. The one was the result of the campaign which Dr. Lanteri-Renshaw conducted, and the other was organized under Dr. Dellepiane, a Radical. Dr. Dellepiane is a woman of distinction, who founded and established in 1910 a home for mothers with illegitimate children, called *Les Meres Naturelles*. This home was afterwards completely taken over by a group of Catholic women and so high does the feeling still run in South America, in regard to one's personal belief, that Dr. Dellepiane, in spite of the fact of being its founder, was forced to resign on account of being a non-believer. In 1915 she started a suffrage organization which she let die out, as at that time she felt there was not sufficient interest in the question to continue the work.

A great deal of education still has to be done among the women in general, before suffrage will become a vital issue with them. But it will be greatly aided by the economic pressure in South America that still rests on the

poor, and which will force forward the movement of establishing women's rights; especially as the Trade Union movement is working along organization in trades, jointly for both sexes. The other impetus towards the political emancipation of woman will come, because the whole world is moving towards that goal. To show how much educational work will still have to be done, I only have to mention the meeting of the Centro Socialista Feminino which I attended. A meeting at which about 260 people had gathered, 10 women, 60 children, and 190 men. It was a meeting of working people called by the Socialists for the emancipation of women and to endorse two laws which were then before the Chamber of Deputies. The first law was to give woman the legal right to administer her own money as well as her own property, which includes wages and salaries as well as inheritance; the second one was, that the working woman should have one month before and one month after the birth of her child. It was the first time I had heard Dr. Moreau speak and I have rarely heard a speaker hold her audience as I have always known her to hold hers, even to the children. She emphasized, that morning, that the emancipation of woman has to come from within, saying, that only as a woman developed from within, and from within felt the necessity, could she put any vitality or success into the movement. Not rights imposed upon her, but rights demanded, because of the need felt, should be the keynote.

I do not think I could do better in showing the attitude of the Argentine people towards suffrage, and the difficulties progressive women have in changing the spirit of

their less progressive sisters, than in quoting from a liberal translation of a very fine article Dr. Moreau wrote for the *Humanidad Nueva*, a small pamphlet dedicated to sociology, art and education, under the direction of Dr. Alicia Moreau, Pablo Barrenechea and Mr. Amando Moreau, Dr. Moreau's father, which was founded in 1908 by Senator E. Del Valle Iberlucea, and which is published every other month.

This article is called "The Civil Emancipation of Woman." To quote:

"The emancipation of woman is not so much the result of the law, as it is the formulation of customs. Not simply following the evolution of customs, but sometimes intervening as a disturbing element, it impresses the new spirit upon the past, which cannot always agree with the present. This causes a situation to arise, more or less intensely felt, more or less consciously interpreted, when the inequality between that which the law establishes and that which marks the new social order is too pronounced. This gives birth to reforms born of a strength by those who love progress and are capable of understanding it, as well as being sufficiently independent to suppress the consecrated fetters. It tends to suppress inequality and to modernize the law, imposing regulations on the oppressor. . . . The situation of the Argentine woman has been modified following all transformation in the social state. We live intimately united to the European people. They penetrate not only by the currents of immigration which make our country a melting pot, but by the original necessity of our national life, our commerce, our industry, which in turn reflects the

economic, financial and political situation of these countries. Our intellectual, scientific and artistic life depends as much on Europe as the embryonic organism depends upon the mother. . . . If we take an adult Argentine, brought up and educated in this country alone, we cannot tell with exactitude what is purely and exclusively Argentine, and what in reality is European — from his ideals to his costume. This observation should not disturb us, as along this path lies our progress. The strength of our intelligent and sound patriotism will be shown in the understanding which turns careless and useless observations into conscious and classified differences.

“The situation of the Argentine woman in society has been modified profoundly in the last quarter of a century, and especially in the last ten years. Living in intimate unity with the people of Europe, she has penetrated into the broad fields of industry, agriculture, commerce, science, literature and arts; her activities have constantly increased and the situation created by the war has accentuated this in such a manner that the most retiring spirits have been brought to the front. He who studies this gradual ascent of woman towards a more widely recognized position in the more civilized European countries, recognizes the positiveness, I might almost say, inevitability, with which this movement makes progress as all movements do which are the evolution of a people.

“United as we are to European nations and penetrated by them, we cannot escape the social transformation which has taken place. Not only should their machinery and merchandise reach us, but also their ideals, their aspirations. . . . Though there may still exist the

marked inequality of a town lost in the pampas fifty years ago, without electric lights and cinematographs, the moral progress is most extraordinary. . . . It is difficult to determine the exact mental type of the actual Argentine woman, as there exist, not only the marked differences created by the economic situations of life, but the differences of education and surroundings. . . . And we must also consider the influence which the nationality of the ancestors exercised. This prevents us from uniting in one and the same description the Argentine descendants from natives and from those descended from Italians, French and Russians, who have lived for some time in this country. But without considering all the differences which exist, we can point out two types, not determined by the mental differences of each type, but by the differences they represent, to our way of thinking, as two stages of evolution in the Argentine woman.

“In the first place there exists the type which we may call the Spanish Colonial. She is the direct descendant of the woman born in the home which the historians have described, which was formed by the union of the Spaniard and the aborigines, a home ruled absolutely by the father. ‘All the family is constituted for his benefit!’ says Dr. Juan Augustin C. Garcia. ‘The father disposes almost absolutely of the person of his children. He can pawn them and sell them in case of necessity. The property acquired by a son, with the son’s money or with that of his parents, belongs to the father; the son’s income from property acquired, i.e., inherited from his mother or secured by his efforts in commerce or industry,

during the father's lifetime. belongs exclusively to the father: because, with the exception of special cases, the son's emancipation depends entirely upon the will of his father.' If such was the situation of the law accorded for the son, the continuer of the family, the inheritor of the name, it is easy to imagine what would be the position of the daughter. 'The mother occupied an inferior situation. In all prerogatives she was considered competent only in the case of the death of the father, to give her consent to the marriage of her children under 25 years of age. She has a part in the earnings of the conjugal partnership, but she is not her husband's inheritor except in the so-called marital fourth'. . . . Under these conditions and without any other horizon, the life of women was spoken of carelessly. Women were almost always hard working, but intellectually a cipher, because of the deadening action of a society which judged that it was dangerous for the honesty and repose of a home, if women should know how to read and write. Yet it was woman, who was fully capable of understanding and associating herself with the great collective movements, of sharing the aspirations of noble men, and rising to the point of heroic abnegation, when the hour arrived for the great struggle for the independence of her country.

"This Colonial home, strongly dominated by religious beliefs, moulded by archaic prejudices, was impregnated by a spirit so Spanish that it caused men at one and the same time to treat woman with gallantry and yet depreciate her value, to praise her grace and beauty and to belittle her weakness and ignorance, to fight duels for

her at the merest suspicion that might offend a lady, and yet permit himself to greet any woman who crossed his path with insolence and audaciousness; which permitted a father to speak of his children as two sons and one female. Her concepts of the value of women will cause Spain perhaps, to be the last of all European countries to solve the problem for women, in spite of the brilliant personalities she has always had.

“Though present day conditions have left their impress on this home, this ancient spirit still exists in many Argentine households. To many Argentines the woman continues to be the eternal minor, a being incapable and weak, who always accepts the strength of the masculine arm. She has not a determined value as an individual. She has only a specific value derived from her sex; she is not a personality in whom may exist a vocation, an ideal aspiration, she is a woman — beautiful — gracious — sometimes capable of creating in man a condition which will induce him to found a new family. It is the idea of Rousseau: ‘Woman was made to please man. That he ought to please her in his turn is not such an immediate necessity — it merely lies in his power. He pleases by the mere fact of his strength.’ There are in woman, according to this, only two great virtues which are to determine her lot: beauty and fecundity, and the only object for her existence — matrimony.

“The life of this feminine type may thus be divided into two stages, the first is the stage before marriage; while it lasts, she lives from the work of her father or brother, as incapable of any activity except in the participation of some work or society, in a state of intellec-

tual inertia and the fear of free activity. . . . If she reaches the second stage of matrimony and leaves the parasitic life which, if it had not been changed by marriage would have been prolonged into the type of the *solterona* or old maid, continuing to live at the expense of her parents or on the generosity of the legislature, which because of a supposed or real ancestor has conceded her a pension. (This applies to widows also.) . . . The second type, the fat, respectable woman of tradition, whose time is employed between the care of her family and religious and social duties. Do not speak to her of scientific, social, political or artistic questions, she is ignorant of them. Do not speak to her of that which as a mother ought to interest her above all things, the education of her children. In all this as in all things, she will follow the current. . . . This type of Spanish Colonial woman has been modified and now tends to disappear, especially from the great centers which are in direct communication with modern thought, and are putting away the *cheripa* and the cowhide boots.

"Another woman tends to replace her, whom we may call the European Argentine, descended from the homes transplanted by the current of immigration, a horizon enlarged by labor, frequently rude, it is true, but making it impossible to depreciate her work, which Agustin Alvarez speaks of as the fruit of our Spanish inheritance. This second type we may designate as expressing the beginning of a greater freedom of thought and independence of action. In this home, which differs from the first, in form and reality, in the daily contact with men who think and feel along different lines, she cannot accept the limi-

tations which hamper or check the individual. . . . And if some deplore this lack of familiar and social tradition, nevertheless they see in it the support of the moral ideals, which guide the lives of men and create new forces, permitting our democracy to extract from them sufficient benefits and idealism, to create new moral types which can substitute the old family ideals.

"In this European Argentine home, woman has a greater individual value. Her own personality has a more defined character. Her youth is not wasted in the hope of becoming married, for she participates in the social activities. It is this woman who fills almost all our normal, professional and secondary schools, and they contribute as workers and teachers to the national greatness. Great is the distance which separates us from the surroundings, in which the Spanish Colonial type dominates, in which woman, who is not of the very poor, hides her work as an object of shame, impressed upon her by dire necessity. . . . Far from the surroundings which, through the merest shade of distinction, impose a shame between the necessity of working and the shame imposed by the seal of immodesty and dishonesty.

"Today we are penetrated by the spirit of European and American civilization which exalts the creative forces and dignifies work, making the conditions of a social parasite a stigma. It is these women, who, under the impulse of new economic and social conditions, demand each day with greater energy and decision their share of labor and social responsibility.

"There exists in the Republic according to the census of 1914: 174,893 women who work in trades, commerce

and the liberal professions. This figure represents 22 per cent of the total workers above the age of fourteen. The director of the census, Señor Alberto Martinez, comments upon this fact in a praiseworthy manner. "We ought to mention it as true national progress. The grade of independence which woman has achieved in society, the application she makes of her intelligence in her activities, as well as the respect and consideration which surround her for this, are eloquent signs of the advancement of culture."

"There exist I said, 714,893 women whose work is distributed as follows.

Buenos Aires, Federal Capital.....	194,517
Province of Buenos Aires.....	101,243
" " Santa Fe.....	46,039
" " Cordoba.....	69,755
" " Corrientes.....	41,779
" " Santiago del Estero.....	49,530
" " Tucuman.....	41,603
" " Entre Ríos.....	36,413
" " San Luis.....	16,487
" " Mendoza.....	19,008
" " San Juan.....	8,866
" " Catamarca.....	16,322
" " La Rioja.....	14,590
" " Salta.....	22,950
" " Jujuy.....	15,642
" " National Territories.....	20,104

"These 714,893 women are distributed in the following occupations:

Industrial Manual Arts.....	252,999	under a total of	841,337
Personal Service.....	182,711	" " " "	218,619
Agriculture and Stock Raising..	41,578	" " " "	529,866
Commerce.....	21,217	" " " "	293,646
Instruction and Education.....	43,640	" " " "	83,184
Women Directors and Teachers	21,961	and Men Teachers and	
		Directors	6,505
Sanitary Professions.....	4,368	" " " "	14,763
Public Administration.....	6,279	" " " "	108,852
Fine Arts.....	1,799	" " " "	14,192
Letters and Sciences.....	915	" " " "	8,809

"This large number is not alone the result of her own desires, but the result of our social and economic pressure. The increased necessity, the possibility to acquire the products of industries, which make life more comfortable and agreeable, while prices are going higher, impels many a woman to look for the means of maintaining herself and her family. . . . Her horizon no longer limited by a hothouse atmosphere and the narrow surroundings of the home, forces her to enter into contact with the social scale to which she belongs, and prevents her remaining separate or indifferent to the problems which agitate the social state in which she lives. She has a social value and marriage ceases to be for her her only object, the only honorable means of earning her livelihood. This turns marriage into the loving, moral aspiration to which she feels herself drawn by the normal development of her life. I know very well that this type of woman whom I have tried to describe, the product of the transformation which is being realized in our midst, is subject to much criticism, and I do not pretend to make

her an ideal being, any more than man is an ideal being. They are both children of the same circumstances. . . .

“Woman, the product of the new surroundings will replace the Spanish Colonial type in spite of resistance, born of lack of understanding. For the same spirit will bring her forward with surety, which today replaces superstition and error, by investigation and analysis. . . . If then, this is the evident march of events . . . we have to follow the march of those who precede us, who are teachers in the work of civilization. Nothing is more logical than that we should come to understand what it is that hinders, what it is that oppresses us. It is in fact only injustice which engenders pain and discomfort. . . . Law, conceived, wrought and completed by man, ought to follow the evolution of the social life, instead of responding only to the past and becoming an obstacle, giving privileges and awakening the spirit of rebellion. Unfortunately, among the countries which do not feel this lack of harmony between the old laws and the new, is our country. Happy are those, capable of modifying in behalf of the present, and even more of the future; which show themselves as capable of suppressing that which oppresses and retards; making law a justice, something more than vain words.

“. . . In the year 1902 Señor Luis M. Drago presented to the Chamber of Deputies a proposed law to modify substantially the matrimonial laws. The proposed Drago law established the separating of property, leaving in consequence upon woman the responsibility of her own action as administrator and obliging her to contribute half

towards the maintenance of the family, if the joint property was not sufficient.

"This constituted a real revolution within the marriage régime, and in spite of the praise with which it was received by intellectual people of note, the proposed Drago law was never passed. In 1907 Dr. Alfredo Palacios presented a new project which, if accepted, would tend towards the civil emancipation of woman, approaching the question, however, from another point of view. While the Drago law referred especially to the condition of married women, the Palacios law tended to correct existing conditions to a greater extent. This law established, first, the right of the natural mother to the administration of the income and property of her children; the rights of married women to be members of mutual aid and coöperative societies; to have a bank book of her own savings on which she can draw without the authorization of her husband. The power to be witness to public documents and wills. Permitting aunts and sisters of minors to become guardians. The liberty to engage in any lawful profession, and, as a married woman, to have the right to administer and dispose of her own property which she acquires through her own work or profession. As we see, the author of the proposed law has not substantially reformed the marriage laws, but rather attempted to reform the lot of women.

"Finally on the 21st of May, 1918, Dr. De Valle Iberlucea presented a law in the Senate. This proposed law is even broader than the preceding ones, and the report which accompanied it constitutes at the same time a brilliant defense of the rights of women, a finished and

profound study of the question. . . . He tends to give to woman greater liberty for the development of her activities, considering that the only just limitation is that which is derived from the natural condition of her own personality. . . . He takes up the question of married women and introduces both separation and divorce. . . . Even when the husband and wife have accepted voluntarily the laws of the civil code, or any laws of community and property rights, the woman needs no special authorization from her husband to exercise her office, trade or profession, or the right of administration and disposition of all property given her, through her profession or any other legitimate means of work or inheritance which would form her reserve patrimony. In no case can the woman renounce her right, and any order that she may give her husband to administer or reserve her personal property, can later be revoked. It responds to a true necessity and corrects a real injustice. . . . The consent of the husband, when a woman exercises publicly a profession or trade is taken for granted. . . . The law is here obliged to accommodate differences, but it does not limit completely the activity of the woman, and it wishes to establish a feeling of independence and responsibility for her own actions. . . . The same law proposes in another article, which we believe to be completely new, that in case a woman is jointly connected with her husband in the same business or industry, she shall be considered a partner, and both man and wife are to have equal participation in the profits. This tends eventually to recognize the value of woman's work. For it is not rare to see small business men and tradesmen whose wives

take the place of clerks, which duties are added to the care of her home and family. It is that a just value should be given this work and at least some authority conceded to the woman who does it. The article continues to say, that one party of this conjugal business house cannot dispose of the income which belongs to both parties, cannot sell, borrow money, or mortgage the real estate, without the express authority of both. On determining that the authority of both is necessary in order to pawn, mortgage or sell the common property, the legislature tries to avoid a very frequent cause of families brought to ruin, because of complete ignorance, since the husband is now the sole legal administrator and actually has the full right of the common property. Woman, having a less venturesome spirit, may constitute a useful bridle by her intervention, for the safety of the family. The proposed law determines the manner in which both man and wife ought to contribute to the maintenance of the family, and contains from this aspect of the matrimonial law a very interesting article. In case one party should not provide substantially in proportion to his or her abilities to the expenses of the family, the other member can ask to have an injunction placed on his or her property, income or salary, or a part thereof, or the product of the work of the other party in proportion to the necessity. It is evident that the spirit which animates this regulation is the protection of the working woman, the woman who does not have an income of her own, or who earns an insufficient wage and whose husband spends the greater part of his income in the satisfaction of some vice, the race course or the saloon. . . . I cannot con-

clude this article without referring to a series of new laws, in which the author enters on a painful and delicate subject, which it is not possible to ignore,—the situation of the natural mother. While custom imposes upon the husband the obligation of protecting and helping his wife, it is entirely unconcerned about the woman who is the mother without the legal authorization. The most intelligent thing that we have done up to now, is to establish for the natural mother who is poor, a maternity hospital and for her children a home for foundlings. That is, far from tending to accord to mothers some aid in extending the ties which nature has created, we offer the means to bring about the separation. . . .

“No one is better authorized than a doctor to express an opinion on these matters. His profession puts him in daily contact with innumerable forms of misery and human pain, which are born of natural conditions whose modification we cannot hope for, for they arise from errors, from defects in our social organization, and are fed by ignorance and prejudice, and it is our duty to unite ourselves in the effort to do away with them.

“We ought not to think, as it is common to do, that every one who is an illegitimate mother is a dishonest woman, nor that her maternity is infamous. We may deplore that the circumstances are as they are, that they leave the mother and the child in an unfortunate situation before the laws and customs of the country. But our feeling of shame ought to be directed towards the man who abandons the woman, towards the father who is ashamed of his clandestine paternity, and who by his moral cowardice forces two human beings into misery.

The mother who suffers for her child by this act alone is redeemed from what is called her disgrace. But Christian society continues to smother with a formidable lie and to bury in shame the natural mother and her little illegitimate offspring, while calling itself the adorer of Him who pardoned the weak.

"The proposed law with which we are occupied, declared that the natural mother shall have maternal authority for her children and the enjoyment and use of their property. It concedes to her the right to claim from the natural father of her child or his parents, the expense of her confinement and her maintenance and care during four weeks following and six weeks preceding this period. She may claim money for her board during the time of her incapacity to work, if her incapacity is caused by the confinement. The law shall also concede to her an indemnity which shall be fixed according to the situation of the man, by a pension including food and the education of the child. In order to avoid legal proceedings which would make such applications difficult, particularly where poor women are concerned, it declares that by means of proof, the justification of the child may be proved by the natural mother in a verbal trial. . . . We believe that it responds to a real necessity, because it considers a situation created by modern society. It responds to the spirit of our effort which sees the value of human personality increased, by a greater consciousness of each individual towards himself and his relation towards his environment. . . . We are moving towards a gradual liberation, separating ourselves from the ties of the past, when the past limits the liberty of

our growth. . . . Civil marriage has substituted religious marriage, divorce would modify the indissolubility. The civil emancipation of woman would bring about under the law, a moral emancipation as the consequence of education and work, these would be followed by the acquisition of her political rights, and all women would come to hold in society the same complete equality as man. . . . North America will serve for an example, for to them our aspirations are facts, and shall we not come to be a like example to the world, a power for the activity of valor and nobility? . . . We are moving towards a more perfect social state, based upon respect for all life, for all intelligence. We are moving towards that which has constituted the aspiration of the best in man: the suppression of privilege and violence, which engenders unnecessary pain, and the ardent desire for justice, peace and love, which man for centuries has placed in heaven, but which one day instead may become a reality in this world."

My quotations I think show how well qualified Dr. Moreau is to become the true leader of the Woman Suffrage Party in the Argentine. For in the Argentine the suffragists are not merely suffragists as they are in England and the United States, they have instead turned more towards the European attitude of the French and German women, who call themselves feministes and who aid all activities for the betterment of their sisters. Her organization, the Union Feminista Nacional, grew not only in numbers but in tremendous vitality and many prominent men and women of the English, American and Ger-

man colonies joined in the effort. Cinematographs were secured every other Sunday where pictures were shown of the terrible working conditions under which some women have to work, showing why the time has come for women to demand the vote. The result was gratifying as the attendance was very large. Besides this Dr. Eyle has started a suffrage paper called the "Nuestra Causa" a monthly review, in which they are securing the coöperation of such prominent writers as Dr. David Pena and Romain Rolland. All this activity is of tremendous importance and value and will have its climax in a great Pan-American Conference in July 1921 under the international leadership of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt where all laws pertaining to women and children of the various countries will be discussed, and representatives from all South America, Central America, the United States and Canada will gather in Buenos Aires for this purpose.

Whatever satisfaction I have had in the part I have played in bringing together these various women, it has been because I fulfilled the mission Santa Rosa asked of me in 1902, — Santa Rosa, who never lost sight of the needs of her country. Her influence today stretches forth over the world, uniting the women of South America with the women of the world, in establishing the great freedom which Christ brought to the women of his day, when he talked to them as if they were the equal of men. Men have often marveled at the followers among women Christ has always had, through all the centuries down, for they did not perceive that Christ liberated women from the bondage of custom which made them the slaves

of man. Unfortunately the Church has followed St. Paul more closely, who retained the limitation of his time, rather than follow the revolutionary spirit of equality, which Christ brought into the world, when he spoke to the woman at the well in Samaria.

CONCLUSION

WHAT strikes one first when one reaches the Argentine is the name of San Martin — cocktails, streets and squares are named after him. And from the moment one enters the “International” diner, and is served with a San Martin, until en route to the hotel one passes the square where, astride his rearing horse, taking full command, he draws your attention to him — you cannot escape his name. Who is this saint or sinner, whom the Argentines honor thus? Who is this man who commands your attention? It was one of the first questions, the answer of which I promised to discover, to satisfy my curiosity. There, situated in the Plaza San Martin, which is one of the most beautiful of all the squares of Buenos Aires, is the fine equestrian statue of San Martin — San Martin, the deliverer of the Argentine and South America. Here we have the answer. And in the many honors great and small, in having things named after him, they are trying in some way to redeem the treatment they accorded the living man! This man of high ideals and reserved character, shy, yet so firm in standing for what he admitted to be right that he preferred exile to false honors in his latter years. He was born on the 25th of February, 1778, of a Creole mother and a Spanish father. At the age of eight he was taken to Spain to be educated in the best military schools. Serving in the great struggle against Napoleon in his

wars of conquest, his distinguished conduct at the battle of Babylon brought him the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. In 1812 he offered his services to Buenos Aires in the struggle for freedom, and in 1814 was placed in command of the forces on the border of Peru. He soon, however, resigned as he realized that the most important step was to first oust the Spaniards from Chile. Thereupon he had himself elected Governor of the Province of Cuyo, which lies on the border of the Chilean Andes, and established himself at Mendoza. In 1817 he was ready for his enterprise and with 3,000 men and 1,000 cavalry crossed the Andes over passes 13,000 feet high. What this meant in those years of primitive roads — to carry all that was required for so large an army in the way of food and ammunition — for everything had to be carried on horseback, recalled the splendid work of Queen Isabella of Spain when she took charge of the Commissary Department in the battles against the Moors. He was assisted by Bernardo O'Higgins whom he left in Chile after the victory, in charge of the Nationalist Government at Santiago. In 1818 he again took command against the Royalists who had succeeded in gathering their forces once more, and in his victory at Maipu he finally secured the complete independence of Chile. In August 1820 he desired to establish the freedom of Peru. Transporting his army in a small fleet, he anchored a little north of Lima. Here he spent several months of inaction, hoping that the influence of popular feeling would lead to a peaceful withdrawal of the Spaniards. In July 1820 the Spaniards evacuated and he proclaimed himself Protector of Peru. However, the jealousy of Bolivar made it

impossible for San Martin to coöperate with him, and he left the country, spending a short time in Chile and the Argentine. His many enemies, however, succeeded in embittering popular feeling against him so that constant attempts were made to involve him in political intrigues. Unable to live a peaceful private life he was forced to exile himself in Europe where he died in 1850. It was not until some years after his death that his followers succeeded in forcing popular opinion to recognize the service San Martin had rendered South America, which was partly brought about by the able book written by Bartolomeo Mitre on "The Life of San Martin," translated by W. Pilling, in which he shows that San Martin did more than any other man for the cause of independence in the Argentine, Chile, and Peru. For he was not only an able soldier, but the clearness with which he realized that the independence of each state could only be secured by the coöperation of all, showed him to be a farseeing and honest statesman, a man who preferred exile and misunderstanding rather than compromise with his ideals.

When speaking in terms of high admiration to an Argentine about San Martin, I was amused to be asked in turn if I had learned about him in school. I evaded the answer, for I did not like to confess how little I had learned about South America or the men that made South America great until my trip. It recalled with what scorn I used to look upon European children who knew nothing about Washington, when, as a child, I made my annual visits. And yet I had never heard of San Martin until Santa Rosa introduced me to him.

In 1857 Buenos Aires was recognized as an independent

state, and, after much turbulent inner strife, General Bartolomeo Mitre became the president in 1861. He was succeeded in 1868 by Dr. Sarmiento, a broad-minded scholar who did so much to promote education. It was he also who started a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, known as the Sarmiento Society, which has done so much to root out the inherent cruelty of the Spaniards towards their beasts. The next important president was General Roca in 1880, who gained his position by hard fighting. The other two of importance were Carlos Pelligrini and Dr. Saenz Pena. All these belonged to the conservative government and it was not until the present president came into power that any other political party was ever represented. General Roca left his stamp especially on Argentine by his expeditions against the Indians whom he tried to exterminate. Prior to that time there had been a great deal more of amalgamation between the Spaniards and the Indians than there had ever been between the Indians and any of the Europeans who came to our country. So intermingled are these half-breeds with the Argentine people that at first sight one receives the impression that there has been a general amalgamation, instead of the massacres which took place in our northern hemisphere. But the records of the deeds which General Roca permitted to be executed against the Indians, are equal in cruelty to any of ours.

Statues of all these famous men are to be found in the various parks and public squares. These statues not only represent the men who made the history of South America, but also the various gifts of foreign countries to the Argentine. One of the most imposing of these

monuments is the gift of Spain, situated at the entrance of the Park of Palermo. A number of statues are by such well known men as Rodin, and other foreign celebrities, but the Argentine sculptor who has received most recognition from her government is a woman, Lola Mora. Curiously enough, besides the names of Rodin, Aigner and Lola Mora, the names of the sculptors go unrecognized. To ascertain who had made the other statues, I would myself have had to hunt for the signatures on the statues themselves. This was quite often impossible as they generally were placed on a raised grass plot on which one was not permitted to walk, and the name inscribed in such small letters that one could not decipher them at a distance. I could far oftener read the name of the foundry where the statue was cast, while the name of the sculptor was left in obscurity. On the whole, these statues are not of a very high order, even the Rodins did not belong to the best work of the master. The only one which showed his real power was a replica of "The Thinker," placed in the Plaza del Congreso where it joins the Avenida de Mayo. But should anyone look for the "Thinker" where I said he might be found and not discover him, the seeker must not be amazed, for one of the most amusing idiosyncrasies of the Argentine, is that they rearrange their statues like children their paper dolls. I remember seeing a photograph at the Pan-American Building in Washington of a very fine statue representing a powerful bull being held in check by a man. From the art point of view it was one of the finest statues for out-of-doors that I had ever seen — big and powerful, demanding attention. It was supposed to be at the

entrance of the Argentine Rural Society Exhibition Buildings, in the grounds of the Park of the Third of February, and I was most eager to see the original. I hunted everywhere in vain. I asked everyone, but no one remembered where it had been placed. Yes, it stood there once — but not now. I doubt whether I would have believed this statement, for monuments do not generally walk out at night, except in the plays of Lord Dunsany, if I had not witnessed the picking up of Lola Mora's fountain in the Paseo de Julian to be placed somewhere else. Where, I do not know — but the Argentines decided that it was lost and wasted and should be placed where more could enjoy it, for Paseo de Julian was for the "down and out." I thought it unfortunate — true, only the riff-raff and immigrants have concourse to the Paseo de Julian, waggishly called Hooligan Avenue, for "j" in Spanish is pronounced like our English "h." But from the art point of view it had been happily placed, as its flamboyant grace mingled well with its setting among the trees. It may not have been a great work of art, but it was pleasing where it stood and it seemed a pity to change its setting.

I remember with what interest I looked from the carriage as I drove through the city streets when first arriving in Buenos Aires seeking for lodgings. This Paris of the West, this gay, joyous city I had heard so much about, with its many theatres and cafés. What was it like in reality?

One beautiful avenue, called the Avenida de Mayo, which stretches a little more than a mile from the Casa Rosa to the Capitol, might easily recall a Parisian boule-

vard, with its avenue of trees and its many cafés with small tables and chairs on the sidewalk. But how unlike Paris in reality! Here one rarely sees a woman, and, unlike Paris, only men frequent the cafés.

And what are the other streets like? Narrow, winding streets such as one finds in the old quaint towns of Europe, so narrow that I could overhear the telephone conversations, not only of one office, but of two or three down the block from my hotel window. So narrow are these streets that traffic can only proceed one way. Mariposa in his amusing "Chroniques Argentines" gives a most entertaining description of how he tried to reach a business appointment by walking in these crowded narrow streets of the business section. "Works of the devil" he calls these streets, as you constantly go bumping and bouncing along. But when some Argentine objected, stating that this was only in the center of the town, that in other sections the streets were wide and pleasant, he delightfully answers, "But who wants to walk there?" I could readily understand this answer, as Buenos Aires was constantly reminding me of Brooklyn. There was only a very small section which was interesting and amusing, and the rest was endless, endless, endless vistas of streets. Sometimes with good pavements, sometimes with bad, but just streets, streets, streets. Occasionally one came across a square to break this monotony. It was on my tram rides that I saw the city at its best. There was something fascinating about these journeys. A real journey of adventure, upon which one set forth, for I never quite grasped the route which was planned or the turn which was to be taken, or what was in store for

one or how one was to reach one's destination. As all of the streets are one-way streets, one's coming and going was never the same. It was all very intricate and very interesting and always a surprise. It was the unexpected which held one fascinated in this "Land of Up-side Down," where the north wind blew hot and the south wind cold, where to have the steady light for a studio, one had to seek the southern exposure; where the moon grows full in the waning form and nothing seems ever as it ought to be.

The Plaza La Valle is one of the beautiful squares that break the monotony of the city. Here one sees the Colon, the famous opera house of Buenos Aires, outdoing all the other opera houses in the world — so they say — which I cannot contradict as I never saw the interior; the handsome law courts, the beautiful public high school for girls with its spacious entrance. Here also, at the corner is the famous "Confiteria de Paris" the only beautiful restaurant in Buenos Aires. And here we strike something in the gay Paris of the West to which I never could become accustomed, the lack of refinement in the so-called best restaurants. One had, of course, all that one wanted in the way of food — for Argentines are very fond of good food — but as to equipment — it was all quite primitive. The most luxurious restaurant was at the Hotel Plaza, but as very few people lunched or dined there, one was lost in all its grandeur, which is depressing and does not add to one's festivity. One thing which amused me beyond measure was that one of the most favorite restaurants, and the one where one really saw the best dressed people, as well as the most refined,

was at the station of the Central Argentine Railway, the Retiro. This amused me beyond words. To have a party, a real party, in a station restaurant! How could one think of anything but traveling and traveling suits! I could not associate a station with even semi-evening dress! And yet they took it all so seriously — and especially the dinners given in honor of friends. I must again quote from Mr. Hammerton when he describes so well the imaginary incident of the friends of Don Alonzo asking him to “dine at the Sportsman Restaurant, where in two hours time they will consume a quite eatable dinner of five or six courses. Meanwhile, one of the ten or fifteen hosts of Don Alonzo has taken care to warn the photographers of “*Caras y Caretas*,” of “*Fray Mocho*,” and perhaps of “*P.B.T.*,” and these photographers turn up in the course of the two hours, make flashlight photographs of the little handful of diners, none of whom will be in evening dress, the group presenting the oddest assortment of clothes, and behold, in the next issues of these widely circulated periodicals, excellent reproductions of the said photographs, inscribed: Banquet offered by his friends to Señor Don Alonzo Moreno Martinez, in view of his departure for Rio de Janeiro where he will absent himself for a few weeks on affairs of importance. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of these photographs are published yearly in the pictorial press, and when the honored guest is a little more important than my imaginary Don Alonzo, then the big daily newspapers are pleased to publish the photograph, while the provinces send up to Buenos Aires scores of them every week. It is all very pathetic.”

But what appeared to me most pathetic was the bored apathy of the average Argentine. I call it bored apathy for lack of a better name. For it was not the seriousness we find in the Bretons of France, neither did it possess the depth or dignity of the seriousness which the Spaniards have — no, they are not a serious people, but people who appear terribly bored with life — with no spontaneity, no gaiety, a shallow boredom, which is the most terrible wall of all for modern progress to break down. If people would only laugh — there is so little laughter, no matter where one goes. They seem to be too self-conscious to have humor, or to see the humor in others. And with all this mental heaviness they have the naïveté to compare their Capital to Paris — Paris, that brilliant center of the intellectual life — and that spirit which cannot be bound — which descends even into the life of the streets.

All other restaurants where the food was excellent, for food in the Argentine again I will say is very good, were of the coffee house type, except the hotels, and these are practically all apartment hotels. They, therefore, did not carry with them the smartness which our restaurants do, like Sherry's, Delmonico's, or the Ritz-Carlton in New York. They had nothing of that kind in Buenos Aires, the only thing which approached it at all was this "Confiteria de Paris," and the empty dining-room at the Plaza.

There are many beautiful private dwellings in Buenos Aires. Homes which resemble palaces far more than homes which are comfortable. But maybe such homes are impossible in a country which demands the entire family

to live together — father, mother, sons and daughters-in-law, grandchildren and unmarried aunts and uncles. They need these vast houses to accommodate them all — but it does not leave with you a feeling of comfort, such as we understand it in America. Of all these great houses one stands out in an eminently dignified manner. It is that of the founder of "La Prensa," Dr. Jose A. Paz, on the Plaza de San Martin. His other building on the Avenida de Mayo erected for his newspaper might at first sight be mistaken for a millionaire's club rather than the home of a newspaper. All who come to Buenos Aires ought really to visit this extraordinary home of a paper. This great quiet building which radiates silence, and yet they say has a telegraphic dispatch service superior to any in the United States. Fifty years ago it was a humble little four-paged sheet. It was extraordinary to see those first copies in their files which the attendant in charge of the library shows one with such interest and pride. It was extraordinary that all this magnificence should have sprung from such humble origin. Dr. Paz must have been a most unusual man for it was he who planned the unique housing for this paper. One which all newspaper men speak of as being unique in the entire world; and one which was built on such a scale that it would have bankrupted a less able man. As I have already stated, the effect on entering this newspaper building was not the sensation of the rush of whirring machinery which we always associate with our newspapers, but that of a millionaire's club, heavily carpeted, with liveried lackeys showing one about. Besides the printing press and editorial rooms which are essential to all newspapers, there

is a series of rooms available to the public for meetings and conferences. Here a series of free music lessons is given and lectures on various subjects. Besides a medical department there is also a legal department open to the public where free advice can be secured. Anyone wishing these services must apply for a card to facilitate and insure proper attention to each person who arrives. For the employees they have excellent shower baths and fencing facilities. There is also the library, of which I have already spoken, besides a wonderful private room hung with rare tapestries and finished in gold. This room is used for special occasions. Should a distinguished lecturer from any foreign country arrive, or should a famous singer be engaged at the Colon, "La Prensa" engages him first to give a private hearing to a select group in this magnificent hall. They also have a fine suite of rooms which, during the life of Dr. Paz, was constantly put at the service of these distinguished guests, if the stay was not too prolonged. As all this side of the newspaper business was the individual expression of Dr. Paz, I was very conscious that since his death it was losing its full value. I missed the moving spirit which had worked out this plan and who through his personality had in fifty years made "La Prensa" the most talked of paper in the world.

Besides "La Prensa" there are two other important papers, "La Nacion," another morning paper, and "La Razon," an evening paper. "La Nacion" dates from 1852 and was long under the influence of General Bartolomeo Mitre. It is more highly valued today by many than "La Prensa," as they claim it has a less commercial spirit and higher

literary qualities in its editorials. "La Prensa" and "La Nacion" appeared to me to be of the same standard, the standard of the "London Times" and the old "New York Evening Post" under the Villards. The difference between the two papers appeared to me as lying in its buildings. The latter is housed as an ordinary newspaper, set in the heart of the business section, which means that it has the general grimy effect of most newspaper buildings. "La Razon" is the best evening paper, with extremely good cable service and five issues during the afternoon and evening, the last being delivered as late as nine o'clock. There are in all in the Argentine, forty-four papers comprising dailies, weeklies and monthlies, including dailies in French, Italian, German and English. What they all find to write about I haven't the faintest idea, but not content with this, new ones are constantly appearing.

Near "La Prensa" on the Plaza de Mayo is the Cathedral, with a façade supposed to represent the Madeleine of Paris, though its heavy columns would deceive no one. What confuses the visitor most is that these columns are entwined with electric bulbs, giving the impression of a theatre built with Corinthian columns. One is, therefore, a little startled to be informed it is the Cathedral where people come to worship. To me these electric bulbs which encircle all public buildings and which are an eyesore when not in use, belong to the idiosyncrasies of the Argentines, for during the five months when I was there, I cannot recall that they were in use on any public building. Why they could not be taken down and re-installed when wanted, was a question over which I often puzzled.

Of course, it is these small idiosyncrasies which make a nation individual and which add to the amusement of travel. It would be sad indeed if we were all cast in the same mould. Another expression of this same eccentricity was that the men powdered their faces. But the surprising part of it was, how quickly one got accustomed to it. So that in the end, one did not notice either the bulbs on the columns of the Cathedral or the powder on the men's faces. I always hark back to the climate as the cause of so much indifference and lack of observation. As a personal illustration: not only I, but other Americans whom I met, were first overjoyed at the mass of flowers one was able to buy for a few pesos. But I found in common with these other traveling acquaintances, that after the first week, this enthusiasm died out and that the burden of arranging and keeping them fresh in the heat over-balanced the pleasure of having them. One's only desire was to simplify life as much as possible, to conserve one's energy, which seemed to become so limited. Is it not perhaps here that we find the answer why the Argentines leave the bulbs on their buildings? It is their curious naïveté which makes them love the bulbs, even if they only turn them on once or twice a year. It is the lack of energy which makes them leave them where they are. This curious naïveté which gives them pleasure in reading their names in the newspapers when attending the funeral of a friend or even the services at church.

So many foreigners dislike the stucco buildings which are prevalent in the Argentine. For my part, I felt they added to the picturesque quality of the city, flamboyant

if you will, but it broke the monotony of the appearance of the streets. Besides, at this period of development stone and marble are almost prohibitive, as shown by the Capitol. This building of marble, or, as Mr. Hammer-ton calls it, "marble veneer," is situated at the end of the Avenida de Mayo, with an imposing group of fountains and gardens leading from the entrance of the square to the spacious marble steps of the buildings. A most beautiful and imposing entrance confronts us, which unfortunately, however, seems little used, thereby losing the life-giving quality which is the finishing touch of all architectural structure. This building was many years in construction and I was told that millions were spent upon it. In fact they say that it cost three times as much as was originally voted upon. The graft connected with it was tremendous, and almost twice as much marble went in at the front door and mysteriously vanished as was ever used. Rumor has it, of course, that a certain number of public men had the pleasure of constructing their own marble houses out of this material. Even today it is not yet completed.

Through the courtesy of the Socialist Senator, Dr. Enrique Del Valle Iberlucea, the one who stood for the civil emancipation of women, I was taken through the Capitol. It was interesting to notice the difference between their procedure and ours. In each Chamber, the Senatorial Chamber and the Chamber of Deputies, there is a special table with eight seats, reserved for the Ministro del Justicia, del Interior, del Relaciones, del Exterior y Culto, del Guerra, del Marina, del Agricultura and the Ministro del Obra Publicas, who are constantly

called upon to state their opinion when laws especially affecting their departments are under discussion. The inside rooms are handsome and spacious and both the senators and deputies have adequate lounging rooms. Tea is served either in the lounge where visitors are not generally admitted, or in the lounge where visitors are received. After having had Dr. Moreau and myself conducted through the building, Senator Del Valle Iberlucea met us again to enquire what I thought of their Capitol. I told him I was delighted with the entire building, especially with the fine library which was now at the disposal of all who wished to use it, but what I did not like was that we were admitted by back stairs instead of by the main entrance, as though we had no right to the building. I told him that when I would show Dr. Moreau our Capitol at Washington, I would take her up the front stairs, for our Capitol belongs to the people of the United States and not to the senators and deputies alone. He was very much amused at this, and said that he hoped that when I came on my next visit he could also conduct me up the front flight. For, he continued, the Socialists are trying to have the government represent the people of the Argentine truly, and when that representation comes they will also have the same feeling of ownership that we have at Washington.

The best example of gay, flamboyant stucco art is the Art Museum, which at one time was the exhibition hall of the Grand Paris Exhibition in 1889, situated on the Plaza San Martin, which as I have already stated, is one of the most pleasant of all the squares of Buenos Aires. It is a raised garden, containing a playground section

for children, not large and ugly as our children's playgrounds generally are, but just a few swings and a few trapezes in among the trees to entice the children to play. As the square slopes to the streets which encircle it, the beautiful lawns sweeping down are broken in places by broad flights of steps, in others by a low terra-cotta wall, filled in like window boxes with gay pink geraniums and white daisies. Here one found a splendid example of the famous ombu tree, the only native tree of the Argentine, that has its home nowhere else. It is a marvelous tree underneath whose branches many can gather, so generous, so welcoming, as it stretches forth its wide branches over a large area, sheltering all who come to seek relief from the relentless sun.

No one is in Buenos Aires without taking the well known drive down the Calle Florida, through the Plaza San Martin to Palermo, where, en route, one always passes Recoleta, the City of the Dead, the dead, that is, that die "rich." It is famous for its monuments, but my one attempt to see it failed. On All Saints' Day everyone in Buenos Aires goes to pay their respects to those beloved ones who are no longer with them. My Argentine friends said that I must visit the Recoleta on that day and witness the strange custom of seeing entire families making their yearly call, bringing their luncheon or tea basket with them and spending the day on the steps of the family mausoleum. Accordingly, on the first of November, I set forth escorted by my Argentine acquaintance to witness this strange scene — but the government at that moment was strenuously fighting the epidemic of influenza which was sweeping over the entire world, and

no one was admitted. I could not help feeling sympathy for those who came in sorrow bringing armfuls of flowers to carry to their dead, which had to be given instead to the porter in charge at the gate, who placed them in the vaults.

Close by is the Home for the Aged. The grounds approaching the old monastery are beautiful, but why are Homes for the Aged in so many countries so often placed at the brink of a graveyard? I remember how *triste* it struck me when I saw the old men in Chelsea, London, taking their sun bath sitting among the tombs of the ancient burying ground, which was their only recreation center. There was something sinister to me in the mind of the person who planned and carried this into effect. Something tragic that these men, often through no fault of their own, were reduced after years of faithful service to accepting charity from others. At the end of life — a life which spelt failure, they are asked to pass the remainder of their sad existence in close proximity to the graves, if not actually among them. It seems sinister, for to most, death is looked upon with fear, for it is the one unconquerable master of fate — it may be postponed, but it cannot be conquered. It is the few who would agree with my little French friend who, when we attended a lecture on diet by which one could prolong life to a hundred years, nay even one hundred and fifty, turned to me and said, "But I would not care to live so long — to me death is a privilege."

Leaving Recoleta and the Home for the Aged one drives toward Palermo, on the Avenida Alvear which these delightful Argentines call the "Champs Elysées" of

Buenos Aires. I don't know what the French would say to this for at present the Avenida Alvear becomes an uncouth road after one has passed the estate of the Unzués. Uncouth and ugly, with here and there a handsome house, here and there a handsome statue, to break the long stretches of waste land held for speculation or the small shops left over from the past, before this boulevard was singled out to be the Champs Elysées of Buenos Aires. In time it may become beautiful, but today it reminds one of Riverside Drive of thirty years ago. Continuing along the Avenida Alvear one comes, if one turns to the left at the junction of the Avenida Alvear and Sarmiento, where the Spanish monument stands which was presented by the Spanish residents of the Republic to commemorate the first centenary of the Revolution of the 25th of May, 1810, to the large exhibition grounds of the Argentine Rural Society beautifully planned and laid out. Here in the month of October the large rural exhibitions are generally held. Here one can see the marvelous examples of prize animals, and it is one of the few things one should not miss, especially as at present agriculture and sheep and cattle raising are the main industries of the Argentine. It is so closely woven into the true life of the Argentine, that one absolutely misses the spirit of the country, if one cannot awaken an interest in these matters. So closely woven is this camp life of the Argentine with the town life, that in the very heart of the business section, in amongst the banks, brokers and newspaper offices, one comes across exhibition stalls for rams, sheep, bulls and cattle. I used to feel so sorry on hot days when I passed by and saw these magnificent

rams and sheep carrying their heavy weight of wool, panting for lack of air. They quite stirred me by their beauty, and yet what a price they had to pay for it, shut up in the city exhibition hall panting for breath, instead of being out on the wild vast plains with the wind sweeping over them.

Another expression of camp life, the remnant of rural life in the city, is the selling of milk in all the residential sections of the town. Here one sees the herdsman with his small herd of cows, going from door to door selling his milk. No modern method of adulteration is here possible, for the kitchen maid brings the pitcher to the door, and has the milk milked right into the pitcher. The little calves run alongside of their mother cow to show the purchasers of milk how fresh the cow is. It is all very primitive and picturesque.

Reaching Palermo at last we again strike the naïveté of the Argentines in their claim of their park. If they would only be content not to compare! For Palermo, the rival of the finest in the world, is absurd. It just misses it — the colonnades are too heavy, the grass too long — the roses in the rose garden are beautiful in themselves, but they have no background to bring out their beauty — one finds no vistas, nothing to enhance the imagination. One does not find man conquering nature in the Argentine and turning it into art. No, if one wants the imagination stimulated, one must turn directly to nature — to her marvelous sunsets sweeping the western sky, to her heavens at night with the myriads of scintillating stars, not man, but the heavens, must one seek in the Argentine, if one wants to feed the spirit of imagination!

Two truly favorite resorts of mine were the Botanical Gardens and the "Restaurant de los Lagos." This Lake Restaurant was especially a favorite place and once upon a time was the rendezvous of the best in society. Accordingly it was laid out with delightful arbors where one could sit in seclusion. Now fashion has passed it by and it has become the inheritance of the people. This was to me one of its great charms, for here one saw fathers and mothers with their children who came to spend the afternoon. It was a delightful nook to which to bring a book and read. A place in which to linger, and some of my happiest recollections are those of my afternoons there, the height of which was reached when I could extract a smile from the crabbed, crochety, rheumatic Spanish waiter with his heart of gold, or the patient, elderly gentleman, with his white hair and one arm, who sold lottery tickets. But what a relief it was to get away from the mass of people one saw everywhere and get some fresh air. For one must remember that one rarely got fresh air when walking in the streets of Buenos Aires. The streets are so narrow that unless the wind is high it does not sweep down them.

But to compare Buenos Aires to Paris is a mockery which was always emphasized on a Sunday. For of a Sunday Palermo was very crowded. But there was not the gaiety of a Paris Sunday, but the dreary, weary atmosphere of so many lonely men. Men driving alone in carriages, men walking alone in the park, men by twos, and sometimes threes, but none of the joyous gaiety which an art student especially carries home from a Paris Sunday. Those wonderful little trips up or down the

Seine, or the walks along the river edge, stopping at some quaint little restaurant for the evening meal. There was something so dreary about this isolation of the sexes in the Argentine, emphasized by the envious looks those solitary men would cast at groups which occasionally counted some woman among them, or young girls full of the life of youth. Of course, all those who can afford a carriage, drive on Sunday, and before the hot weather swept the people to Mar del Plata, the fashionable seaside resort of the Argentines, or off to their camp, the Avenida Alvear of a Sunday afternoon contained a steady stream of vehicles on their way to Palermo and the famous race-course. So close did the automobiles and little victorias follow upon each other that a snail's pace had often to be adhered to. Those who took the "official route" in Palermo were hemmed in on every side — here friends and acquaintances met to bow and admire the latest fashion or retail the latest gossip or scandal. It is amusing once or twice, but when one considers that this is their life, the monotony is appalling. For one must remember the distance that has to be mastered before one can change one's surroundings. Two days to Santiago, one week to Rio de Janeiro, twelve days to Lima, three weeks to New York, London or Paris. So that, perforce, one must have plenty of spare time and money to have a little variety from the same group of friends and acquaintances.

Another charming spot of a morning was the Botanical Garden. Of no great value from the botanical point of view, it is said, but a little spot to withdraw to, where one can inhale the sweet perfumes of flowers and enjoy

a quiet spot of green away from the dust, noise and crowd of the city streets. If one wants an entire day away from all this, the most delightful spot is the Tigre. A good boat and boatman, idle hours on the waters, drifting along the many by-paths, in and out among the numerous islands, followed by a delicious dinner on the terrace of the Tigre Hotel, is a day to be remembered. But one must indeed be flush to enjoy such a day — the boat was fifteen pesos, the dinner ten pesos each, then comes the trip down from town, the carriage to and from the station, and before one realizes it, a small fortune has been spent. If one feels more plebeian there is the public launch which docks at the station wharf, a simple rustic supper at the Isle de Flores where one can wander in the *quinta* and enjoy rural life, if mosquitoes will permit. With certain winds the Tigre is unbearable to all who are not immune. Other popular resorts are the Japanese Gardens along the Paseo de Julian; Quilmes and the new public park on the river bank, each one a small Coney Island. The public bathing beach had only just been completed and was certainly a godsend to the poor on hot nights. Except for the coolness it was not over agreeable as they had gravel paths in place of cement. This forced one to face a regular sand storm, as the wind which was so cooling swept along, whipping up the sand, sending it whirling in all directions until one was blinded. And if there is no wind, it was hot like all seaside resorts. For one must remember that the River Plata as far up as Buenos Aires resembles more our Great Lakes than a river, where one can see the opposite shore. It was en route to this beach that one passed over the Bridge of

Barracas into the zone of the port where all the big grain elevators are to be found. And blocks and blocks of piled-up bags of grain belonging to Germany lay rotting, as no ships were permitted to carry it to the starving nations of the world. Here also are the big warehouses and refrigerators, where, in one slaughter house alone connected with one of these refrigerating plants, 630 workmen are employed, 40 children above the age of fourteen, and where daily 2500 sheep and 250 oxen are killed.

Quilmes lies to the north of Buenos Aires and the train carries one through the heart and outlying districts of Barracas and the Bocca, where the people who work in Barracas are housed. I have spoken elsewhere of the terrible housing conditions of these people. Quilmes has a wonderful stretch of woods along the waters' edge, woods that looked as if they had stood their ground forever, large feathery trees stretching out their generous arms, an ideal spot for a true picnic, which others thought besides myself. It was here that I witnessed one of the most attractive rural scenes — a *gaucho* with his entire family out for a day in the woods. They had taken the largest farm wagon and with the boat tied to one side had come here. When I came upon the scene the horse had been unharnessed and two of the younger boys were riding him barebacked into the river — the others were carrying the boat to the waters' edge, while still others were unpacking the overflowing lunch basket, making ready for the evening meal. But the prettiest sight of all, was two couples dancing the folk dance, hands on hips, stamping the rhythm with their boots. The tall,

gaunt Spanish men, the dark-eyed women in their black dresses — under the silver grey green feathery trees with the blue river beyond, for the Rio de la Plata was blue. I shall never forget the first time I saw it. Could that endless space of yellowish brown sand be a river! For it resembled more a waste desert than flowing water. It is a very pretty ride from Quilmes to the river edge, passing through the quaint town — along stretches of pampas grass, through swampy woods with their beautiful water flowers of white and crimson, on past the enchanting stretch of picnic ground, to Balneario, another small Coney Island, with its music and cinemetographs.

What would Buenos Aires ever do without its moving picture houses, was a question I often asked myself. Even I was grateful for this recreation. It took you to unknown lands, it showed you glimpses of home, and even if one scoffed at the poverty of this form of entertainment, it at least carried you for the time being into another atmosphere. I was not very proud of the films that were sent from North America — it was the same theme over and over again. A young woman placed in a false position, attacked by the villain, saved at the eleventh hour by the hero and married happily ever after. So constant is this portrayal in the movies, of the scoundrel attacking the young and innocent maiden, that I was repeatedly being asked by Argentines whether women were safe in the United States — and whether moral conditions there were not worse than with them. I found I was not the only American who was asked this question, and it seems a pity that we permit films to represent such incidents so constantly that a whole nation receives

the impression that it is an actual integral part of our life in the United States. Even without looking at the program I could generally tell by the theme from what country a film came. Italy's theme generally represented a young couple estranged, brought together by the ill or dying little child. The French theme was the husband's growing coldness toward his good wife, the enticing quality of the demi-mondaine, the determination of the wife to hold her husband by rushing to Poiret and ordering marvelous gowns, the appearance of the wife at some soirée unbeknown to her husband, who immediately is carried off his feet by the greater charm of his wife, and reconciliation follows.

This is the life in Buenos Aires and its vicinity, as I witnessed it for five months, but I cannot close without a description of the one week during the year when Buenos Aires decides to be human — that is, when the women are released from their prison-like conventions. This, of course, is the famous Carnival Week. It was really very jolly, our little party, which took the Corso at Flores. For Carnival has three corsos which one can choose to take. The Corso along the Avenida de Mayo for the general public, especially frequented by rather fast people, and one where gentlewomen rarely attend; the other two corsos in the residential sections of Belgrano and Flores, which are considered by many to be the most amusing. Belgrano is the best section where foreigners are more apt to live; Flores, the equal of Belgrano, is more purely Argentine. Carnival breaks down all the barriers. And in these two latter corsos it really was a very pretty sight, for all along the

streets, set aside for this purpose, no vehicles were permitted to cross and a line of open-air boxes was constructed on either side of the avenue. These are rented for Carnival Week by whole families and are frequented in the afternoons mostly by the children, and in the evenings by the grown-ups. Here one saw some of the prettiest costumes exhibited, when a whole box perhaps was Egyptian, another full of black Pierrots with white ruffs and great big white question marks. Others were in Italian or French peasant costumes, as well as in all manner of costumes which the imagination could devise. Passing along in a procession past these boxes were rows and rows of vehicles of every description. Some most amusingly decorated, some just plain and the occupants in plain clothes like ourselves. It must have been the genuine delight with which our crowd met the Carnival spirit, that made us so popular, in spite of not being in gala attire. For one of the joys of Carnival is the throwing of tightly rolled streamers of colored papers which carry long distances. A special act of favor is to throw a flower, and this compliment must be returned. The exchange of witticisms and remarks were delightful, sometimes of course rude, sometimes witty, but generally jolly. On the whole it was a great show of gaiety and freedom — a joy to me, to see the young girls for once free at last, sitting in costume on the hood of the carriages, their masks hiding who they really were. Most of them were well chaperoned it is true, but, after all, they were behind their chaperons, perched on the top, with a great deal of fun and freedom. All the more so, because they felt so secure behind their masks. One especially enter-

taining youngster had gotten herself up like a country wench, with a most absurd mask of grinning imbecility. She was so witty, so droll, that shrieks of delight followed her passing. Decked out gaily and good to see, was Uncle Sam driving down the corso. There were many floats of the common people as well, who had taken their great country wagons, decorating them and themselves with straw, representing straw beards, straw hair, straw belts, which made them look like the humorous man of Borneo. When we at last left the corso our auto was one big tangle of pink, blue, yellow and purple, and we were sitting in a mass of paper ribbons.

This was Carnival with all its gaiety! Thus under mask of Carnival the women for one full week have the liberty which should be theirs at all times. "For many a truth is told in jest," and so, under the cloak of jest and gaiety the Spirit of Freedom takes a peep at the world of Buenos Aires and beckons Youth to follow. Who can tell when the Youth of Buenos Aires will throw off his caps and bells and stand thus, in all his glory, to claim the full Spirit of Freedom? To claim the full inheritance of all its workers, of all its men and women. Who can tell?

THE END



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